

"IN FULL AND GLAD SURRENDER"



THE STORY OF THE LIFE AND
WORK OF

Martin. I. Hall.

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“IN FULL AND GLAD SURRENDER”



Frontispiece.

Photo Elliot & Fry.

*Your affectionately
Marion. I. Hall.*

“IN FULL AND GLAD SURRENDER”

THE STORY OF THE LIFE AND
WORK OF MARTIN J. HALL

(C.M.S. Missionary in Uganda)

BY HIS SISTER

With a preface by the RIGHT REV.
THE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM

Illustrated by Gertrude M. Bradley, Bishop Tucker, etc

LONDON
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
27 PATERNOSTER ROW

1905

“In full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only
And evermore to be.

O Son of God who lovest me
I will be Thine alone,
And all I have and all I am
Shall henceforth be Thine own.”

F. R. HAVERGAL

TO THE GLORY OF GOD,
IN THANKFUL REMEMBRANCE OF DEAR ONES GONE BEFORE,
AND TO MY ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER
CHARLES RUSSELL HALL
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE

I AM glad to be invited to prefix a few words to this loving record of a short but bright life, spent in no common measure for the glory of our Lord and Master. The narrative in its warmth and simplicity brings up my friend before my heart's eyes at every turn in a very living way, and I realize afresh, with a sense of help and refreshment to my soul, what he was, by the grace of God, as one who more and more, as the years passed, "worked and waited for" his Lord.

Among the chapters shewn me in manuscript is that which speaks of the terms spent at Ridley Hall, Cambridge. I could wish to strike out many of the too kind words about myself, which humble and convict me as I read them. But the picture of those well-remembered and well-loved days, in that place of unique happiness and rare opportunity, greatly moves me, not only with the emotion of memory and friend-

ship, but with desire and prayer. That was a wonderful time among us, when the Spirit of God was manifestly and specially working, and when some of the noblest young Christians I have ever known prepared themselves there for truly consecrated service. May the same Spirit evermore raise up just such men for just such lives of faith and devotedness, in that Hall and widely through the student world.

May this loving memorial of one who truly "in a short time fulfilled a long time" be used by God to that end.

H. C. G. MOULE,

BISHOP OF DURHAM.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

NOW that the pen is laid aside a sense of the crudity and incompleteness of this labour of love faces the writer almost overwhelmingly !

Though it was undertaken with much hesitation at the request of friends, more than three years ago, its publication has been too long delayed owing to illness, change and bereavement.

The mother Martin Hall so tenderly loved survived him scarcely two years ; and his brother, who was working as a devoted C.M.S. Medical Missionary in the Soudan with his wife, succumbed to a tropical fever (contracted in that country) after his return to England, October 9, 1903.

While abundance of material was at hand for the

later chapters, from letters and diaries, the difficulty has lain in the selection, and in omitting what space would not allow to be included, without interfering with the continuity of the story. There has naturally been felt a reluctance to insert some of his private letters, though I cannot but feel that he would not have withheld anything which would tend to make the account more real and helpful to the reader.

It has been found impossible to individualize the numerous Home and Parochial Missions conducted by Martin Hall, in England, Wales, Ireland, Spain, India, Ceylon and Palestine, but many of his friends will be able to fill up the gaps for themselves in their perusal of these pages.

There may be apparently some inconsistency in the spelling of the Uganda names, which in the earlier journals are often written with double "s" as in Sesse, where later one "s" is omitted. It therefore seemed best to adhere to the method of spelling used in *Chronicles of Uganda*.

I would like to express my gratitude to the Bishop

of Durham for his valued sympathy and encouragement, to Mr. Eugene Stock for his kindly interest, and for his permission to quote from his *History of the Church Missionary Society*, also to the Reverends F. S. Webster, C. Bardsley, Edgar N. Thwaites, H. T. G. Kingdon, Stanley Morse, W. S. Standen, James Conner, E. C. Gordon, H. W. Weatherhead, H. Casson, Captain Chapman, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, Mrs. Greaves, Mrs. Sellwood, Mrs. Clegg, Mrs. Farrar, Miss Lea, Miss Bach and other friends who have so willingly aided by lending letters and sending recollections and by their encouragement. To Mrs. A. C. Hall's sympathetic aid in the later chapters I am much indebted.

To Bishop Tucker many thanks are also due for the loan of his artistic sketches taken in Uganda which add so materially to the interest and beauty of the chapters on Uganda.

If this story of Martin Hall's varied and useful life, told, as much as possible in his own words, tends to glorify the Master whom he so loyally served, and also proves a source of help and stimulus to any, and per-

haps, to not a few, a call to follow him as he followed Christ, then, thank God, it has not been set forth in vain.

F. E. R. H.

CONGLETON, 1905.

Any profit arising from the sale of this book will be given to a fund in memory of Martin J. Hall for Missionary work in the regions of Victoria Nyanza.

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CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD

"I remember, I remember
How my childhood fled by,—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July."

W. M. PRAED.

"**E**VERY one is born into a particular family, which has a history and character of its own, formed before he arrives. He has no choice in the matter, yet this connexion affects all his subsequent life . . . He may be born heir to inspiring memories and refined habits, or he may have to take up a hereditary burden of physical and moral disease." So writes Dr. Stalker in his book *Imago Christi*. It will therefore not be time wasted if we look back a few generations to mark the transmission of certain characteristics and the influence which the past undoubtedly had on the development of Martin Hall's character.

Of his paternal great-grandfather we read in *Memorials of St. Ann's, Manchester*, by the Rev. Charles Wareing Bardsley, M.A., that in the year 1777, "The Rev. Samuel Hall, M.A., one of the best known men of his day," became Curate-in-Charge of St. Ann's Church, in that town, also that "Mr. Hall came from a family which had dwelt for generations (at Moss de Leigh) in the immediate neighbourhood of Ashton." In May 1776 he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Radclyffe Russell, Vicar of Easingwold, Yorkshire. "He took his degree at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, being placed fifth amongst the Senior Optimes."

"Every advertisement of charity and other sermons
s. 1 1

announces Mr. Hall as preacher." "To him belongs the honour of having preached the first Sunday School Anniversary sermon at St. Ann's." He was for many years Secretary of the Manchester Sunday Schools, and took a warm interest in their entry into existence and in their improvement. It may be of some interest to know that one of his friends was the father of Thomas de Quincey, the "English Opium Eater," described by his son as "A man of cultured tastes, given to literary pursuits, and was himself an anonymous author." On his death he left the Rev. Samuel Hall as Guardian to his sons. Mr. Hall also undertook for a time the tuition of the promising boy Thomas de Quincey.

"The Curate of St. Ann's had a clever family." His eldest son Samuel was an Exhibitioner at St. John's College, Cambridge, Seventh Senior Optime, also Fellow of his College; and he afterwards took Holy Orders.

His second son, Francis Russell Hall, also graduated at St. John's, being placed Tenth Wrangler. He took his D.D. degree in 1839 and became Rector of Fulbourne, near Cambridge. He wrote *Hints to Young Clergymen*, which reached a third edition.

John Hall, Martin Hall's grandfather, was the third son, born in October, 1785. He studied Medicine and Surgery, and after taking his Medical Degree, four years later settled in Congleton, Cheshire, where he married Ann, daughter of Richard Martin, Gentleman, of Congleton, and died 1861.

He had four sons and one daughter. His eldest son, Charles Radclyffe Hall, distinguished himself in his father's profession, and settled in Torquay. The second and third sons were twins born on December 23, 1822, Richard Martin and John Fielder Hall, the latter being the father of Martin Hall.

John Fielder Hall married Ellen Chorley, daughter of the late Charles William Reade, Esq., Prince's Park, Liverpool, by whom he had a family of three sons

and two daughters. One little daughter only lived for one year and six months.

On July 1, 1864, their second son, Martin John, was born to them, in the house where his grandfather Hall had lived. He was a beautiful boy with his brilliant complexion, sparkling brown eyes, and soft brown hair, and his radiant vivacity of expression soon made him a singularly attractive child. He was the life of the nursery, where he was generally the leader in games, and his voice and laughter were always to be heard all over the house.

It was a proud day for Martin when he began to "have lessons" from the daily governess.

After a Bible lesson one day his mind was exercised as to whether Jacob "cracked crackers" with Rachel at their wedding feast, and he was disappointed to hear that the brightly coloured paper crackers containing sweets and other delights were not invented in those days, and that Jacob and Rachel must therefore have been denied one of the chief pleasures of "a party." His vivid interest in Bible stories nearly resulted in disastrous consequences, when one day he invited his brother Alick to be Isaac, and on his readily consenting, he bound him down to two chairs with his own leather belt and his sister's sash, while he acted the part of Abraham, and was about to complete the sacrifice, by applying the nursery scissors to "Isaac's" throat when he was arrested in the act by the entrance of the under-nurse, who uttered a shriek, which effectually stopped their dangerous game.

He learnt eagerly and had a remarkably retentive memory, especially for historical facts. He, with his brothers and sister, acquired much miscellaneous knowledge, as well as a thorough grounding in English, imparted in a very interesting way by their excellent governess, Miss Twells. The morning lessons were never a weariness, and each day the children

rushed down the garden path with loving greetings to meet their young teacher when she arrived, Martin generally springing into her arms and bestowing a bear-like embrace in his vehement, enthusiastic fashion. He often asked questions on the lessons, and seldom heard of anything without a desire to know details more thoroughly.

Little Martin was much admired. His brothers and sister took it as a matter of course that this should be so, and that he should be called "that lovely boy" when he was sent for to see visitors in the drawing-room. He was not troubled by shyness then, and fearlessly launched into conversation with the most awe-inspiring "grown-ups," who were much entertained by his unusual flow of words and his bright enthusiasm. His parents wisely counteracted the effect of this admiration in private life. When about three years old, on being asked his name, he drew himself up, and replied, "I'm Martin *John*, of Congleton,"—and it is to be feared that, at this time, he considered that "Martin John" was an exceedingly important person!

During his early childhood the Halls removed to Homefield, the home of their maternal great-grandfather, and here the boys revelled in the greater space and freedom of the large old-fashioned garden and field, which echoed with their merry laughter, as they climbed the largest trees and highest walls, and later built houses and went in for all sorts of engineering feats.

In 1870, Martin went to stay at his grandfather Reade's house in Prince's Park, Liverpool, where he greatly enjoyed the novelty of his surroundings, his occasional visits to the town with his uncle or grandfather, fishing for "sticklebacks" and feeding the swans on the lake, and being petted, taught and admired by his aunt. During the months he was in her charge she took him to visit his godmother in Bath. His god-



HOMEFIELD, CONGLETON.

mother "Cousin Rose" had a great influence upon his early years, and in after life he spoke with gratitude of her simple religious teaching so lovingly imparted, and her earnest prayers for him which were so abundantly answered. In one of her letters to him in 1877, she wrote, "I love my little godson as dearly as ever. I constantly ask God, when I pray, to make my little cousin early to love Him, and give Him his heart—This is all God asks for the many blessings He has given you."

"Cousin Rose" was a middle-aged lady around whom there radiated a sweet, bright saintliness which was infinitely winning, especially to children. Her husband was as good as she, and though he had totally lost his sight he was always cheerful and unselfish. The Homefield children considered it a great honour to be allowed to lead the old blind gentleman out for a walk in Bath or Congleton, and to describe the country and people to him in the most graphic words at their command, that he might participate as much as possible in the things around them.

The visit to Bath was prolonged by Martin taking scarlet fever, through which he was tenderly nursed by his aunt and "Cousin Rose," and was, in due time, joined by his mother, and taken to Weston-super-Mare to recruit.

On his return to the home-nest, he was received in the nursery as a travelled hero, and he made the most of his opportunities by recounting his adventures, and eloquently describing the people he had met, and the places of interest he had seen in Liverpool, Bath and Weston-super-Mare, descriptions in which imagination doubtless played some part. He was never, even at this age, at a loss for language in which to clothe his ideas. After the novelty of this recital had died away, he was subjected to the usual course of salutary but not always pleasant discipline called "snubbing," which was administered

occasionally by members of the small community when one of their number was considered too self-assertive. Martin used to say that the "spoiling" he went through during the six months away from home left its mark upon him for years.

He was always ready to personate a character or enact a scene which had impressed itself on his imagination, so he one day proposed that his brother Alick should "Be Uncle Henry and I'll be the hair-dresser."

Again the nursery scissors were in requisition and three long fair curls were shorn from his brother's head before he realized that there might be something wrong in his play, so desisting he hid the curls, and refused when questioned to say what he had done with them. But when the evening bath was being prepared the soft fair hair was seen floating on the water, for the curls had been deposited in the water-can! His mother, who had taken great pride in her little son's beautiful hair, was distressed at having at last to have her lamb shorn altogether, and made into an ordinary boy.

It must however be confessed that Alick was secretly elated at the success of Martin's hair-cutting!

These brothers always paired together in the early days, and in later years this companionship ripened into a very deep and tender friendship and confidence in each other.

The two strong characters and wills sometimes came into collision, and of this Alick writes:

"We used, boylike, to fight and squabble (the last fight we had was in the dog kennel at home, though there was no premeditation in our choosing so suitable a place), but the fulness and warmth of his forgiveness only made me love him better. It seemed as if between us '*Amantium iræ amoris integratio est*,' at any rate God so used them through dear M.'s generous, forgiving love."

Together the brothers planned their deeds of ad-

venture, discussed their respective tastes and books, and helped each other into, and out of, the "scrapes" which were then of common occurrence. The elder of the two generally originated the plan of action and communicated his enthusiasm to Alick, whose more cautious character thus took fire and he became a reckless coadjutor.

They kept their little sister on the "tiptoe" of nervous excitement lest she should be asked questions which would betray the boys. She was often present at their councils of war, though her protests were ascribed to timidity and promptly overruled.

The parents always discouraged the "telling of tales," and it was considered a point of honour in the nursery at Homefield never "to tell" of an offender.

Martin's mother was kept constantly in a state of anxious expectation of what would happen next. With the best intentions Martin was always in some mischief. Frequently on the verge of a serious accident, either from walking on the house-roof, exploring subterranean passages, playing with gunpowder, or falling into water, he nearly always escaped without much harm being done, and was soon reduced to penitence and the humblest plea for pardon, after a few mid-day hours spent in bed.

He and his brothers certainly inherited an adventurous spirit from their mother's family. The Reades were, for the most part, full of enterprise and a love of travelling; though her father was a grave, quiet man, a strict disciplinarian at home, methodical and studious in his habits; and experienced nothing of the thirst for adventure which was so rife in several of his sons and grandsons.

Having read of "bull fights" Martin and Alick would often provide themselves with pieces of scarlet flannel, pointed sticks or toy swords, and sally forth for their daily ramble in the fields, where they would rouse the quiet browsing cattle, and try to infuriate

them by waving the red drapery before their eyes; when they defended themselves with their small weapons. Sometimes their device was successful, and then they enjoyed a really exciting afternoon, not always devoid of danger.

Amongst the exploits of the three Hall brothers was a recreation which they called "A scaling match." They would climb to the roof of the stables at Home-field by means of a short ladder which they then drew up after them by ropes, and placing it on various walls and projections they finally reached the roof of the three-storied house, where they scrambled about amongst the chimneys and enjoyed the prospect, as well as the peril, of their position.

The top of the Church Tower was also a favourite haunt, and they frequently mounted on the clock tower in the Town Hall where they sat on the rafters or shot pellets from catapults on to the people in the street below. No one knew how such audacious escapades were conceived or carried out, but none seemed to interfere with their amusements, which were probably quite unknown to the authorities at home.

Their father encouraged them in all sports, and in various exercises, in which long country walks came foremost, when they learnt to love and observe the flowers and hedgerows, to watch the changing tints on the beautiful hills and valleys surrounding Congleton, to distinguish the various trees, and to listen to and note the difference in the manifold voices of the birds and of all nature. A strong, rural feeling was so inherent in their father that the children all seemed possessed of the same quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and the keen relish for the joys and employment of a country life, which he first awakened.

He was also their first instructor in the use of a gun, fishing-rod, singlesticks and boxing gloves. He provided them with a small joiner's bench and taught them the use of tools. Though thoughtful,

fond of reading, and business-like, he was also clever with his hands, and wonderfully neat in all he undertook to make, mend or contrive; a man of varied interests, but characterized with thoroughness in every undertaking. "Tiger shooting in the jungle" was a favourite sport with the boys; armed with small pocket pistols, they would steal forth in the early morning to "stalk" their neighbours' cats which resorted to the "Jungle" (the rhubarb beds). On one of these shooting expeditions, Alick, who was a better shot than Martin, somewhat to his own dismay, aimed so well, that he killed a large tabby cat. He consoled himself by reflecting on how many of their young chickens the old Tom cat had devoured during its extended lifetime, and further comforted himself (being of a scientific turn of mind) by skinning the animal and boiling it in a large caldron, to obtain the skeleton.

These reproductions are not without their significance as indicating the spirit of adventurous realization of ideas and aspirations, the desire to participate in, or follow the records of adventure of which they heard, and which shewed itself in so much of their play. "Tobogganing" down the steep sloping fields in a home-made sleigh was a great diversion in winter when the snow was lying too deep to allow of skating. Martin lacked the calm courage of his brothers in a time of danger, though he was reckless enough about courting it; when the consequences of his rashness faced him, he would often depend upon Alick or his eldest brother to pilot them safely out of the scrape. He certainly was not insensible to fear in childhood, and shrank also from seeing others suffer, but his lack of physical courage was, at this time, curiously mixed with a somewhat aggressive temperament, and a certain confidence in himself. Later, he resolutely faced his duty and schooled himself to encounter danger or pain "like a man," as his father incul-

cated ; and afterwards physical intrepidity seemed to be given him in a wonderful degree.

He was a warm-hearted and passionate boy, sensitive, generous, and impulsive, intensely loving and lovable.

His father soon perceived that a feeling of responsibility was needed to give him ballast. On one occasion, the annual summer journey to the sea-side, the baskets of provisions for the way were given into Martin's custody ; the excitement was too much for him and he left the whole consignment at the first station where the party changed trains. The following letter from his father made an impression upon the boy which he never forgot, and from henceforth he became less heedless and more capable of discharging an obligation.

HOMEFIELD, CONGLETON,

June 30, 1876.

"MY DEAR BOY,—

You will receive this on your birthday, and I hope you will have many happy returns. To be happy you must be good, and try to make others happy about you. I understand that you are all enjoying your visit to Llandudno very much. I trust you and Alick will both be able to swim by the time I go to see you. You managed very fairly when I saw you a year ago, and now you are both bigger boys. I enclose two shillings in stamps which I daresay your mother will exchange for money. You know I should have given you sixpence more, had you not been so careless with the 'prog' baskets, which were entrusted to *your* care to see them safe. *That* was *your duty* at the moment, and you began to play and so forgot all about the baskets. You remember how hot the day became, and how thirsty everybody was on the journey, and there were three bottles of



Drawing by Gertrude M. Bradley.

MARTIN J. HALL, 10 YEARS OLD.



Drawing by Gertrude M. Bradley

DONKEY CARRIAGE AT LLANDUDNO.

soda water sent home, when you required them so much. I daresay when you saw the others so thirsty you felt very sorry you had not taken the two baskets with you.

And so it is through life—when we make a mistake we can seldom suffer for it *ourselves alone*,^b but others we love often suffer as much as we who have made the mistake. I am reminding you of all this not because I am angry now, for I am not—but that you may in future be most careful never to play or amuse yourself until you have done your work, however small that work may be, and when you have finished your work, then you will enjoy your play ten times more than you otherwise would.

My best love and a big kiss—be a good lad, and as you are the eldest, look after your mother's comfort, by giving her less trouble.

Your loving father.

J. F. H."

July the first, Martin's birthday, was always kept as a family festivity, and seemed of more consequence than any of the other children's birthdays; perhaps, because it fell in the bright days of midsummer when pleasant expeditions were possible.

Those who knew him then can picture him on one of these first days of July, at Llandudno, seated on the box of a diminutive carriage, driving a pair of donkeys. Dressed in a blue serge sailor suit, a wide-brimmed straw hat pushed back and forming a frame for his gleeful, rosy face, he was an embodiment of innocent enjoyment.

Shouting with laughter the young Jehu urged on the unwilling little beasts out of their beaten track to the "Happy Valley," where they were allowed to graze in peace, while Martin's mother, sister, Alick and a friend turned out of the chariot and spread a picnic tea upon the grass, which was partaken of

amid much merriment and various and amusing mishaps.

The reckless drive back to the town in the evening when the donkeys "brisked up," and sped down the steep, rough road at a pace differing marvellously from that at which they came, was not the least part of the birthday's enjoyment to the boys.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

“The natural education of the Home is prolonged far into life—indeed, it never entirely ceases. But the time arrives, in the progress of years, when the Home ceases to exercise an exclusive influence on the formation of character; and it is succeeded by the more artificial education of the school, and the companionship of friends and comrades, which continue to mould the character by the powerful influence of example.”—S. SMILES.

IN due time Martin joined Miss Wilson's school for boys in Congleton. His teacher had inherited the devout piety and scholarly attainments of her late father, the Rev. Edward Wilson, who from 1810 to 1844 was the headmaster of the Congleton Grammar School, then in high repute. At this last-mentioned school John Fielder Hall and his brothers for many years received their education. Several of the pupils under that able tuition afterwards became distinguished men in a wider world than the old Cheshire Borough.

Miss Mary Wilson still lives in honoured age, and is greatly loved by her former pupils and those who are privileged to enjoy her friendship. Her gentle, holy influence, combined with her firm discipline and marked ability, well fitted her boys to take their place in the various large public and private schools for which they were destined.

Miss Wilson is an excellent Latin scholar, and also made a great point of Scripture repetition, and awarded a special prize for this subject.

In June, 1876, Martin Hall, to his great joy, gained the prize, a small reference Bible, for the correct repetition of the following chapters: Hebrews xi.,

Isaiah liii., Psalm xxxiv., Psalm ci., Romans xii., Corinthians xiii., Ephesians iv., verse 25 to 32.

The daily walk through the town and across a field which led to Miss Wilson's school was fruitful in yielding the "larks" for which the small boys so unceasingly craved. Umbrellas were in constant need of repair at this period. They were used as water wheels when there was sufficient rain to render this possible, as parachutes when the wind was high, and they came into requisition to urge on the ponies which grazed inoffensively in the field. Martin's brother "C" was a fearless rider and he would tumble on to an animal's back, and ride violently round the expanse of green, without saddle or bridle, to the delight of his schoolfellows and the wrath of the farmer who was sometimes watching behind the hedge. Once a year the field became the scene of the great "May fair." Each day preceding the 12th, carts and caravans arrived, swing-boats, hobby horses, shows of fat ladies, and giants. Shooting galleries appeared and were set up during lesson time and duly enjoyed by the boys as soon as they were released.

Miss Wilson's scholars had a long standing feud with "the cads" who lived in the neighbourhood of her house, which occasionally vented itself in open warfare, quickly followed by loud complaints from aggrieved parents, leading to serious after-school assemblies before the dear old lady, beginning with an address:

"Boys, this is a very serious matter," and ending with an admonition, and by a neat little note being presented to the culprits to deliver to the authorities at home.

These little notes were not unfrequently conveyed by Martin and his brothers, and generally resulted in a reprimand from their father, who always made a point of upholding the authority of those to whom he had entrusted the care of his children.

Kingsley's advice to schoolboys is, that after obedience and morality "the first thing for boys to learn is a habit of observation—a habit of using their eyes. They say that knowledge is power, and so it is, but only the knowledge you get by observation"; he goes on to compare the *use* of mere book learning and living only in books, apart from the habit of using their eyes and ears and getting to know something of the world about them, and of men and their ways.

Certainly Martin and his brothers followed this and their father's precept, as well as their own inclination in acquiring such knowledge.

They were ever learning as well as reading, and nothing escaped their inquiring eyes.

When a brick-setter came to build a wall in the field near their home, they watched him at work, learnt his method, and finally constructed a small house of their own, from the remaining bricks and some wooden posts and boards, and utilized the top of an old garden forcing frame, which one of them glazed, for a window. Over the door was nailed a sign board painted by Alick with the name "Hall Bros."

The site of the house was chosen advisedly. Built in a corner against a high wall which formed a parapet above the flat roof on two sides, it commanded a full view of the narrow lane running down on the other side of the wall. Down here the boys who attended the Church Schools close by, passed to and fro, at given times in the day. A few stones aimed at the mischievous faces looking over at them from the flat roof, were taken as a challenge. The "Hall Bros." provided themselves with "tweakers" (fine elastic catapults for shooting small pellets) and engaged with huge delight in a daily warfare against hordes of urchins armed with stones, till the poor parents complained to Mr. Hall, and this amusement was from henceforth interdicted.

When Martin was about twelve years old it became evident to his parents that he ought to go to a boarding school, so he was sent to join his elder brother "C" at Mostyn House School, Parkgate, near Chester, under the then Headmaster, the Rev. Algernon S. Grenfell, M.A.

Though his anticipations of the change were pleasant enough, as his brother "C" had written, "There could not be a nicer school than this," yet leaving home was a trial to him as to every home-loving, affectionate boy; not the least part of his unhappiness was the parting with his brother Alick, who did not follow him to Parkgate till a year or two later.

His brother "C" paved the way for Martin and for the first few terms, till he had found his feet amongst the boys, fought his battles both figuratively and literally.

The quarterly reports from Mostyn House shew that Hall Minor's classics were "very fair," and Mathematics "rather slow." History, Divinity and Scripture were always good, also his Greek, Latin and French generally gained commendation, as did Natural Science and Geography. Drawing, Music and Conduct were always "very good." He was a steady worker, and here his ambition to excel awoke, and for two years before he left he was "Head of the school," except when away through illness.

His keen sense of enjoyment and his wonderful capacity for taking a pleasure in his work and play, freed his first months from monotony, in that quiet little place on the estuary of the Dee. None could ever enter with more zest into the pursuits of the moment. At school he made some warm friends, and corresponded with a good many of "the fellows" after they separated.

Of these Parkgate days an old boy writes: "He (Martin) was not the brilliant (and so often superficial) leader among us boys, yet at the same time I never knew him to be led. From first to last he was

always a very stable character, and I always expected to find him exactly what he always was 'true to himself.' This is a very rare character, to be much marked among boys. We are so flighty and changeable I fear, but Martin was, to me, a marvel for being always the same."

The same taste for adventure which characterised his earliest days took more definite form when Martin and Alick were at Parkgate. Often they and their special "chum" J. P. would go off in the afternoon on half holidays to the deep clay pits at Woodside Colliery, and find their delight in "navigating" about on very unstable rafts made of railway sleepers piled one across another, and then there would be a rush back to the school to just escape being late. There they would arrive hot, breathless and covered with mud, but thoroughly happy.

Martin had an Irish friend (McC.) who shared the same dormitory, and who, in an apparently accidental way, was the means of helping him when his mind was awakening to the desire for a Higher Life than he had hitherto lived.

McC. had a relation in Dublin who sent him, in the form of a letter, a weekly explanation of the Collect for each Sunday. Martin became greatly interested in the letters which his friend lent him to read, and after his Schoolfellow left Parkgate, he wrote and asked that this lady would continue to send these "helps" to him, a request which she gladly acceded to, and thus began a most earnest correspondence, and the young schoolboy wrote to his experienced friend about his difficulties, though he did not meet her for several years after this. Writing from Uganda in 1898 he refers to her gratefully as "One of my earliest helpers in the spiritual life."

That, at the time of his Confirmation he was impressed with spiritual realities more than ever before, Martin's letters written then will shew, and the years

that followed prove that it was no transient impression made on a susceptible young heart, but something deeper which then stirred his soul. His brother Alick writes :

“ His mind (like each of ours) had been stored by the faithful teaching of our instructors Miss Twells, Miss Wilson, and Mr. Grenfell, now more beloved than when we knew so little of their true worth, with the result that most of the Bible was familiar, and many portions of both New and Old Testament were so known by heart that they could never be forgotten.” Martin writes at this time :

MOSTYN HOUSE, PARKGATE.

November 20, 1879.

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

I was confirmed, I hope, nay feel sure, in both and every sense of the word.

We were confirmed in the Bishop's private chapel, joined on to the Palace, through which you have to go to get into the chapel. It was indescribably calm and peaceful, and such a lovely little chapel, and we had not to wait long for the Bishop.¹

H.'s father and mother were present, P.'s mother, and another boy's called M——, and when returning from kneeling to receive the blessing of the Bishop, and when I saw H——, P——, and M—— looking so happily at their several mothers, you cannot imagine how I missed you and longed for you ; but it was God's will that you should not come, so it is all for the best, and in that moment I comforted myself with that thought. And then Mr. and Mrs. H—— spoke so kindly and consolingly about my disappointment that I felt quite happy again. And then, coming back here, Mr. H—— seemed quite to sympathize with me, and made me travel in the same carriage as him as far as Hooton,

¹ Bishop Jacobson of Chester.

endeavouring all the time to make it as pleasant as he could. When I heard those divine words of the Bishop's blessing, and felt his nice, loving old hand on my head, I felt as if I had suddenly got rid of a great burden, like Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress* when he came to the Cross, and felt in place of the nervous feeling which I had before experienced, a satisfied feeling as if I had got something that I had been for some time longing for—and, indeed, I trust and believe that I did, viz., 'The Holy Spirit of God.'

Then after the service the Bishop very kindly invited us to have some refreshments, which we did; and then some of us took a quiet stroll along the walls (Chester) down to the station in nice time for the train. And when we got home Mr. Grenfell gave us each, as a remembrance of the day, a little book of Meditations and Counsels for Communicants, called, *Beneath the Cross; or Counsels for Communicants*, by the Rev. George Everard, and we got off evening school, thanks to Mr. H——; and altogether, I can safely say I have never yet spent a day so truly happy in every sense and meaning of the word.

Mr. and Mrs. H—— are spending the week end here. Mr. Grenfell is extremely disappointed that you did not come and stop the week end here, as he had a bed here in readiness for you had you come. *By God's help* I will work harder than ever, and do my duty in whatever station of life it may please Him to call me.

Charlie asks me to tell you that he has run short of envelopes, and wants you to send him some, and whether you have heard anything further of the acting there is to be at the B——'s in the holidays.

And now, Good-bye my dearest mother, hoping and praying that God will give you His special blessing,

I remain,

Your very loving son,

MARTIN J. HALL."

To his sister he wrote at this time :

“MY DEAREST S——

I was confirmed on Saturday afternoon and feel so much happier and more peaceful since then than ever I did before; I did wish you had been there. For particulars see mother's letter. The first skating began here yesterday and we got off the morning work on account of there being no hot water to heat the schoolroom with, and we skated all morning, and we got off a lot more work this morning and skated more. We are having a nice time of it. We who have just been confirmed are to receive our first Communion.

Please thank mother ever so much for the little book which she sent me and which I got yesterday morning (Monday) and tell her that I will *with God's help* endeavour to follow its counsels.

Good-bye, with much love to all,

I remain ever

Your *very* loving brother,

MARTIN JOHN HALL.”

A few days later he wrote to his mother :

MOSTYN HOUSE.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

Thank you very much for your letter. I received my first Communion on Sunday and felt more than I had ever felt before the nearness of God to us here on earth, and what a privilege it is to be able to attend the Holy Communion.

You will be surprised to hear that no less than three Scholarships were announced, and in consequence of which we are to have three days longer holidays.

J. Sharp (junior) got two and Wilfred Grenfell got one at Marlborough College.

Good-bye, with much love to all,

I remain ever,

Your very loving son,

MARTIN J. HALL.”

P. S.—Charlie and I have both finished our hammocks and *he* is sending them, I think, soon.”

These letters shew an unusual absence of reserve in a schoolboy, and a frank expression of his impressions and feelings to those he loved which was characteristic of him, though he became more reserved as he grew older.

The Rev. A. S. Grenfell, writing to Mrs. Hall on December 1, 1879, says: “The confirmation was, I trust, a very happy rite to all concerned. I am thoroughly satisfied and happy about your little Martin. There is in him as in some of the others, an evident tenderness and earnestness in his talk about and expression of his desire to serve God, and his faith in his Saviour, which makes one feel a very comforting and helpful conviction of the faithfulness of God to his own—He does pour out His Spirit on ‘Young men and maidens.’

“He is very childish in some ways, but it is a healthy childishness, and I think you may well thank Him who answers your prayers for your children.”

At this period of his spiritual development Martin resolved, after much thought, to write and lay before his father his great wish to become a Clergyman.

Both he and his parents had up to this time thought of his entering the Legal profession, though no plans had been made to further the latter idea, which originated from Martin himself announcing that when he became a man he intended to be a Barrister. It was with the full consent of their parents that all the sons selected their own professions early and decidedly, and each one was equipped for his future by a sound education.

When the holidays came round Mr. Hall had a serious talk with his young son, and after testing him by showing that he must regard the life of a Clergyman as one of great self-denial, and never expect the worldly

advantages of riches which might be attained in any other profession, and that such a choice must only be made with the highest motives, he then willingly accorded his consent.

It was decided that in due time, Martin John Hall's name should be entered in the books of St. John's College, Cambridge, where his two great-uncles had distinguished themselves so many years before.

In spite of his merry excitable exterior Martin's mind was dominated by an undercurrent of religious thoughtfulness which often appeared in his letters to his mother and sister. To the latter he wrote, near the recurrence of the date of his confirmation :

"The ice bears here to-day, and I fully expect we shall be skating to-morrow," and requesting that his skates may be sent from home. He ends: "Next Monday is the anniversary of my Confirmation; pray for me then, dear 'Wick'—I get such lovely explanations of the Collects weekly from one of the fellows in my room whose relations write them for him every Sunday.

Good-bye. With much love to all,

I remain ever

Your very loving brother,

MARTIN."

He often privately deplored his impatience of temper and took himself to task for his inconsistencies, yet a schoolfellow, the headmaster's second son, a life-long friend of Martin's, wrote :

"I must say that his example and his consistent life from school onwards has been always the greatest help to me, and his letters, embodying as they did so much helpful and direct advice, were always a stimulus whenever I got them. He always seemed

to be preternaturally endowed with a sense of responsibility direct to God for the result of everything he might do."

The first week of the summer holidays, 1880, Martin and his two brothers joined the rest of their family at Llandudno. There, two days before leaving, they met Mr. Edwin Arrowsmith, who had come to prepare for some Seaside Special Services for children to begin in August. He invited the boys to his rooms, and after an earnest talk and prayer with them induced the brothers to join the Scripture Union. From that time to the end of his life Martin was a constant and earnest member of the Scripture Union, which he greatly valued.

His brother Alick writes: "We read regularly, and dear 'M' had evidently deep spiritual impressions at that time, (though we had not then learnt to break through the traditional reserve on these matters) these impressions were deepened and strengthened by letters from Miss B——, whose cousin McC. was our schoolfellow, and whom I am afraid we teased a good deal when he first came, because he was 'so green!'"

A natural leader, Martin's impulses to good shewed themselves in getting permission to start a boys' Prayer Meeting on Sunday afternoons at 5 p.m., a thing hitherto unheard of in the school. Strange to say but few made fun of it, and a fair number of boys attended it regularly.

He thus mentions it in a letter home:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Thank you very much for your letter. We (i.e. about fourteen or fifteen of the fellows) meet together every Sunday evening, and read the Bible and Miss B.'s explanations of the Collects and pray together and I find that it does shed a light, yes, a comforting light, on the hard monotonous duties of

everyday life at school ; I find a real help and comfort in these quiet meetings and they are a bright spot to look forward to all through the week. Alick and I will most likely have to play our duets at the end of the term, and I hope we shall get through them successfully. How delightful to think of only about three weeks more to the holidays ! Algie Grenfell has got a splendid pair of Austrian skates which fasten by merely putting your foot on them, and he wants to sell them, and as I have got none may I get them ? They are 9s. cheaper than if I bought them in a shop. If I may, please send me 16s. out of my purse.

Please let me get them.

Goodbye, with much love to all,

I remain ever

Your loving son,

MARTIN J. HALL."

In answer to his mother's letter he wrote the following week from Parkgate :

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—

On Saturday Miss H. (sister of Mr. H. of Liverpool) who lived at Neston, died in bed early, though she had gone to bed in perfect health—she died from a blood vessel bursting in her head.

I was very much startled to hear of it in the sermon on Sunday night and it occurred to me forcibly 'that in the midst of life we are in death' and that 'we know not what a day may bring forth.'

As to your answer about the skates, though I had quite set my heart on them, yet, as you wish me not to get them, I will willingly give them up.

The Explanation of the Collect this week was about the Holy Scriptures, their harmony with each other whether in poetry or prose, History or Prophecy. Alick is among our little band, and I think that he, like myself, finds it a real alleviation of the monotony

of everyday life at school. May we start by the 8 o'clock train this time ?

Good-bye,

With much love to all,

I am ever

Your loving

MARTIN."

The arrival of the boys from school was an absorbing prospect for some days before the holidays, both to themselves, and to those awaiting them at home. They seldom failed to find their mother and sister, and often their father also, standing in expectation as the train drew up to the little platform at the Congleton station.

Eager greetings were exchanged with their friends and cheery words with the porters, as the boys scrambled out of the train, followed by a good deal of fragmentary luggage. There was ever great delight over the good reports, and the prizes which were laid before their father with beaming but suppressed pleasure on their faces. Martin early had a remarkable appreciation of books, he read much and thoughtfully ; his quick but retentive mind seemed to take in all the points of a tale, and his orderly memory stood him in good stead in after life, when he charmed the children with his vivid narration of a story to "feather his arrows!" when he wanted to bring home a lesson to them. In his childhood he read any book which he could get hold of; undoubtedly his taste lay in that direction of adventure which *Robinson Crusoe*, *Peter Parley's Tales*, and the like books supplied. A.L.O.E.'s. Stories with their graver meaning and the *Pilgrim's Progress* were his Sunday reading, long after *Peter Parley* and *Robinson Crusoe* had been superseded by Jules Verne's and Fennimore Cooper's adventurous tales, introducing their readers to worlds of romance and enterprise, and conveying lessons in science and geography in their fascinating

pages. Scott's novels, Shakespeare's and Dickens' works, and all Biographies and books of travel had a charm for him. Dr. Livingstone was his hero, and he greatly admired Moffat the Missionary. He read eagerly any book which came in his way, and was for the time completely absorbed in the perusal of it, and quite oblivious of his surroundings ; nothing seemed to distract him then, though he was alert and ready for any game the instant the book was finished.

He loved his books and kept an imposing list of the contents of his library (numbering at the time about sixteen volumes !). In this register each book was classified and entered under a separate heading, such as History, Travel, Science, Theology, etc., and each was methodically numbered. As a boy Martin read aloud well and sympathetically, and was always the one called upon to read from Scott or Dickens or some Biography, at home in the winter holiday evenings, times which both he and his hearers thoroughly enjoyed.

CHAPTER III

PLEASURE AND SORROW IN THE HOME

“ Out of the sunlight, into the shade,
Move without murmuring, unafraid !
He who leads thee thither
Knows what flowers would wither
Earliest 'neath the ray
Of intensely glorious day.

* * * * *

“ Yet little space, and thou,
Shivering in the gloaming now,
Wilt behold their martyr faces
Share their peace in heavenly places,
And pass forever, with Christ made one,
Out of the shadow into the sun.”

ANON.

ONE of the earliest entries in Martin's diary gives a brief record of a day when he and his brother Alick went over to Liverpool to see the Prince and Princess of Wales, under the escort of a grown up cousin, who certainly had his hands full in keeping the two excitable schoolboys within bounds. Alick lost his hat on the journey, so went about bareheaded for the remainder of the day, as all the shops in Town were closed in honour of the Royal Visitors. “September 18, 1881. Saw the Prince and Princess of Wales and the young Princesses at Alexandra Dock, Liverpool. (The Princess opened the Alexandra Dock.) Went into the Banqueting Hall and saw Hornby, E. Whitley, Lord Sefton, Mayors of Bootle and Liverpool, etc.”

Needless to say that Martin and Alick had passed into the enclosure reserved for the “élite” and Royal guests, with an unconscious audacity which disarmed the Stewards. After hearing the Grace

said, they decided that it was more prudent to quietly retire instead of occupying the vacant places at the bottom of the table which were temptingly spread before them.

It was in this summer's holidays that the culmination of the Hall boys longing to "paddle their own canoe" was reached. They had learnt to manage these crafts on the Dee at Chester, but were not allowed to invest in a canoe of their own, their parents thinking such a pastime too hazardous for such reckless youths "till they were old enough to make them for themselves."

Having discussed the vague permission given, they put their heads together, reckoned up their funds, and proceeded to draw up estimates and plans for building two canvas canoes. Wood for the frame work was purchased cheaply from a coffin maker with whom they made friends. These frames were covered with strong mattress ticking, and two coats of grey paint. After working with unflagging industry early and late, in about three days they triumphantly announced that the canoes were ready to be launched, much to the surprise and dismay of their mother. She, with their sister, visitors and their constant friend "J" (who participated in all their adventures at Congleton) received invitations to come up to the canal and witness the ceremony of naming the canoes the "Laura" and the "Charlotte" after two elderly cousins of their father's who were then staying at Homefield, and who quite appreciated the compliment thus paid to them.

The boys, arrayed in fresh boating flannels, and each carrying his own canoe on his head, preceded the ladies to the canal.

The launching went off with great *éclat*, even to the breaking of a bottle of water over the bows, but—there was one drawback—the small crafts leaked horribly, and could not be persuaded to keep

afloat for more than ten minutes at a time. When they filled with water and went down, the owners, laughing gaily, swam about and then dived for the cushions and fittings and after getting the canoes and emptying the water from them, they would get in and paddle off again, dripping wet but supremely happy. The boating enthusiasm never abated, but rather increased as the boys grew older.

Poor Martin had now reached an age when some children become uncomfortably conscious of their appearance and he found out he was unnaturally small and childish-looking for his years. His younger brother was almost invariably treated, by strangers, as the elder of the two, though this fact troubled Martin less than Alick, who was of a retiring disposition, and did not enjoy usurping even small privileges to which he had no right. When he was seventeen he began to grow, and though never tall he eventually reached the respectable height of 5 feet 8 inches.

One of the strongest traits in his character was his loyalty and generosity to those he loved, and his profound and tender affection for his mother was a beautiful influence through his life. It was for her approval he always longed, and was ever happiest when she shared his pleasures, which she generally did with the brightness and freshness of youth.

He stood more in awe of his father in his childhood, but from him he unconsciously learnt much then which he understood better and valued more as he grew older. He was generally quick to see himself in the wrong, he wrote at Parkgate:

“Played hockey in the afternoon and cheeked Evans” (one of the masters) “(like a fool) but apologised to him soon afterwards and he was very nice about it.”

November 5 ends with the announcement:

“Am to take a class in Sunday School to-morrow.”

Sunday, November 6, follows with: "Went to the Sunday School and enjoyed my work there."

He also notes "an excellent extempore sermon from an Esquimaux in very fluent and good English," which was preached in Neston Church.

He seemed to be failing in his work at this time, and writes dolefully in the little diary:

"Said Latin and French all right but was turned in Euclid and said it again. Wrote out Sophocles and Horace notes all afternoon and had incessant work from 1.45 p.m., to 6 p.m., found it very tiring, but must not grumble. Have done almost thirteen hours' work to-day and am very tired, but am going to try and wake early to do some Sophocles."

These early hours of work were unsuspected by the masters as Martin provided his own candles, and sat up in bed and pored over his books unnoticed by the sleeping boys around him, but he soon paid the penalty of "burning the candle at both ends" by suffering much from headaches. Later the little diary gives proof of an unusual depression of spirits.

"Things are looking bad. I have got about five Ms. already this term, somehow always feel tired from when I get up till bedtime—eyes and head ache, but must not grumble. Had two games of Fives with Allen and was beaten in both. Am getting anxious about keeping my place in form."

A fortnight later, the tide had evidently turned in his affairs, for he writes exuberantly:

"Found to my great joy that in the whole term's marks by 200 I was above Allen—*Dum spiro, spero—Nil desperandum.*"

His state of mind was quickly affected by events unconnected with himself; not long before the end of the term Martin registered the following:

"T—— flogged and expelled by the 8 o'clock train—Mr. G—— very much cut up about it. Had a talk with me about T—— and his offence, begged me to put it down, which I will with God's help."

Part of the Christmas holidays Martin spent with the rest of his family at Torquay. In spite of this pleasant change soon after his return to school he broke down with a series of severe headaches, and was sent home under the doctor's orders to rest completely for six months. It was a great disappointment to have to endure this enforced idleness, but he expended some of his energy, which returned with his reviving strength, in taking long country rambles with the dogs, in fretwork, teaching himself Shorthand, and in taking Music and French lessons. It was afterwards discovered that much of the pain in his head was due to the overstraining of his eyes, in the stolen readings by candle-light in the dim morning hours at school, and a Liverpool oculist decreed that from henceforth he must wear spectacles.

Warm sympathy with others was inherent in Martin, but the wise training of their parents quickened this feeling in all the children. Mr. and Mrs. Hall sought to cherish in them the early habit of being interested in their poorer neighbours, and those in need and distress.

Frequently, after the Sunday afternoon walk in the country accompanied by the children and all the dogs, their father would go to see some sick working man on the way home, and take one of the children with him. He would leave with a bright kind smile and a few words of encouragement, which conveyed much cheering sympathy and understanding. More than most men Mr. Hall possessed, what some one has termed "local patriotism"; born in Congleton he spent his love and strength upon its people. He was zealous for the honour of the old Borough, and threw himself heartily into any scheme for the good of the town which he loved. Martin had also a large share of the same love and feeling for his native place.

His father was an enthusiastic leader or was equally

happy to follow in a good cause, and his sound common-sense, and independence of thought, and readiness to look all round a subject, made his judgment and opinion respected.

In 1882 the Halls spent their first summer at Menai Bridge, Anglesey.

The time never hung heavily in the quietest place where Martin was, nor was he ever known to be at a loss for employment, the days scarcely seemed long enough to encompass all he wanted to do, and see, and enjoy.

He would often take books and a penny whistle to one of the Islands in the Straits and sit happily among the rocks, reading, writing, or discoursing familiar tunes on the not very musical instrument which he generally carried about with him then. He soon made the acquaintance of a fisherman whose boat he hired and at the same time he became a warm admirer of the man's small adopted son "Ernie," and made him his frequent companion in his boating and crab-fishing expeditions. This tiny boy with his clear blue eyes, rosy cheeks and his golden head "sunning over with curls" could only speak Welsh, and Martin could only speak English! Yet they always seemed supremely happy in each other's company catching "crank mawr" (big crabs) with a piece of bacon attached to a string, or roaming beside the sunny water, or wading in rocky pools, Martin always striving to pick up some of his little friend's unknown idiom.

When the holidays were ended he returned to Mostyn House School, all the better for his long rest and to his great satisfaction having "increased, also, in stature."

He found the new Headmaster there, Mr. Frank Barrett (he was afterwards ordained), sharing the duties of the position with Mr. Grenfell, who retired a few months later,

The end of the next holidays was saddened by the serious illness of their father, all sharing their mother's great anxiety. The boys tried to console themselves by taking long tramps in the country. To quote from Martin's diary: "January 20, 1883. Alick and I went to Cloud (a hill about three miles from Congleton) splendid air and grand views. Discovered a fine echo with Alick's horn. Father a good deal better."

The following term was spent at school under the rule of the new Headmaster, Mr. Barrett. He had formerly been a Mostyn House boy himself and Mr. Grenfell's high opinion of his character was fully justified, and nothing could exceed the kindness of Mrs. Barrett to the boys.

A letter written by Mr. Grenfell in answer to one from Martin shows that a certain confidence existed between them.

46, GORE ROAD, VICTORIA PARK,
London, E.

"DEAR HALL,—

February 9, 1883.

Very glad to hear of you and yours, and of the school too. I am most thankful for your ready promise to help Mr. Barrett; shall we not rather also say, to do Christ's work amid your schoolfellows? That does not mean preaching but acting, wisely and prayerfully, and above all by doing one's own duty, and helping others to do theirs. Some men eager to serve God run off from the plain lines of duty, under a false notion that God's service means only religious teaching or Services, and the cause of Christ is brought to discredit if we neglect thus the work He has given us to do.

God help you all faithfully to do your duty and to resist all sin."

The boys greatly valued Mrs. Grenfell's care and
s.

bracing sympathy; this was combined with a strong common sense and a quick understanding of their separate characters. Martin bestowed lasting affection upon her, and at the time she was at Mostyn House would describe her warmly as "a second mother to us."

On Sunday afternoon she used to read aloud to the younger boys, and her clear, refined enunciation in rendering a Biography or Poem held them silently attentive as they lounged on the floor, sat on footstools or on the arms of a chair, just as they pleased, for this quiet homely hour in the little dining-room.

Often, after Martin became the head boy in the school, he might still be found sitting on the hearthrug at Mrs. Grenfell's feet, listening as eagerly as any of the "little chaps" and enjoying it more.

Perhaps it was the homeliness which also appealed to him, and brought back the early days, when he and his brothers and sister gathered round their mother, after repeating the Church Catechism, to listen to a Sunday story which she read aloud to them.

Bicycles were the "rage" about this time, and some of the boys at Parkgate were the envied possessors of tall "spiders." Martin and Alick of course learnt to ride; the former writes:

"Went up to Neston on bicycle, and whilst racing on the path knocked over a man who didn't seem to like it."

The boys were constantly going in for new musical instruments, and this term the craze settled on fifes, which Martin writes "came at last and are well worth the money we gave for them. Practised on our fifes with great success."

During the three months which followed Mr. Hall's serious illness he had remained quite an invalid and unequal to any exertion, though maintaining an interest and pleasure in what passed around him, and in reading and correspondence.

Though he spoke but little of it, he fully realized

how near to death he had been, and desired that his thanksgiving to God for having spared his life might be presented in Church. He knew also that his time on earth would not be long, and quietly made all preparations for the end which might come suddenly.

On April 13 Martin's diary mentions how he came home. "Went out for a walk with S. in the afternoon. Father and mother went for a drive. Sat with father in the evening and copied out some business papers for him. Sissy said good-night to him about 9 p.m. He died quietly and suddenly at 9.45. Fearful time but can't realize it all yet."

Saturday 14th. "Had a long sad day. C. came home about 11 a.m., Miss M. was with mother all day. Am beginning now to see that the end could not have been at a better time or in a better way, I almost think father must have prayed for it to be so."

This removal of the head of the happy family circle, the having to face a great personal loss, besides being the only son present with his mother and sister at the time the sudden "Home call" came to his father, combined in making a deep impression on Martin. He seemed to develop in manliness in the weeks which followed this great bereavement. His brother Alick had gone to Scotland to spend the Easter holidays with a schoolfellow, when the sad summons to return home reached him.

On April 18 John Fielder Hall was laid to rest in St. Peter's Churchyard. It was as simple a funeral as he could have desired, attended by many friends and crowds of humble souls who mourned the death of one who was their true and sympathising friend.

An aged friend writing at this time, said, "No words of mine can tell you how your father will be mourned here. We have loved him dearly, and honoured his beautiful upright character, and admired his simple faith, a thorough gentleman, a loved

father and husband—How he will be mourned by those nearest and dearest, but how glorious now his rest! Those dear boys! How they loved him, and how, now, they will strive more than they have ever done to be worthy sons of such a father!”

Martin wrote on April 19:

“Mr. John Vaudrey” (a clergyman friend of his father’s who had come from Dorsetshire to be present at the service on the previous day) “came to tea, and gave us a very kindly exhortation to follow dear father’s noble example.”

The friend here mentioned had gained a place of influence and affection from this visit to the fatherless and widow, with whom he had knelt in their hour of sorrow, which he ever retained. His wealth of radiating sympathy, his quick sense of quiet humour, united with a rare saintliness of character, had a silent but real influence on those with whom he came in contact.

Now, he too has for some years rested from his labours, and his works do follow him.

On May 1 Martin Hall’s godmother died at Bath and was sincerely mourned by all at Homefield. The weekly letters from Parkgate brought the unwelcome tidings this term that measles had broken out in the school. To his sister Martin wrote: “I want you if you will to send me a box of lilies of the valley, as ours will be out just now, and I have not seen one this year, do send me some, as they are for the invalids.” The Hall brothers escaped the measles.

Martin was always very thoughtful and sympathetic towards any one who was ill, and would, if he were allowed to do so, at any time give up a half-holiday afternoon to go and sit with one of “the fellows” who had to keep his own room.

Great excitement was caused on July 4 to Martin when the mother of two of his schoolfellows invited him to go to Bray for part of the summer holidays.

He delighted in travelling and seeing new places, and a boyish eagerness appears in the diary which refers to this visit.

"I wrote home a most urgent letter to mother asking her to let me go." Two days later in jubilant spirits he adds, "Got leave from mother to go to Ireland! Hurrah!"

Alick wrote home, "M. is in raptures about going to Ireland."

It seemed like a real journey and was duly recorded on July 31.

"Got no sleep last night. Got into Dublin about 7.30. L. and I went and saw Trinity College—Went to Bray. Most kind reception."

In Ireland he first saw Miss B., the lady who had for so long helped him at school, by her written explanations of the Collects and Gospels. Though so different in age, the young schoolboy had many interests which were identical with hers in religious things.

The days at Bray passed happily in sight-seeing, bathing and boating, and part of the time was spent at the Littledales' country home, Whalley Abbey, Rathdrum, to which they drove through the lonely "Glen of the Downs." Martin thoroughly enjoyed the merry time with his friends, in "real country."

On his way home through Wales he spent a few hours at Menai Bridge, where he did not forget to look up his little friend "Ernie" whom he had not seen for more than a year.

His love for children shewed itself very early (perhaps when, it must be confessed, he lavished a great amount of affection on an unsightly rag doll which he called "Sag.") This instinct might be taken as a premonition of that characteristic which earned for him the title "The friend of the children." He would ask his mother during every holiday to give a children's party.

"Let us have the real little dots of two and three,

I will take care of and amuse the babies," he would say, and he always carried out this promise with the utmost tenderness. It was quite touching to watch this high-spirited schoolboy devoting himself to the amusement of the tiniest guests, and to notice their perfect confidence in him. They would toddle up to him to have their shoes buttoned or their sashes tied, and he would perform these services for them in the simplest manner possible.

Often he stopped in the streets and lanes to speak to the little children, and to beam upon them; however dirty they were he seemed to see beneath the surface, for he would say with enthusiasm when he had left one, "It would be lovely if only it was washed," though he never, on principle, told a child that it was pretty, for he had experienced the result of too much open admiration from indiscreet friends, bestowed upon himself in childhood, to seek to make other little ones conscious of their appearance.

The canoeing on the canal was carried on with unabated ardour whenever the boys were at home. The little diary registers the demise of one of the canvas canoes in which they had so much moist recreation, (Martin now used his real craft):

"In the afternoon 'A' and I went out in our canoes—'A's' canoe suffered complete shipwreck, so he came home wet through."

On one occasion when both the boats sunk and the brothers were seen swimming about, diving occasionally for missing cushions and fittings, a labourer in great alarm brought three men with ropes and drags to rescue the boys, who reassured them by bursting into peals of laughter as they emerged after a dive and explained the situation to the pale and breathless group on the bank.

CHAPTER IV

CAMBRIDGE AND NEW EXPERIENCES

“I would not halve my service
His only must it be
His only, who so loved me,
And gave Himself for me.

He chose me for His service,
And gave me power to choose
That blessed, perfect freedom,
Which I shall never lose.

Rejoicing and adoring,
Henceforth my song shall be—
‘I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free.’”

—F. R. HAVERGAL.

ON Michaelmas Day, 1883, Martin Hall went up to Cambridge for the first time.

By his own great wish and rather against the advice of older friends, he insisted upon trying for a “Sizarship” at St. John’s College, where he had been entered by his father. Martin’s reason for wishing to obtain the Sizarship was to lessen the expense of his University career, knowing that his mother had three sons at that time who had not completed their education. He was told that the tutors were somewhat stricter than in the old days, because there were more competitors, so he was not very sanguine as to his success.

The brothers, Martin and Alick, keenly felt the first divergence of their paths in life. They had shared so many pleasures since their childhood until they left school, the one for Cambridge, and the other to

enter on a medical course at the Edinburgh University, that they would gladly still have gained their experience of a wider world in each other's company. Canon Underwood of Histon Vicarage, an old friend of his mother's, befriended Martin at this time.

In fulfilment of a long promise he wrote at once to remind Mr. Arrowsmith to ask some men to look him up soon after his arrival.

Martin told him in this letter that he was really converted to God. This resulted in his introduction to Mr. J. C. Farthing of Caius College. He and the MacInnes brothers were his earliest callers and were undoubtedly a great help to him in enabling him to take his stand, at the outset, and he hailed their acquaintance with delight.

His first examination for the Sizarship was a great ordeal. Mathematics were always his weak point at school, and so he sadly wrote, "'Tis as I expected, I have not passed."

The second Sunday he was at Cambridge he went to a Prayer Meeting at Corpus Christi College, and a few days later joined the Daily Prayer Meeting, of which the Rev. Handley Moule was the President; he attended regularly during the three years and found it a wonderful help and stimulus in his religious life. At this period he entered enthusiastically into all external helps and new friendships, and was also learning to study his Bible more deeply than he had hitherto done; he was then a humble learner from those among whom his lot was cast.

He threw himself, with his accustomed ardour, into the diversions and duties of University life, though he found that its many attractions, with numerous religious meetings, made concentration on real hard work extremely difficult at first. He never studied late at night, his eyes being unable to bear the strain.

Very keen was he on attending the Hebrew Lectures,

as he felt that a knowledge of that language would so materially assist him in the study of the Bible. He had great veneration for his learned master, Professor Mason.

On October 22, he writes, "Was matriculated at 10 a.m., and, on the evening of that day, attended service at St. Mary's Church, when the Bishop of Durham preached."

He was interested in all Home and Foreign Mission work, and at once became a member of the Church Missionary Union, Church of England Temperance Society, Cambridge University Open Air Mission, The Social Purity Alliance, and was a regular attendant at all their meetings, and also the gatherings for Bible reading at Mr. T. L. Palmer's rooms, and he became a teacher in Jesus Lane Sunday School.

He took his recreation very largely on the water, often in "a funny" for he was very fond of sculling.

He never went in for boating in the ordinary sense, or tried for "the eights," as he refrained from all superfluous expenses, and denied himself many luxuries on this account.

His first rooms were in 13, Park Place, and he took a great pleasure in making them as pretty and convenient as possible. He was remarkably neat and methodical in all his arrangements, as well as scrupulously tidy in his dress.

Martin was always a believer in good, wholesome food, and those who visited him in the evening generally noticed his porridge pot on the hob, stewing for the next day's breakfast. It was in his rooms that one or two of his friends first "learnt to make real porridge."

At this time he first met and heard a very good address from Dr. Baxter of Central Africa, with whom he was afterwards destined to be associated.

He set to work vigorously, on getting back to Cambridge after the Vacation, and read about six and a

half hours a day on an average; he kept a careful record of the time spent in work.

About this time the Revs. W. E. Oliphant and J. Pigott came as friends of H. MacInnes, to speak in his rooms on the subject of Holiness.

After this Martin wrote in his diary, "We had a really happy meeting, headed by Messrs. Oliphant and Pigott. Went again in the evening and got a great blessing. First experienced the real joy of God. May He help me never to let it go."

February 14. "Got up at 5 a.m., and had a real good hour of prayer with God. Went to a Prayer Meeting at H. MacInnes' rooms and had a good time, joined the 'Morning Watch' (a Prayer Union). Deep sin again, may God forgive me. Went to Daily Prayer Meeting. The next day, got up at 6.35, and had a 'Morning Watch' which was a great help."

His constant struggle, from his childhood's days, was, to conquer the proud, hasty temper which by nature was his, and which had repeatedly brought him into trouble and caused pain to others, though even in his schooldays there was a warm generosity of character in him, which shewed itself in many ways.

He was not one who could be trifled with and deeply felt an insult, though he was always ready to accept an apology and to frankly forgive and overlook the offence. Both at school and at college some put him down as conceited and self-satisfied, but those who knew him best, recognized that there was no one less satisfied with himself than he. His brother Alick said he often felt humbled by Martin's humility and self-depreciation when he opened his heart to him. His whole mind was absorbed by his new experience, and one of his contemporaries describes him as "full of zeal and love to God."

He scarcely thought as much as he should have done, at this time, of intellectual cultivation; he felt so strongly that he "must be about his Father's business"

in some more definite way, that he abandoned all idea of reading for the Classical Tripos, and to the disappointment of his friends worked for an ordinary degree, though he saw when it was represented to him, that it was his duty to work hard for that while at Cambridge. He thought lightly of earthly honours then. He soon made friends with the children of his landlady and writes of a little girl, "had a talk with E. T. about her soul, and found her very much in earnest."

He mentioned going to Dr. Todhunter's funeral on March 6, 1884, "an immense number of men were there. Took round Pigott's letters from 2.30 to 5.30. May each bring home a message from God."

The printed letters here spoken of were indited by the Rev. John Pigott, and gave an outline sketch of his own life, and how he was awakened from carelessness and sin, and ending with an earnest invitation to a series of meetings he intended to hold for undergraduates the following week. He himself was a Cambridge man. This personal carrying of notices of religious meetings into any one's private rooms, required some moral courage, especially when it was known that the man whom he visited had no sympathy with his object, and would join his companions in laughing at him as soon as he had gone, even if he did not ridicule him to his face.

As one man, who had been visited in this way by another of this "out and out set," said afterwards :

"I don't think any one who does not know University life, can appreciate properly the pluck required for such a work."

There may have been a want of tact apparent in some of the methods of the aggressive evangelistic set then working amongst their fellow undergraduates, but their zeal, sincerity and self-sacrifice had a wonderful influence upon others. To this movement Mr. G. L. Pilkington largely owed the great crisis in

his life, which eventually led him to live and die for Christ in Central Africa. The preparation for Mr. Pigott's mission was earnest and thorough, and a searching time of private prayer for Martin.

After a good "Morning Watch" he ejaculates, "May God take away this sin which stands between me and Him!"

After attending a conference on "Holiness" at Ridley Hall, he wrote: "Difficulty not yet solved," which probably refers to the teaching of "perfectionism" over which his mind was exercised at this time. He asked his friend "G. P. to tea, and induced him to go to Pigott's meeting and got Barton to talk with him, and praise God the light is coming to him."

It will be noticed that reference is made more than once to this subject of Holiness, but though Martin then sought to believe in "sinless perfection" he never really held this doctrine.

He and his friends spoke much of "Eradication" of sin, but though two or three of those who seemed the most earnest among the undergraduates, were led astray by these extreme views, the majority never accepted absolutely the teaching that they could be "perfect" or saved above the possibility of sinning. Martin longed to be kept from falling into sin, and to be guarded against the proneness to evil which is so strong in human nature, but, as his conscience became increasingly sensitive, he knew from sad experience that he needed continually to seek forgiveness. He found afterwards that "Grace does not at once remove and overcome all tendencies to evil, but, if not *eradicated* they are *counteracted* by the Spirit's wondrous working."¹ As the mission proceeded he was frequently rejoicing over some friend or acquaintance who had stepped forth into the light.

About this time he wrote to his sister:

¹ Rev. Arthur Pierson, D.D.

"I have made an advance, for I had to give an address this morning to a congregation of about 300 children, at St. John's Church, and to make matters worse there were no end of teachers there, including some undergraduates. However, with God's help, I managed all right, though it seemed rather a big undertaking to one like myself, who has only just left school where everything was so different. However it will prove a great help to me in after life to have had this beginning, and once over the nervousness (which is only conceit after all), the work is intensely interesting, especially amongst children. I have to take another Children's Service at St. John's next Tuesday, so I am getting plenty of practice in speaking."

At this time Martin saw a great deal of R. D. Bishop (who lost his life by a gun accident in the following summer vacation), and had frequent conversations with him on religious matters, one of which he refers to as "a very nice time with Bishop."

His diary expressed the true conviction of the moment, and, at the time it was written, was carefully guarded, and reserved for the inspection of no eye but his own. Sadly and prayerfully he writes, "Sinned again deeply. Oh, God give me strength against this sin."

At home, none would have guessed, to see him at play with his children friends, that he was so rigid in his self-examination, and so unsparing in his self-reproach over his failures.

During the Easter Vacation Martin early returned to Cambridge to work. He was soon introduced to Mr. Radcliffe, the new Vicar of Christ Church, who impressed him by "a splendid sermon."

This term he took an active part in the Open Air Services at Barnwell. At one of the first of these meetings he mentions that they were "dispersed by a peeler for obstruction."

He speaks of a C.M.S. breakfast, where they heard

"a splendid address by the Rev. Rowland Bateman, of the Punjab." Mr. Bateman's home was formerly at Biddulph, a few miles from Congleton. The evening again found him an eager listener to this interesting speaker. On Ascension Day Martin rose unusually early, and he afterwards wrote, "The doctrine of Holiness was made quite plain to me at my 'Morning Watch,' praise God." Two days later he took the Daily Prayer Meeting for the first time. One of his great friends then was R. M. B. Panton, of St. John's College, who was at the same time seeking for a clearer conception of the teaching on Holiness.

It was owing to a talk on this subject with H. T. G. Kingdon, of Clare, that R. M. B. Panton came to know the fulness of the blessing, and was a great help to Martin.

Shortly after he wrote in his diary :

"Fell into sin again, but having once felt God's keeping power I can still trust to be kept."

Perhaps, like many other young Christians, he was at this period trusting too much to his own efforts to attain a conformity to Christ, rather than to a recollectedness of His presence and indwelling power. He deeply felt his repeated failures to reach the perfect sinlessness for which he had yearned. His horizon was darkened by "a buffeting Angel of Satan," his proud and hasty disposition, which seemed from the beginning to the end of his life to be left in his character to be conquered; perchance for the same reason as St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh," it was to remain "lest he should be exalted above measure." The painful discipline puzzled and humiliated him sorely; yet he grew and strengthened, and became "more than conqueror," by God's grace.

Though Martin attended various churches at Cambridge, and made honest enquiries into the doctrine of each, he seems always to have leaned to the Evangelical teaching in which he had been brought up.

Most of the summer was spent on the banks of the Menai Straits, and as usual the boating, bathing and mountain climbing were entered into with delightful enthusiasm by the brothers. The spice of danger caused by the swift and treacherous currents and changing tides, certainly did not detract from the recreation on and in the water. The Hall brothers were generally considered by the boatmen as reckless with regard to water; perhaps this is a proof, when, after bathing from a boat, they got in tow of a small steamer, the *Satanella*, but nearly got sucked into the screw. They were always ready to avail themselves of any invitation to join a yachting party. A day and a night at sea is briefly set forth in the diary.

"Started at 9.45 a.m., for a trip in the *Squirrel*. Could not beat up against the tide, so we anchored.

" 'A' and I had to tow her through the Puffin Island Sound. Anchored in Moelfra Bay for the night. Went ashore twice for provisions. Weighed anchor at 4 a.m., and got back to Menai Bridge about 12 a.m. after a most delightful trip."

There was always a tinge of awe in entering this Moelfra Bay on the coast of Anglesey, where, in a terrible storm in October, 1859, was wrecked the *Royal Charter*, an Australian trader and passenger ship. She broke in three pieces, and went down with all her treasure of gold and at least 500 human lives.

Cast up among the stones and boulders on the beach, for many years, were found pieces of the great wreck and of the gold and wool with which she was laden.

In the little old church of Llanallgo above the stony beach were laid the bodies of the passengers as they were sent ashore by the incoming tides, and here they remained till they could be identified, or if not, they were reverently laid to rest in the churchyard by the good Rector, who with a noble self-forgetfulness, assisted by his wife and her two sisters, performed all the sad duties connected with that awful time,

a time never to be forgotten by the dwellers in that bleak spot on the rugged coast of Anglesey.

There was a great change in Martin's life and character observable to all who knew him, after his grasp of the new and fuller life. He felt himself to have become a new man, and he shewed it. Though he enjoyed the simple, country pursuits with the same zest as ever, there was a graver tone, an almost morbid shrinking from social pleasures at this time, in spite of his evident happiness. He was growing in gentleness and in consideration for others and in self-control. Responsibility for the souls around him who seemed not to have experienced the forgiveness which he knew had been granted to him, seemed to burden his heart and to overshadow his great happiness occasionally.

His brother Alick writes of him then, "As he opened his heart to me up in our bedroom, the shyness which he felt in speaking of these things, and which at times made him appear morbid and unsociable, and unlike his former self, disappeared, and we used to sit long on the bed, the afternoon sun pouring in at the window, while he told me with glowing heart of all that God had wrought among the men at Cambridge and for him, and then we used to pray together, I far behind, but seeking to follow him into the fulness of blessing that was so overflowing his heart and life with Heavenly joy."

Few knew how much it cost him to come out for Christ as he did, in his old surroundings, where all things had run on quiet, traditional lines, and his new ideas seemed rather startling and advanced.

It was his loyalty to God and fear of making any compromise, not a wish to be peculiar (for he was very sensitive), far less to appear better than others, that made him cross the rubicon so completely from all that he feared might dishonour his Lord, or damp his love for Him. It was wonderful to those at home

to see then, for the first time, how, when it seemed as if (though they now know it was not so), he must lose many old friends, he was given such joy and fellowship with others who loved the same Lord, whether rich or poor, young or old. He had many bright, earnest chats with the village postman, named Hogan, at Menai Bridge, and spent many a half-hour in the pretty whitewashed cottage, where Mr. Hogan "cut and shaved" the men of the neighbourhood in the intervals of delivering letters.

His joy in the companionship of children increased now that he had the "sweet story of old" to tell them when the opportunity occurred.

Soon after his return to Cambridge he wrote:

"Heard of Harry MacInnes' sad death." The news of that fatal fall, which caused the death of this bright young man, on a Swiss mountain, made a profound impression on those who knew him at Cambridge. His life, so full of fun and merriment, and yet so overflowing with zeal for God and earnest purpose, was a powerful influence for good amongst his fellow-undergraduates. Martin mourned the loss of one of his earliest and most helpful friends at the University, and he never forgot that it was at a meeting in the rooms of Harry MacInnes that he first experienced "the real joy of God." On October 31, he sadly enters the loss of another friend:

"Just heard of dear old Pantan's death. How I shall miss him!"

A letter written by Martin to him, and returned from Jamaica after his death is not without interest.

MENAI BRIDGE, ANGLESEY, N.W.,

August 21, 1884.

"DEAR PANTON,—

At length I have got time to write to you. I had almost expected to hear from you ere this, but, on consideration, I don't remember having given my
s.

address here, and I also feel sure that you have been better employed than in writing to me.

I have been enjoying most thoroughly my visit to this charming place, though with no more opportunities for Christian work than a large Infant Class in the Sunday School here, which is work that I like immensely, as I am so fond of children. Still, I think that to be used for this work is a great privilege, though I daresay yours is of a different character.

I am sorry to say I did not pass my exams., but feel so thankful that I am now able to praise God even for sending such a disappointment as this necessarily was just at first.

I have got the book which you recommended to me, *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, and though I have not yet finished it, I find it so simple, so helpful and encouraging, that I can't help thinking it is just the book that, given with a humble prayer for the guidance and enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, might prove the greatest help to dear old J. N., who is trying to find out what our happiness consisted in. What do you think? His great desire is to speak to other men, undergrads. especially, and he wanted to know from me, whether this Higher Life, or whatever else it may be called, was a help in this respect. I told him 'unquestionably yes.' Don't you find it so also?

How is my poem getting on? Shall we call it, 'Niagara's Victim'? Couldn't it be of use to others if you draw a lesson for Christians from the unresisting, unquestioning resignation of the Indian girl, who thought it a privilege to lay down her life for her God? Would to God there were more Christians who were ready to make equally great sacrifices for our God, who has done far more for us than Niagara ever did for its loyal worshippers. I am reading about six hours a day, though it is intensely hot. I like this very hot weather immensely, though I am afraid I am an exception to the general rule. What

sort of weather you must be having, I don't know, but I should think you have a decided inclination to adopt the garb of our first parents, or something little short of it.

My youngest brother is 'a growing Christian' and God alone knows what a blessing an earnest Christian doctor may be, almost a greater one than a Minister. I have seen something of what such a one can be in our good old doctor at home, who died last spring, and was a true earnest Christian. Any one more comforting and encouraging in the house at the time of my father's death, it would be hard to conceive. Farthing of Caius, Carless of Trinity, Butterworth of John's, the two brothers MacInnes, are all busy working at various English and Welsh seaports. Pray for a blessing on them and their work, and also for me, for I heartily agree with St. James when he says, 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' You have my prayers and best wishes for success in any Christian work you may be engaged in.

I hope (D.V.) to go to Cambridge on October 1. I will look you up there.

I remain

Yours very sincerely

MARTIN J. HALL."

The news of Brook Panton's death following so closely upon that of Harry MacInnes, stirred many hearts at Cambridge and called them to graver thoughts.

A friend of the former wrote to Martin at this time:

"It has made Heaven so real and the things of this world so fleeting and so unreal. It seemed only yesterday that we three met in our dear old friend's room on the Saturday of the May races, and spoke of full salvation given by our Saviour. And now he is where there is no sin and sorrow or night, where Jesus reigns alone."

CHAPTER V

THE MISSIONARY CALL. FAREWELL TO CAMBRIDGE

“The Master is come, and calleth for thee.”

ST. JOHN, xi. 28.

“Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none, and no hurt shall come unto thee.”—JOHN BUNYAN.

IT is not easy to follow the exact time when the idea which has been simmering in the mind of another comes as it were to “a boiling point.”

It was no sudden impulse which led Martin Hall to dedicate himself to serve God in the Foreign Mission Field, though the call came with no uncertain sound.

He had long been interested in the work and lives of Missionaries, and at Cambridge he seized every opportunity, and there were many, to gather fresh knowledge, though to many of his friends the decision appeared only as a strong influence acting upon an enthusiastic mind. These could recognise no “call from God” for Martin.

Referring to conversations at home, his brother Alick, to whom he gave his fullest confidence, writes: “It was in these and other ensuing happy times that we first felt the call to the Mission Field; to him it came with full force at the first, to me more gradually, but with ever deepening force, and often did we talk of the days when we hoped God might let us work together abroad.”

From the first he seemed drawn towards work in Africa. Perhaps the lives and travels of Dr. Living-

stone and H. M. Stanley, combined with his own love of adventure may have created a desire even in his boyhood to visit the Dark Continent, in which his interest was more deeply stimulated by reading the life of Bishop Crowther, and hearing of that noble band of pioneer Missionaries to the Victoria Nyanza, Lieut. G. Shergold Smith, the Rev. C. T. Wilson, Alexander Mackay, Dr. John Smith, G. J. Clark, T. O'Neill, W. M. Robertson, W. and J. Robertson.

Martin heard the thrilling account of his first journey to Central Africa, and of the crying needs of that country given by the Rev. James Hannington (afterwards the First Bishop of East Equatorial Africa) when he visited Cambridge in 1884. His graphic descriptions of the life and labours of an African Missionary, and his earnest appeals on behalf of the Mission, will long be remembered.

Martin was constantly stirred to increasing zeal for Foreign Missions, and gained a greater consciousness of the needs of the poor perishing millions in "the regions beyond," as he made himself better acquainted with what was being done through heroic men, pioneers of the modern church who, when they "heard the voice of the Lord saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' had answered, 'Here am I, send me.'" Isa. vi. 8.

About this time he first began to interest himself in the work of the Salvation Army, and though not agreeing with some of their methods, his practical knowledge of the good work accomplished, under God, by this band of self-denying, energetic and (for the most part) true and consistent Christians, from that time onward commended itself to his admiration and respect.

Though pre-eminently fitted to shine among his acquaintances and in that still larger circle commonly designated Society, Martin Hall now never sought the social circles in which religion would not be tolerated,

or where he was tempted to hide his "light under a bushel" or which rendered him unfit for prayer.

Though in some ways very unconventional, he had a growing regard for the courtesies of life, and greatly delighted in exercising and receiving simple hospitality. He thoroughly enjoyed the free interchange of social intercourse with his Cambridge friends, and was seldom much alone.

On New Year's day, 1885, Martin writes in his diary: "I told mother about my decision to go out as a Missionary (D.V.). She was strongly opposed to it, and seemed much pained. God help me to do His Will alone."

During the Christmas vacation Mr. J. C. Farthing came for a short visit to Homefield, and together he and Martin held a Children's Scripture Union Meeting in Mrs. Hall's drawing-room, at which only eight children put in an appearance, as a storm of wind was raging, and the rain was descending in torrents the whole afternoon. He wrote, "Despite the small numbers we had a very encouraging meeting. They all joined the Scripture Union, and all promised to get others to do so."

Martin had previously been round to all the parents of his little friends to solicit their sympathy, and gain their consent to their children becoming members, if they themselves desired it.

Less than two months after the commencement, the Congleton Branch of the Scripture Union numbered 100 members, owing to Martin's prayerful energy, and the help of the children and a few adult members. Part of January was spent at the St. John's College Mission at Walworth, where Martin Hall worked with the Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Phillips and several undergraduates.

At the commencement of the term he was put on to the Committee of the Daily Prayer Meeting, and "had to canvass for men to take the D. P. M., and was pretty successful."

His diary at this time teems with records which refer to the spiritual awakening of some, and of conversations with others about the welfare of their souls. His heart was entirely thrown into Mission services, in which he was no longer only a learner, but had begun to take a new part. Of one evening he says :

“Klein, Maloney, Bellingham, Holt, Lutterby, Phillips, Kingdon and John MacInnes called, and we all went to hold a Mission Service in old Chesterton, where we had a full meeting in the Schoolroom. I spoke at a meeting of this kind for the first time, and was wonderfully helped by God. I spoke from Rev. iii. 20, and Matt. vii. 7, 8. I also took the after-meeting, which was a most encouraging one. Altogether we had a most blessed time. May God keep me humble, giving Him all the Glory. Amen.”

He was now so keen about Mission and Open Air services, that he even tried to get exempted from Sunday Chapels, to devote more time to them, but without success. “One of the most important events of the period was both a fruit, indirectly, of Moody’s work, and a fruitful parent of other and larger movements. This was the sending forth of the famous ‘Cambridge Seven’ to China. Extraordinary interest was aroused in the Autumn of 1884 by the announcement that the Captain of the Cambridge eleven and the stroke oar of the Cambridge boat were going out as Missionaries. These were Mr. C. T. Studd and Mr. Stanley Smith. (C. T. Studd and two of his brothers were the leading players in the memorable cricket match in 1882, between Cambridge University and the Australian Eleven); and very soon they were joined by five others, viz. :—The Rev. W. W. Cassels, Curate of All Saints, Lambeth; Mr. Montague Beauchamp, a nephew of Lord Radstock, and also well known as a rowing man; Mr. D. E. Hoste, an officer in the Royal Artillery; and Messrs. C. H. and

A. T. Polhill-Turner, sons of a late M.P. for Bedford, the former an officer in the 6th Dragoon Guards, and the latter a Ridley Hall theological student, both of them prominent Eton and Cambridge cricketers. (Mr. A. T. Polhill-Turner was to have been ordained and intended to offer to the C.M.S.; but the enthusiasm aroused by Smith and Studd led him to join them at the last moment.)

“Mr. Studd’s dedication of himself to the Mission-Field and Mr. Hoste’s conversion to God, were direct results of Moody’s missions in London and Brighton. The influence of such a band of men going to China as Missionaries was irresistible. No such event had occurred before; and no event of the century has done so much to arouse the minds of Christian men to the tremendous claims of the Field, and the nobility of the vocation.”¹

On February 2, 1885, “The Cambridge Seven” visited their University before going to join the China Inland Mission.

Two days later Martin joined the deputation sent up to London by Christian men of Cambridge to represent the University at Exeter Hall on the occasion of the great farewell meeting of these China Inland Missionaries. His diary does not express half of the feelings and aspirations which stirred his soul at that time, and overflowed in glowing words as he was able afterwards to describe the impressions made then. He says, “We had a most glorious meeting. About 4,000 or more people present. J.C. Farthing made a splendid speech on our behalf. Travelled back with S. Swann, J. C. Brown, Grace, etc. etc. Got back just about 12 p.m.”

“No such missionary meeting had ever been known as the farewell gathering at Exeter Hall on February 4, 1885. We have become familiar since then with

¹ *History of the Church Missionary Society.* By Eugene Stock.

meetings more or less of the same type, but it was a new thing then. In many ways the Church Missionary Society owes a debt of gratitude to the China Inland Mission and the Cambridge Seven. The Lord Himself spoke through them; and it was by His Grace that the Society had ears to hear.”¹

Before leaving England, two of this band of recruits for the C.I.M. had visited, amongst other places, the University of Edinburgh. There about 1,000 men, chiefly students, gathered to “give a welcome to the athlete missionaries,” Messrs Studd and Stanley Smith. As one of the Professors said:

“Smith would have made his mark as an orator anywhere; he had unusual powers of thought, imagination and utterance. Studd has not the gift of an orator, but he never went more straight in the cricket-field than in his manly narrative of the way God had led him, from stage to stage of the Christian life, until he was ready to forsake father and mother, and home and friends because of his love for his Redeemer.” The Students were spell-bound, and followed them to the station to wish them God-Speed.

In the end they were persuaded to come back later on, and this time on a Sunday evening. At their first meeting held in January, 1885, nearly 2,000 students came to hear them. The audience was deeply moved, Christians were stirred up, and then began a wonderful revival amongst the Students. Some of the best known Professors stood prominently forward, and first amongst them was Professor Henry Drummond. From that time he addressed Students’ meetings on Sunday after Sunday in the Oddfellows’ Hall, Edinburgh, which was filled with men anxiously seeking for more light on spiritual things, and appealing for spiritual knowledge to this great man of science. The stimulus of these meetings was increasingly appreciated, and often a thousand men gathered in that

¹ *History of the Church Missionary Society.* By Eugene Stock.

Hall which was only estimated to contain about 750.

Martin's brother Alick was one of those students who rejoiced in the blessing, refreshment and sympathy thus afforded him, and took his share gladly in helping others to live the Higher Life.

We have dwelt at some length on these young English volunteers for one of the most perilous of foreign fields; but the effect of their simple, manly, unconventional account of God's goodness to them, and of the joy of serving Him, as they pleaded with young men "not for their mission but for their Divine Master, stirred up Missionary enthusiasm in Great Britain to a pitch hardly ever reached before, and the same was felt in India, Ceylon, China and other parts of the world, with results which can scarcely be over-estimated."

The glow from the "fire" with which they were touched never faded from Martin's soul, and was fanned into brighter flame and fervour as time went on though he now settled down to "doing the duty which lay nearest." For some months each Sunday afternoon he invited his little friend K—— up for a short Bible Reading and prayer, and about this time he wrote: "K—— came up, and I brought before her the message of Christ's thirsting love for *her* personally. She was much touched, and I believe gave her heart to Christ there and then. Praise the dear Lord! My first Soul brought to Him."

He evidently wrote occasionally for Children's Magazines even then, for we find that on one morning he "got up at 6 a.m. to write a Scripture Union article for the Magazine of the Waterloo Branch."

His love of discussion was fed by his constant attendance at the debating Society Meetings.

His first speech at a Debate was against "Tobacco Smoking" (motion lost), "That Tobacco smoking is morally and physically injurious." He certainly smoked occasionally himself when he first went to

college, but had evidently given it up by this time.

He was ever honest in self-examination, and was daily learning fresh and humbling lessons about himself. He writes :

“Went to a Prayer Meeting for Open Air work, and had my eyes opened wonderfully to see the awfully unreal life I have been living for Jesus.”

Within a week is to be found another sad little entry in his diary :

“Fell into the old sin again, after being wondrously kept from it for about seven weeks. In His love Jesus helped me speedily to obtain forgiveness, peace and a renewal of contact with Him. Took the Prayer Meeting. Went to Hamilton’s, where we had a very blessed meeting. A time of entire consecration.”

Some readers may not fully understand this term consecration. It meant to him a surrender of himself to God’s Service, body, soul and spirit, and at various times he renewed this dedication. That this is the experience of other Christians is shewn in at least one instance, for Dr. Livingstone wrote in his journal on the last birthday but one of his eventful life (and it reveals at once the motive and the earnestness of his whole career) :

“My Jesus, my King, my Life my All. I again dedicate my whole self to Thee.”

A contemporary of Martin’s, looking back upon those College days, says :

“These years at Cambridge were marked by a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and there was a flood of teaching on Holiness and Consecration, which, if not all on orthodox lines, at any rate brought much light and blessing into the lives of many of the Christian men of the day.¹

Mr. Eugene Stock referring to the same subject writes : “Upon the whole it was a period big with

¹ Rev. H. T. G. Kingdon.

blessings that have since fallen upon many English Parishes, upon the Colonies, and upon Africa, India, China and Japan.”¹

That the Second Coming of the Lord was beginning to arouse an interest in Martin’s mind, we can gather from his diary, where he mentioned that at a meeting : “ J. Wilcox read a splendid paper on Christ’s Second Coming, and an animated discussion followed.”

Some time after this he was led, through reading Blackstone’s little book entitled “ Jesus is coming ” to a deep study of this absorbing truth, which acted as a fresh inspiration in his life.

This first part of the term had been much occupied by earnest preparation and frequent prayer-meetings for the Open Air Mission which held its first service of the season on one Sunday in April. Seventeen men met in the Hon. W. G. Scott’s rooms and after some prayer went out and had three good Open Air services in different places in the vicinity of Castle Hill.

It was about this time, after listening to a very helpful address on Open Air Work by the Rev. F. S. Webster, that Martin first met in him his future Rector. The daily Prayer Meeting the following Sunday “ was taken by Stevenson Blackwood, Esq. Douglas Hooper of Ridley was there, who sails for Africa (D.V.) on Wednesday. He and J. E. K. Studd spoke amongst others. He also joined the Open Air Meeting in the Backs. There was great power through the meeting.”

Mr. Douglas Hooper had been brought to the great crisis in his spiritual history, mainly through Moody’s preaching in Cambridge, and had offered himself to the C.M.S. for service in East Africa.

To revert to his farewell visit in 1885, on Monday, May 11th, Martin’s diary describes the early morning Communion Service at Trinity Church, “ where,” he says, “ I saw the last of D. A. Hooper before his departure for Africa,” and we can imagine the heart yearning

¹ *History of the Church Missionary Society.* By Eugene Stock.

which was stirred, as he penned the following words : " May God bless him, and grant me soon to follow him."

But even through these longings, he sought a deeper wisdom than his own to guide him, and so settled down to work, and to wait for the way to be made clearer.

How intensely interested Martin was in reading the lives of Missionaries and how proud he was to speak of one of his heroes, the Rev. Henry Martyn, B.D., as a senior Wrangler and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and first Smith's Prizeman in 1801. He was the first English Candidate of the Church Missionary Society, in those infant years called the " Society for Missions to Africa and the East."

" He was never technically a missionary, yet his unreserved devotion to Christ's cause, and the influence of his name and character upon succeeding generations, entitle him to be for ever regarded as in reality one of the greatest Missionaries." ¹

Whit Sunday found Martin evidently seeking early for a special blessing : " Got up at 5.30 a.m.," he writes, " and had a grand Morning Watch." Went to a P.M. at Carless' rooms, where we had a definite outpouring of the Spirit." ²

These weekly prayer-meetings in the rooms of Mr. H. Carless at Corpus College were rarely missed by Martin, though they were held at 7 a.m. and it sometimes required a considerable effort to be present on a cold Sunday morning.

During the Easter Vacation at Congleton he was busy working up the Scripture Union Members and seeking for new children to join. At the request of the Vicar, the Rev. H. H. Phelps, he gave an address

¹ *History of the Church Missionary Society.* By Eugene Stock.

² The Rev. H. Carless went out in 1888 as a C.M.S. Missionary to Persia, where he faithfully preached and lived Christ till his death in May, 1898.

in St. Peter's Sunday School, and nearly all the Teachers at that time became members of the Scripture Union, which was a great stimulus to the work in the Town. Martin always set a high value on Sunday Schools, and said he owed a great deal to the training and experience he gained as a teacher in the wonderfully worked and far-famed Jesus Lane Sunday School, Cambridge.

No one felt parting with friends more than Martin did, yet even in these early College days death had taken away two valued friends, and now he had to bid "farewell" to his first acquaintance there, Mr. J. C. Farthing, with whom, though his senior, he had much in common.

"I said 'good-bye' to him for perhaps the last time in this life, as he is (D.V.) soon going to America." And so it proved; they did not meet again, their ways divided and Martin was "called Home" first.

The usual summer haunt, Menai Bridge, found the Halls again there in 1885. Summer was the time of all the year which Martin most thoroughly enjoyed. The hottest weather could never be too hot for him, and he revelled in an out-of-door life.

His and his brother's first experience of sailing on their own account was acquired in a somewhat dangerous fashion. They hired a rowing boat on the Straits, and, to set at rest their mother's anxiety, consented to forego "real sailing," but substituted a more hazardous experiment in the use of an oar for a mast and a rug for a sail. This worked pretty well if the wind was in their favour, but was cumbersome, and did not long satisfy their nautical tastes and increasing knowledge; for they had read and made a study of boats and sailing, and were always picking up fresh information on this absorbing pastime. Alick eventually invested in a self-righting iron sailing boat which, though it let in plenty of water over the low gunwale if the weather was rough, was yet perfectly safe, being

built with air-tight compartments. This small yacht was a great source of delight to the brothers, though it was not adapted for cruising.

Martin and his brothers were strong swimmers and good divers. They, with their friend W. Grenfell, spent a considerable time one day in diving for a lost lobster pot in deep water and Alick eventually found it and restored it to its owner.

Martin's bright manner, dancing brown eyes and ready laughter made him a great favourite with the villagers. Those who knew him can never think of his doings without recalling the light, energetic figure so full of life, and how he carried through with an indefatigable enthusiasm whatever was uppermost in his mind. About this time, his diary records how he "Heard from Hubert Kingdon of the sad death of R. D. Bishop, who was fatally injured by his gun going off unexpectedly."

Soon after his return to Cambridge he heard a Missionary address by Archdeacon Johnson of the Niger Mission. That this Missionary was a native, added greatly to his interest in Martin's eyes; and he notes with evident satisfaction:

"I was introduced to him and walked back with him to Trinity Vicarage. He gave me some valuable information about the tribes, languages, etc."

Though he so eagerly gathered whatever facts he could about Africa and other parts of the Mission field, his hopes did not then seem to be nearing their fulfilment.

The following Sunday he mentions going to a grand Evangelistic Meeting at Alexandra Hall. "At least one case of Conversion, Praise God!" This meeting was one of a series held by undergraduates for undergraduates every Sunday evening, and was indirectly a result of the Mission held some years before by Moody and Sankey in Cambridge. Men who had been roused to accept a blessing for themselves now recognized the

great opportunities which lay before them to win other undergraduates to Christ.

Fully conscious of the peculiar difficulties which faced them in such a work, and feeling how much tact and wisdom were needed, they had gathered often previously to give themselves up to prayer.

Each Sunday at the Alexandra Hall men came forward, and testified in simple, manly words, with different degrees of eloquence, but with the same sincerity and happiness, what God had done for them.

Undoubtedly these gatherings were a great power for good in the University, if only in bringing men to a point of decision and in overcoming the natural reserve in speaking of spiritual things.

About this time Martin, who had always been a "Teetotaler" in practice, though not under any pledge, at the beginning of the October Term, 1885, donned the "blue ribbon to help R. H. to resume it," and from henceforth wore it always in England.

This badge was not understood or approved of by some of his old friends, who tried persuasion to get him to relinquish the "label," even though they admired his principle. All this proved ineffectual, for he was never to be turned from anything he had accepted as "right," by any adverse criticism, sensitive though he ever was to approbation.

A few days' quiet and forced rest, through not being well, gave him time for serious thought.

He writes, "After some prayer I went to see B—— and was led to tell of my besetting sin, as also to H—— in the evening. A *very, very* humbling lesson, but one bringing much blessing."

He was much in prayer at this period, which is mentioned in his diary as "a time of great temptation, but was wonderfully kept from sin."

At the beginning of the year he became more deeply interested in the work of the Church Army, and attended a meeting at which the speakers were "Revs. F. S.

Webster, E. W. Moore, Heathcote (Trin. : Oxford). etc., and Mr. Moule in the chair. Enjoyed it very much."

"Tea and some reading and then a grand D. P. M. Terminal Meeting at the Alexandra Hall taken by Rev. E. W. Moore (author of *Overcoming Life*). A time of great blessing."

It would seem from the following entry that Martin Hall's mind was not quite clear on the doctrine which he and his friends had so often discussed, i.e., "perfect holiness":

"Went for a stroll with Maloney, and at 3 p.m. went to hear Mr. Moule on 'The teaching of the Holy Scriptures on Divine forgiveness.' He did not convince me."

The Rev. H. T. G. Kingdon writes, "As regards the teaching on Holiness which we first imbibed at Cambridge, there were, no doubt, many terms and expressions in our vocabulary which were unsound. I think that many of us did not understand then the grave danger of accepting as truth any doctrine promulgated which was given to us and which had a spice of being rather more advanced than what was usually taught."

Mr. W. E. Oliphant and Mr. J. H. Pigott, who have been previously mentioned, were men of exceptional earnestness and power in winning souls to Christ, but holding extreme views touching holiness, and there can be no doubt that they taught in their Missions at Cambridge what Mr. Moule and others felt to be "beyond due limits on the subject of Sanctification."

Through the somewhat aggressive methods, sometimes shewing a want of tact, there was such an unmistakable sincerity of purpose in the men who "button-holed" their fellow-undergraduates that their influence undoubtedly "told," and through their instrumentality many were brought to the great crisis in their lives called "Conversion."

Always eager to start homewards, we find Martin getting up at 5.30 a.m. and leaving Cambridge at

7.30 to take the earliest train, at the commencement of the Easter Vacation.

Almost invariably the first visit of the Hall brothers on their return to Congleton was to a neighbouring clergyman, Rev. W. E. M. Bull, Vicar of Mossley, who was always a warm friend and adviser of both since their early boyhood, and a bright sympathiser in their spiritual experiences, as well as in their sports and adventures.

The same day the diary goes on to say :

“Saw Mr. Gould about visiting his model Lodging House, and had my eyes opened as to the state of Congleton. Went to see about visiting the Tramp Ward, then went and sang to the tramps at the Lodging House, and had a time of great power. One man gave his heart to God.” Almost every day Martin looked up this man and on the fourth day after, he writes : “Went after breakfast to see my convert, James L——, and found him bright and still trusting ; bought him a New Testament, and wrote his name in it in the Market Hall, and left him very happy.”

Frequently his brother Alick accompanied him to the poor Lodging Houses, and they both talked and prayed with the men they met there. Martin writes in his diary of “One man converted, I believe, and a backslider restored,” and another night he “went to see Thomas M——, who was very happy, and said ‘God had made a new man of him.’” He adds, “I gave him a shirt and a New Testament.”

He seldom spoke of these visits, and they were, for the most part unknown at home, except to his brother Alick and to his sister.

With all Martin’s fervour, and his directness in speaking to his friends of religious matters, he was not one of those people who caused a feeling of nervous apprehension lest they should be pounced upon by him with the question, “Are you saved ?”

He threw himself with genuine interest into the

sports, pursuits and opinions of others, and did not lie in wait for opportunities to speak of what was of vital importance, but he quietly made use of the opportunity when it came. He may sometimes have been wanting in tact in these days, but it became natural to him, as eternal things became more and more real to him, to speak of his hopes and aspirations, and to beg others to consider their position. He had renounced several of the amusements which he had formerly enjoyed, for he now found fuller happiness in a different life, and he tried to induce others to give up those things which might be "lawful but not expedient" for followers of Christ. In after years he laid less stress on teaching these things generally, unless specially consulted as to amusements, for he held that the nearer we live to God the less we shall care for the "poms and vanities" of the world, and these things will settle themselves naturally. At this time he was hot on this point and speaks of going to a friend's rooms :

"Where I met O——, who strongly advocates theatre-going and balls. I had not been back in my rooms ten minutes when I got a P.C. from W—— to say that something in my letter had been a great help to him, and he had decided to give up theatre-going. Truly 'God moves in a mysterious way.' Praise the Lord for this piece of encouragement."

A great pleasure to Martin shortly after this time was a visit from his brother Alick, whom he thoroughly enjoyed "lionising" about Cambridge, and introducing him to his many friends there; and ever after the brothers remembered the happy intercourse of those few days.

He prayed constantly and individually for his friends, and did not hesitate to speak to any one who seemed undecided about their choice.

His happy time at Cambridge was drawing to a close. Whitsunday, June the 13th, when he gave his fare-

well address to his dear Sunday School Infants, an address to men at Castle End, farewell visit to the hospital (where he had been a constant visitor), and an afternoon address to Children at St. John's Church, as well as other meetings, made it a busy but somewhat sad day. The remaining time seemed a whirl of excitement; the examination of such importance was over, and then Martin welcomed his mother, sister and eldest brother to Cambridge. With eager pride and pleasure he shewed them round all the Colleges, dwelling on the beauty of "the Backs," his own college, St. John's, with its beautiful bridge, not forgetting to point out the reflection of its fine Chapel Tower mirrored in the quiet river; everything looked its best in the freshness of early summer.

The May races were in full swing, ending up with the gay boat procession brilliant with sunshine and flowers. The anxiety about the result of his examination slightly marred Martin's pleasure, for he was never confident of passing. Returning from the river with his sister he met a radiant friend who announced that the "lists" were out. Away darted Martin up the steps of the Senate House to discover his whereabouts, returning with glowing face and delighted eyes indicating that it was "all right" before he had time to speak. He entered in his diary, "I had got a second class in my Special, Praise the Lord! He is good to me," and continues on June 19, 1886: "I took my B.A. degree at about 11.30." His family were interested spectators of the Ceremony in the Senate House, and the same evening he left for London.

Thus close his three years at Cambridge, years of much practical growth and experience. Not in any vague sense had he become a man, merely having acquired a higher range of interest and ideas, but he had learnt to know many deep truths about the indwelling Christ in his life, as well as humbling truths about himself, yet he kept the freshness of childhood to the end.



THE BERTHON BOAT.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Deep in his heart, in his strongest hour and in his weakest, even when alone with the tempter, henceforth the Spirit of God was upon him, the "joy of the Lord was his," and was the secret of his radiant usefulness and sunshiny life. Even when sorrow, discipline and restraint in his strongest desires met him, even in "this infection which doth remain" he learnt to submit, and oftentimes to take pleasure "for His sake," that in his weakness "the power of Christ might overshadow him."

It was constant victory which so transformed his life before those who had known him always; and those who became acquainted with him in his work later rarely guessed his true victoriousness in Christ.

CHAPTER VI

WORK AMONGST THE CHILDREN

“ But shall we seek the diamonds in the lone and dusky
mine,
When 'mid the sunny lands of *youth* they wait to flash
and shine ?

* * * * *

Nay ! be our faith the rosy crown on morn's unwrinkled
brow,
The sparkling dewdrop on the grass, the blossom on
the bough ;
The gleam of pearly light within the snowy bosomed
shell ;
An added power of loveliness in beauty's every spell.

Oh, let it be the starlight of the pleasant summer hours,
That calls to pure and radiant birth unnumbered fragrant
flowers ;
That bathes in golden joyance every anthem murmuring
tree,
And spreads a robe of glory o'er the silver, crested sea.”
F. R. HAVERGAL.

WE have touched before upon Martin Hall's wonderful understanding love of children which none can dissociate from him ; it was so much a part of himself. It was his joyous manner, his sincerity and freshness, and above all his intense love and sympathy, combined with his child-like spirit which so attracted every child to him, and made each one feel thoroughly “ at home ” in his presence.

Often a little waif in the streets would follow him and thrust a tiny, and frequently dirty, hand into his, with the instinctive certainty of a kind reception, as it looked up into his face with an answering smile.

In his Bible readings he took a special pleasure in the stories of children and in texts which applied to them.

On the margin of his Bible he wrote opposite St. Mark x. 13, "And they brought young children to *Him* that He should touch them," etc.

"The most beautiful scene in the Bible." To Him for—

1. Life, John vi. 68.
2. Rest, Matthew xi. 28.
3. Teaching, Matthew v. 1, xiii. 36.
4. Blessing, Mark x. 13.

"Jesus kept His warmest welcome and His richest blessing for the *children*."

Verse 14, "Much displeased" (a very strong expression in the Greek). This is the only place where this

word is used of Christ. On no other occasion than when the children were kept from coming to Him do we read that Jesus was "much displeased." This is a significant fact.

Matthew xxvi. 8; Mark xiv. 4; Luke xiii. 14; Matthew xx. 24 and xxi. 15. see verse 11. Blesses them fervently and abundantly.

Most surely in Martin's love for the children and in his desire to bring them to the Saviour to whom he was devoted, he obtained a reflex blessing on himself.

He fully expected to see *present* fruit upon his labours amongst the children, and believed that the Holy Spirit strives even in these little unripe souls, leading them quickly to the light, and his prayerful expectations were abundantly satisfied. He waited not for the "some day or other" for which many people vaguely hope when they offer up prayers on behalf of God's lambs, and so he saw many of them accept Christ as a living Saviour, as a "friend for little children."

He was staying again at Menai Bridge when he took his first Seaside Services in July, 1886. His diary thus alludes to the earliest arrangements for them. As there were no children visitors at that place he went four miles further to seek them.

"Went to Beaumaris by steamer and then walked on to Castle Lleinog, where I called on Mrs. M. about having some services for children at Beaumaris. Found such a dear, bright old Christian, and had an hour's nice talk with her."

A few days later, "Walked over to Beaumaris in the evening, and had a very nice children's meeting in the Bible Class Room. Spoke from Isaiah lv. 7, 'Pardon.' Two girls were very anxious, and stayed at the close of the meeting, and Mrs. M. had a talk with them. Dr. D. walked part way home with me. The meetings were always preceded by a quiet time of prayer alone in the Castle or in the old Church."

Another service at Beaumaris is mentioned.

"Went to Beaumaris by the *Bonnie Princess*, and had a quiet time in the Castle grounds. Tea at Dr. Denton's, after which I went to the shore and collected a small congregation and began a Children's Service, and before I had finished there were upwards of 200 listeners. I had a short after-meeting in the Bible Room, where several people came to have a talk about entering the Narrow Way, and I was especially thankful that amongst them were two Grammar School boys. I got home about ten, very wet from the rain."

Another night three of these schoolboys accompanied him part of the way along the four miles of road leading to Menai Bridge. Sometimes Martin's brother Alick took part with him in these Children's Meetings at Beaumaris. There was a large and strong party of University undergraduates under the leadership of Mr. Ridley of Dublin, working at Llandudno under the auspices of the Children's Special Service Mission during the month of August, 1886. The bright services by the seaside in the summer holidays, when the children visitors are gathered for Gospel addresses on the beach, are now so well known throughout England and Wales that no description of them is needed here.

Martin Hall joined Messrs. Bellingham, Cropper, Nash, Macpherson, and Nickson in their work at Llandudno, and entered with fervour into the organized plan under capable leaders. The Rev. W. S. Standen also came

to assist, and the acquaintance then made became a real, spiritual help and friendship to Martin.

Mr. T. B. Bishop, Hon. Secretary of the Children's Special Service Mission, also joined the happy party for a few days.

"The most interesting feature of this movement has been the part taken in the Service by young University men. They go for three or four years and do the humble work of marshalling the children, giving out hymn-books, making friends with the boys and playing cricket with them, and gradually they become qualified to conduct the meetings themselves. An admirable training ground is thus provided; and many of the most efficient of our younger Clergy at home and Missionaries abroad have in this way learned how to carry on Evangelistic Services and how to deal with individual souls. And their ranks have been continually recruited from among boys who have been brought to the Lord at these meetings. The boys are young and probably at preparatory schools; but presently they go to Public Schools and join the little circles of Bible-reading boys there, and in due time, as freshmen at the Universities, they take a bolder and more manly stand for Christ, and eagerly join the bands of like-minded undergraduates at the watering places in August.

This has been the history of many a young man now fulfilling an honourable position in the Church of Christ; and the Church Missionary Society owes so much to the movement that it could not but justly demand a place in this History."¹

Martin's first address at Llandudno was on Isaiah lv. 7. "Pardon," and "we had a time of real blessing." He writes: "Played cricket in the afternoon and had a jolly time. Tea, dug a hasty sand Cathedral, and had a splendid service at which Nash gave the address."

¹ *History of the Church Missionary Society.* By Eugene Stock.

A morning Prayer Meeting for workers in a room was followed each morning by a Children's Service on the shore if fine, and indoors if wet. In the afternoon games for the boys and girls. An early evening meeting was often succeeded by a stroll in the twilight with some of the bigger boys who were anxious for "a talk."

Martin, though a junior, was evidently often called upon to give the addresses to children as well as to workers. He writes joyously in the little diary "Hallelujah! a little girl gave her heart to God last night through something in my address. So encouraging!" And another time: "Gave an address on 'Ready' in the evening at the Children's Service, and we had a solemn time. Had a meeting for Workers which became a Holiness Meeting, and we had a wonderful work of the Holy Spirit."

The Sunday afternoon Services were held in the "Happy Valley," then in all its natural beauty. The rugged rocks and caves surrounding the green slopes of the Great Orme's Head made a fair amphitheatre, and the low, deep music of the waves breaking at the foot of the cliffs made a solemn accompaniment to the many voices uniting in the singing of simple children's hymns.

This was felt to be a time of great opportunity, for sometimes 1,500 to 2,000 people were known to be listening; even though all did not join the large circle which gathered round the speakers, the clear air conveyed the sound of their voices to every nook near the valley. Some were impressed by the sight of the bright young men who thus stood up and spoke for their Master with a manly simplicity which was not without its effect, even upon the would-be scoffers. Naturally young men shrink from such an ordeal, and all had doubtless this human weakness to overcome, before they were ready to face it. That Martin suffered from some shyness then, can

be gathered from his few words which follow ; after speaking one evening on "The Good Shepherd" and having a very solemn meeting, he writes: "Nash and I gave out notices of Services to the 'Swells'—one of the most trying ordeals I have ever gone through."

That the services were appreciated by those for whom they were intended cannot be doubted when we read how on a rainy Sunday afternoon "a service was announced to take place at 3.45, but they flooded in at 3.15 and drove out the Sunday School children and soon filled the Church, aisles and all, and many had to be turned away. I spoke on 'Doors,' Rev. iii. 20, and Bellingham also spoke. It was a most beautiful meeting and a time of great power, dozens holding up their hands for salvation. Tea, after which Bellingham, Cropper and I called on Mr. F. Then we went on to St. Tudno's Church, and sitting down under the Churchyard wall, had a blessed time of communion with the Master."

It must not be thought that the meetings under the auspices of "The Children's Special Service Mission" are in any degree sensational or exciting. There is a very real and quiet tone pervading them, and a marvellous blending of brightness and solemnity about these gatherings which attracts the children and impresses their parents with the wholesomeness of the teaching.

Martin was always ready for anything, so one wet afternoon we can picture his enjoyment in his new rôle, when we read:

"Nash and I borrowed the crier's bell, and announced the evening meeting in the Iron Church. It was very good, being a 'Question and Answer' meeting."

Sometimes at the services on the beach he "found speaking a great difficulty owing to the heavy surf breaking just behind."

These weeks of happy service at the Seaside were often times of real upbuilding and refreshment of spirit to the workers. Their quiet evening prayer meetings together were a great help; one occasion is alluded to as "a beautiful time and a very searching one too."

Boys who had been helped through these services and joined Martin's Branch of the Scripture Union, were never lost sight of by him; many he kept in touch with through letters, occasionally looking them up at home or at school if he happened to be in their neighbourhood. One boy who started in the "Narrow Way" through Martin's words on "My son, give Me thine heart," was watched over, prayed for and helped, and is now an earnest clergyman of the Church of England, who gratefully acknowledges how that address was, in his boyhood, the means under God of changing his life. Martin Hall was now anxious to fill up the interval till he was old enough to be ordained. A private tutorship was first thought of, through friends made at Llandudno; he alludes to—

"A very kind letter from Mrs. S. to say that Mr. S. has decided that George is to go back to school, so I can't go there. Very disappointing, but Romans viii. 28 is still beautifully true."

To one who so ardently set his desire upon anything of this kind, a check meant keen disappointment for the time, though he was anxious to leave the choice of his path in Higher Hands, and not to force his own way.

He next thought of a lay-readership, but here also hindrances occurred. In the meantime he paid his first visit to Smithill's Hall, Bolton-le-Moors, a place which afterwards became dear to him, and where he ever received the kindest of welcomes. Of this he writes:

"I was met by the Rev. W. S. Standen, and we drove to Smithill's Hall, a lovely old Tudor Mansion,

where I was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Ainsworth. After afternoon tea, Mrs. A., Standen and I went to see some sick people on the estate. Dinner at 8, and a nice little talk over the Word of God and some prayer together."

The Rev. W. S. Standen was the Chaplain at Smithill's Hall, and accomplished a deep and spiritual work on the estate which brought a wonderful blessing to the neighbourhood. He and Martin worked together very happily, and his large experience and careful study of the Bible were leading Martin into yet closer knowledge of God and of His dealings with His children. His interest in the second coming of Our Lord was greatly stimulated by a careful study of the subject with Mr. Standen. Together they read Pember on Prophecy and verified it by reference to the Bible. About this time some of his friends were much interested in the subject of Faith Healing. It appears that serious inward questionings were roused as to its truth, though he could never accept the teaching in its entirety.

In the beginning of the year 1887, he became Assistant Secretary of the Children's Special Service Mission, where his co-assistant Secretary was Mr. G. L. Pilkington, who preceded him to Uganda. They had met often at Cambridge.

Martin was in appearance still very boyish, but was now beginning to be recognized as a bright, fluent and interesting speaker, appealing, earnest and convincing, with a special aptitude for illustration of his subject by anecdote, which he handled well, never overwhelming the truth illustrated, even when his illustration was most graphic and detailed. He was surprised to find that he was one of the speakers selected for the great Children's Special Service Mission Meeting at Exeter Hall, London, in October 1886, and writes of it as "an unexpected honour,"

Martin valued the business training which he gained

in the office in Warwick Lane, and the delightful task of taking Children's Meetings and the affectionate association with the other older and more experienced officials in the work.

He had scarcely been in harness for a month when he received a letter from the Church Missionary Society, written by the Secretary, the Rev. C. C. Fenn, which again brought up the "burning question" of Foreign Service to be decided.

After stating that there were many vacant place in the mission field at that time, the letter went on to say that the Committee having heard that Martin Hall had, at least in times past, felt a strong desire like the Apostle Paul to preach the Gospel where Christ had not been named, they therefore in "all affection and solemnity" asked him whether in view of the urgent need, and in view also of the recent interest which had been evidenced and stirred up in the hearts of God's people regarding Missionary work, he could see his way to offer them his help.

He replied that he was not yet free, having promised to stay in his present post for twelve months. After much anxious thought and prayer, and discussion of the question at home, he was reluctantly compelled to put aside his dear desire for some indefinite time; though he consented to work in England longer, he only looked upon this check as a "hope deferred."

It was oftentimes hard to withstand the pleas which were urged to abandon all idea of going abroad as a Missionary; though apparently so young and boyish, he was a man with an earnest purpose, as his writing later to one who differed from him on this point indicates:

"There is the other and higher point of view, the spiritual and scriptural aspect of the question. God speaks so strongly on the point (Matt. xxviii. 19-20) that so far from our bringing forward reasons why we

should go to the Foreign Field, we ought rather to have very substantial reasons indeed for relieving ourselves of the personal responsibility of such messages as I refer to above.

“With regard to your all too true account of the needs of our home work, I suppose few men so young as myself have had so good an opportunity of seeing and observing people, parishes, and parsons, and I thoroughly agree with you that the homes in many of our English parishes are simply appalling ; but these facts do not relieve *me* of my responsibilities with regard to the field of labour to which I firmly believe God is calling me. And it is because of this belief in a personal call to me to go abroad, and in the light of Matthew x. 37, 38 that I so persistently and prayerfully look forward to a time when I shall be really at work in Africa.

“I assure you I do long to follow God’s will in this matter ; and it is not from a spirit of waywardness, or from any want of tender affection towards my home, nor yet from a spirit of adventure and restlessness, that I write and speak so strongly my convictions with regard to my going abroad.

“I feel quite sure that Satan would not put any such longings for the conversion of the poor Africans into my heart, and so I can only think that God must have put them there, and He seldom creates a longing without intending to satisfy it. I know that you look upon such talk as the outcome of the airy dreams or adventurous aspirations of an impulsive young fellow (and I *am* impulsive, I know), but I so firmly believe it to be something higher and less carnal.”

The letter from which these extracts are taken touchingly concludes with a request that “I may have your prayers for heavenly guidance and child-like humility (which I much need).”

Once when he was urged to consider his late father’s views for his career he replied :

“With regard to dear father’s wishes, I know that when I first talked with him of entering the Ministry, he was careful to set before me the disadvantages of my choice from a worldly point of view, but at that time neither he nor I had any thoughts about my going to the Foreign Mission Field, but if I read him aright, he was always intensely generous and respectful towards the firm convictions of others, especially when they were religious convictions in any sense; I think he would have put no stumbling-block in the way of my going abroad *when* he had taken pains to find out that my convictions were something deeper than mere love of adventure, or youthful enthusiasm.”

While working in London, Martin Hall made the acquaintance of Mr. James Connor, a member of the Moravian Church in which he had long been interested, for this ancient Episcopal Church had been the pioneer among Missionary Societies, and the Missions of individual Churches. There had been earlier isolated Missionary enterprises but not as the action of an entire Christian Community concentrated solely on the welfare of the heathen. That these brethren had given themselves “with a splendid spirit of consecration to doing, living, and suffering for the extension of Christ’s Kingdom among the heathen” was sufficient to call forth Martin’s admiration, and he soon found much in common with his new friend, with whom he eventually shared rooms in an upper story of an ancient mansion in Neville’s Court, out of Fetter Lane, said to have been once the Town House of Lord Neville.

This friend thus writes of him :

“Of course he had many engagements during the time, but it was a great privilege to have him for a few months as a room mate. Outwardly, every one who came in contact with him must have been struck with his splendid vitality, and bright, happy disposition, and one did not need to be long in his com-

pany before one came to realize his whole-hearted devotion to the Saviour, and his earnest desire to serve Him, and to lead others to Him. It was his great wish to be a Missionary. There was that in his very looks which told whose he was, and with whom he lived in such close communion of heart."

Some recollections of one of the young people who was at Bournemouth in 1888, 1889 and 1892 when Martin was conducting the services there, give us a glimpse of these times :

"Every day was started with a short Meeting for Prayer, at 10.15, in the Belle Vue Assembly Rooms, when an address to Christian workers was given. Then all set off for 'Bournemouth Cathedral,' which had to be rebuilt each morning on the sand below the cliff, a work carried out by the children, usually under the superintendence of one or two of the workers. The appearance of 'the flag' was always the signal that the eagerly-looked-for hour of 11.30 had arrived; then the hymn sheets were handed round and the service started. After a hymn and prayer came the 'sword exercise,' and every child's Bible was held aloft, then followed the S. U. portion, another hymn, the notices (a great feature of the services!) and a short bright address, frequently taking the form of a 'spelling lesson' and almost invariably being on the portion for the day. Another hymn and prayer brought the service to a close.

"There was never anything the least bit dull about these meetings; even naturally high-spirited, restless children found it no hardship to pay attention, and can to this day remember many of the lessons learnt on the sunny shore at Bournemouth.

"When wet, the services were held in the Belle Vue Assembly rooms—perhaps the wet days were even more blessed than the bright ones, so often one noticed the 'absolute stillness' in the rooms, which betokens the presence of the Lord Himself.

"There were (as is usual in the C.S.S.M.) special
s. 6

Meetings for boys only, and also for girls, the latter conducted by Mrs. Thwaites of Salisbury, and one or two years by Miss Etches; also 'Lantern Services' and 'Missionary days.' The afternoons were devoted to cricket, tennis, rounders, etc."

Many young people look back upon those happy summer days, "thankfully remembering," as one writes, "how great a help and means of blessing the services have been to us, as well as to many others."

An incident is related of the time when Martin Hall was in command there:

"One day a family, who had greatly enjoyed the services, went to say 'Good-bye' to him; on such occasions he had a little talk with each child, giving each one a little book in remembrance of the Mission. On this particular morning he inquired what was the special difficulty of the young sister in her Christian life, and on her replying 'My temper,' he opened his Bible and read Philippians iii. 21, 'He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself,' adding in a tone she has never forgotten, 'Does that mean all things *except your temper?*' He then went on to say how he himself had been greatly troubled with a bad temper, and what a help that verse had been to him."

At the beginning of the year 1888, Martin Hall conducted a Children's Mission in Bournemouth, during the Christmas Holidays. He wrote joyously from that place to a friend who had been helped and encouraged by intercourse with him:

"Your note was a fresh incentive (were any such needed) to joy in, and thankfulness to, the dear Lord for all His goodness and love. Looking back on the bright path by which He has been leading me during the last three or four years, I feel that Psalm xxxiv. 1 is the only just expression of my feelings. Hallelujah!"

He then went on to tell of some meetings held at Crosby where blessing had followed, and of three meetings already at Bournemouth showing "promise of very blessed results."

To his Governess he always wrote freely. A birthday letter to her on April 12, 1888, from him at Kettering, speaks with perfect simplicity and humility of the peculiar temptations to which he was so fully alive, as he went about his Mission work :

“ I feel that I must make a short parenthesis in my busy life to write a few lines to express my best wish for your birthday. May God make it a very happy beginning of a very happy year to you, a time more than ever spent in the King’s Presence, yes, ‘ Even under the Shadow of the Almighty.’

“ God has been very, very good to me of late, ‘ confirming the Word with signs following,’ and in some of my late Missions granting me to see many blessed results, specially at Forest Gate, and Hoxton and Stockwell (Spurgeon’s) Orphanage. I am now engaged on a week’s tour through Northamptonshire, visiting and holding meetings for the various branches of the Scripture Union.

“ Flattered and made much of wherever I go, my position is one of the keenest temptation and difficulty, specially to one like myself, who has a natural love of admiration. Please pray that I may be ‘ made useful, but *kept humble*.’ I am waiting on God for an opening for a united Children’s Mission, in Congleton Town Hall, next winter. Join with me in this request, for poor old Congleton needs reviving.”

A few happy weeks of travel in Switzerland with his mother, sister and his brother Alick, who had just taken his Medical degree at Edinburgh, delightfully filled up the interlude after Martin left the Office of the Children’s Special Service Mission to prepare for his Ordination ; the exigencies incident to travel abroad afforded plenty of mirth to the party, while the memory of the beautiful scenery remained with the sense of refreshment which the enjoyment of nature always gives,

CHAPTER VII

RIDLEY HALL. ORDINATION AND CURACY AT BIRMINGHAM

“We limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind
By notions of our day and sect ;
Crude, partial and confined.
No ; let a near and better hope
Within our breasts be stirred ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.”

G. RAWSON.

“Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his Friendship
aright ; for as he is, so shall his neighbour be also.”

ECCLUS. vi. 17.

THE time from October, 1888, to June, 1889, spent at Ridley Hall, Cambridge, under the Rev. H. C. G. Moule was a never-to-be-forgotten period to Martin Hall.

The deep spiritual lessons he learnt, and the acquaintanceships he formed there acted with a directive power on all his after life and Ministry.

Amongst the several warm friendships formed with some of his fellow-students, there stands out above them all the close bond of love and sympathy which sprang up between George H. V Greaves and himself, a friendship which so enriched his life and acted as such an inspiring memory throughout the years that followed. They first met at the Daily Prayer Meeting as undergraduates, but only knew each other slightly then.



Martin J. Hall.

RIDLEY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.
The Bishop of Durham.

Photo by Lord Cambridge.

Reverently we would handle all reference to that rare and soul-meeting friendship which must be spoken of here.

Like a beautiful, calm stream, then discovered, it flowed on, fertilizing both those lives with its indissoluble harmony. The contrasts in character seemed but to draw them nearer to each other in love and understanding. Martin's ardent, impetuous nature revered the peculiar gentleness, combined with decision, which characterized his friend, "but best and most beautiful of all Mr. Greaves' traits, was his oneness with his Master," his loving unreserved devotion to his Lord. The maturity of belief and firmness of conviction in him were sometimes discovered with surprise by those who were far beyond him in years and experience, yet his modesty and reserve never allowed him to force his opinions, though his gentle unobtrusive spirit rebuked any unholy thought or action, and even the uninitiated could not fail to recognize "Whose he was, and Whom he served."

"Peter" was the name by which he was known at Ridley Hall. "Beloved Peter" was Martin's name for his friend, and surely no man could have been more beloved by another.

Possessed of many talents, refined, musical and having inherited a passionate love of the sea from ancestors who had held high positions in the Navy, a thorough sailor, having practical knowledge of boats and all connected with the sea, it was no wonder that Martin was drawn by sympathy of tastes to George Greaves.

But these friends shared yet deeper and more hallowed aims, for at the age of seventeen G. H. V. Greaves had come to the decision that he was called to be a missionary to the heathen. Born at sea on a homeward voyage from India where his father was a devoted C. M. S. missionary, he was afterwards

brought up in his grandfather's home by his mother and his father's sister, his father having died at his post while George was still a little child.

Those who know the particulars of the remarkable story of his early decision to be a missionary, which was made while on a visit to America, cannot doubt that the boy was simply following God's leading.

Besides all this he was an earnest Bible student, and together the friends sought for the "treasures" often passed by unrecognized and unvalued by those who care not to seek them out with the "light" upon the page as they read.

Of Martin at that time the Rev. Stanley Morse¹ writes :

"My first impressions of Martin Hall were gained at Ridley Hall at the end of 1888, when I came across him as a fellow-student. He attracted me by his impetuous dash and unbounded cheek, which were sanctified by a strong sense of duty to his Lord and Master."

Ridley Hall was a second home to the Students, though the college life was assimilated with it so nearly; very warmly was the Principal revered, and very deep was his influence on his "Younger Brethren" who came together under that roof.

A man of no ordinary scholarship, his quick sympathy, affectionate disposition, poetic and musical tastes, his gift in writing and charm of manner would have won a less affectionate and responsive heart than Martin Hall's, who accorded him a true love and gratitude, and a warm remembrance of his teaching all his days.

With his usual ingenuousness he one day invited the Principal, Mrs. Moule and "the Molecules" (as the profane Students termed the two little daughters) to afternoon tea in his study.

This was considered an audacious departure by

¹ Now a C.M.S. Missionary in India.

his fellow-students, but was very kindly responded to by Mr. and Mrs. Moule in the spirit in which it was meant. They brought the children, and all partook of the dainty but simple repast, deftly arranged by Martin in his diminutive study.

A photo of the "two dear Molecules" and a portrait of Mr. Moule always had a place of honour in his picture gallery among his many children friends.

The day begun, often the Students would see the Principal pacing the College garden in the early morning, engaged in private devotion, for he daily, unless the weather made it impossible, spent that time in prayer in the open air. At 7.30 Mr. Moule would enter the library of Ridley Hall and there conduct the morning Prayers with the Students. His practical comments on the original Greek of the Epistles were a helpful preparation for the day's work, and were noted and treasured in the memories of the hearers long after their happy course at the College was closed.

Breakfast with the men at eight o'clock was followed by lectures on the Articles and Doctrines of the Church of England, etc.

His advice to future Curates and Pastors, drawn from his own parochial experiences, was valuable in its simplicity and practical thoroughness. He always impressed upon his Students the sacredness of their commission as preachers of the Gospel. He would give them a text on which to write an original sermon; he then carefully criticised it, urging always upon them the need of extreme care in preparation, in summarising their ideas, and clothing them with words in the pulpit, "that wonderful place of opportunity" as he termed it. In all his teaching he laid great stress on the duty and privilege of intercessory prayer, reality in the spiritual life and a humble faith in the Lord, by those who would be used by Him

and a full surrender of themselves to God for this purpose.

Very happy were these months to Martin; mirthful as ever and ready for any innocent fun, he was yet drinking in deep spiritual knowledge.

He invited his Moravian friend up to spend a few days with him at Cambridge, who wrote of his visit as having been "most delightful." They both took afternoon tea with Mr. Moule; then followed a Sunday of many happy services and meetings, and on the next day Martin introduced Mr. Connor to the river, though he did not contemplate such a perilous acquaintance with the Cam as was made after their return from a row.

While Martin was taking in the boat his friend, in leaning against a wall on the bank of the river, lost his balance and fell into the water and was unable to help himself. Martin promptly pulled him out "and," Mr. Connor adds, "under God, saved me from drowning. I remember how very kind he was, sending me back to London in a suit of his own, whilst my clothes dried."

A letter to this friend written in February, 1889, shows that at last, after several curacies offered, he was led to accept one with the Rev. F. S. Webster.

"MY DEAR OLD JAMES,

Need I tell you how welcome your long kind letter was? Thank you so much for it.

I have much to tell thee of, my brother, and all calls for praise. First, the Lord, as it seems to me, has very clearly led me to go as Curate to dear Frank Webster, whom you will remember as the author of *Christians and Christians*.

He has lately been appointed Rector of St. Thomas', Birmingham, a large parish of over 10,000 souls, a huge church holding 2,200, and plenty of children, rich and poor. Isn't this grand! I hope to be

ordained about June 16, and to go there directly after that (D.V.).

The Lord took all the sting out of the disappointment of not going to dear M——.

It is very blessed being up here, and the Lord has been teaching me much from the Word, and through His servant Mr. Moule. Specially has He been clearing and stablishing my views on Holiness.

Without, for one moment, limiting our possibilities on the side of positive and continuous victory, I have been led to see that there must ever be that in my service and victory which makes me pray 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord' concerning this.

I had been holding such extreme views on this question as were leading me to shallow views of sin, and, as you know, from shallow views of sin to shallow views of the Blood and of the Cross, is not a very long step. I was getting into a way of excusing sin in myself, and felt the intensest repugnance to being reminded of anything wrong in my life which others saw, but which had escaped me. Mr. Moule says very truly 'if you would have right views of the Atonement and would be used of God, you must cherish deep and tender views regarding sin.' Experience reminds me, the Word tells me, that I must ever reckon myself here a fallen creature; though, thank God, *not* a falling one. (Jude 24.)

I am expecting my brother Alick up here to spend next Sunday with me, and am, as you can imagine, looking forward to having him with great joy.

We are hoping also to have a big C.S.S.M. meeting here on Saturday evening next. Messrs. Bishop, Hutchinson, Arrowsmith, Dewes and Battersby are coming up to speak, and I am expected to say something. I enclose you a card of it, so that you may remember it in your prayers, if you will.

I am also sending you a photo which I have just

had taken, and beg to state that I want one of you as soon as possible, for I am very mercenary in all my photographic transactions.

I am ever,

Your loving brother soldier,

MARTIN J. HALL."

Across the top corner of the first page of this letter he had written—

"The river of God is *full* of water.

For what dost *thou* make request ?

It shall be given."

During the time he was at Ridley Hall, with the full approval of the Vicars of Holy Trinity and St. Benet's Churches, Cambridge, Martin Hall conducted a series of Sunday morning services for children *not* attending Sunday School, in the Henry Martyn Memorial Hall ; these services were much appreciated by the many young people who attended them.

He also held a Drawing-room Meeting each Sunday afternoon for children of the upper class. The working up for the Bishop's examination prior to ordination occupied him during the spring, and then he, with his friend Mr. Greaves, retreated to that quiet and lovely haunt by the sea, Lulworth Cove, Dorsetshire.

Here they spent a short happy week in the month of June. In close communion they drew apart from men to rest awhile before taking up the solemn work to which they felt that God had called them. Long days were spent on the sea in a small sailing-boat. Sometimes their voices were raised in joyous hymns on sea and land ; led by his friend's mellow voice, whose enunciation put such new and sweet pathos into old hymns, Martin would join in his deeper tones and sing out of the joy of his heart.

Together they studied the Bible in some quiet nook on the green-clad cliffs, pointing out new beauties

to each other in their "gold digging" as they called this search for "precious things."

They lodged in a small cottage and enjoyed their visit to the full. From this place Martin wrote to his Governess:

"I have been very busy working for my exam. which is now, I am glad to say, a thing of the past, though I have not yet heard whether I am through or not.

"Now at length in this lovely spot I find leisure to write to you. My ordination draws very near now, yesterday being the last Sunday, as I suppose, that I shall worship as a layman. With this near approach of this sacred setting apart, comes a tremendous sense of responsibility and unworthiness. In one's anxiety and work for the mere outward examination one seems to have left all the deep inner work (or at least too much of it) of preparation and adjustment to this last precious week.

"I am troubling you with all this as I feel that it is likely to add point and power to your prayers for me during these few remaining days. I do so long that my day of ordination may be a real Pentecost for me.

"God has lovingly granted me something of success in the past, but only enough to make me long for more and more, for *His* praise. In looking at Zech. iii. 6 yesterday I was glad to notice that it was not spoken of public ministrations but of private vision-seeing by the individual believer with his Lord. It is such visions as these going hand in hand with such promises as these (cf. verses 6-7) that I want to know more about.

"I want to ask your special prayers for me on Sunday, June 23, as I am to preach my first sermon that evening to a congregation that is not likely to number less than 2,000.

"Do ask the Lord to give me the message word by word and to enable me to speak words of life and power, 'as a dying man to dying men.'

“My mother, sister and Alick are coming to Worcester next Sunday (D.V.) to be present at my ordination. I must not trouble you with more now, only to thank you for past prayers and for future ones (which I am sure I may count upon).”

On the day preceding the ordination, Martin and his friend were joined at Worcester by his mother, sister and brother Alick. Mrs. Greaves and her daughter had also come up for the occasion. By common consent the whole party spent the sunny afternoon in a boat on the fair, calm River Severn, from which the exquisite view of the grand old cathedral on the bank was presented to them in all its venerable beauty.

On Trinity Sunday, June 16, 1889, the candidates and friends assembled in the cathedral for the ordination service, so solemn and impressive as to be almost awful.

From his brother's diary, written then, we quote :

“As dear M. knelt at the Bishop's feet, I felt that, as we were all asking, there was indeed a Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit on him.”

And doubtless he experienced as he joined in the Holy Communion Service that followed, a new and hallowed joy, as the prayer went up for an abundant increase of that all-enduring love which makes labour light and easy.

With great veneration Martin looked up to the Bishop (the Right Rev. Henry Philpott), then in his 81st year, and greatly appreciated the sympathy and consideration which was always accorded by him to the ordination candidates and the junior clergy in their interviews with him.

Martin Hall and his friend lost no time on the following morning in setting off to Birmingham, the former to take up his work as Curate at St. Thomas', and Mr. Greaves as Curate to the Rev. C. G. Baskerville at St. Silas', Lozells, Birmingham.

The Church of St Thomas, situated on the borders of Edgbaston, was one of considerable evangelistic fame, and all along has been remarkable for the simplicity of its ritual. Martin spoke with delight afterwards of having had the honour of preaching his first sermon from the pulpit so long occupied by Dr. Marsh, who was for many years Rector of the Parish. Those who still remember him there spoke of him as "a man whose influence was as unbounded as his character was spotless."

When the "two decker" was removed to make way for a more modern pulpit, Martin begged for some pieces of the wood to keep, and a gold silk tassel from the cushion, which he suspended from his mantel border, as a relic.

There followed a time when the work had waned, but the appointment of the Rev. F. S. Webster put new life into the place. Being a young man full of vigour and enthusiasm, he had the rare gift of inciting amongst those with whom he was brought into contact a similar enthusiasm to that by which his own spirit was dominated. Not only an enthusiast and a preacher, at Oxford he had proved himself also an able scholar, obtaining high distinction there both in Divinity and Mathematics.

Being too young for ordination after he took his degree, he acted as a lay-worker in the parish of St. Aldgate's, Oxford, under Canon Christopher, and there initiated an evangelistic movement under the name of "The Church Salvation Army." It was found later that two similar organizations had been started almost simultaneously in two other centres. These were afterwards, by mutual consent, amalgamated and became what is now generally known as "The Church Army."

After his ordination in 1882 Mr. Webster conceived the idea of a Church Army Training Home. He succeeded in starting this in Oxford in connection with

St. Aldgate's, and four years later he proceeded to London to inaugurate the same work there, and soon a new Training Home for the Church Army was opened at 128, Edgware Road, involving an outlay of £3,000, which he, with the Rev. W. Carlile, collected in a surprisingly short space of time. At the Home he took up his abode for several years with twenty to thirty working men, who were enrolled in the Church Army and were under his leadership and training. Only a few months before his young curate joined him he entered upon his labours as the Rector of St. Thomas', Birmingham.

The task of reviving the work of the parish, and filling a sparsely occupied Church, he set about with a zeal and vigorous hopefulness which carried all before it.

His bright, cheery manner, quickness, ready wit and business capacity won the hearts of his congregation from the beginning. These qualities and his real spirituality found for him a ready and loyal coadjutor in Martin Hall. He, with the Rev. Hubert T. G. Kingdon, who took up the work there about nine months afterwards, as his fellow-curate, entered into every project of their energetic rector with untiring industry and infectious zeal, and they were encouraged to feel that, though he was their leader, he was also their brother in affectionate fellowship.

The services of the Church were remarkable for the heartiness of the singing and the fervently-spoken responses, and the clearness with which the meaning and beauty of the prayers were conveyed, shewing what brightness can be imparted to a simple service when it is inspired by a true feeling of devotion.

The large Day and Sunday Schools were soon in a flourishing condition, and men's services and mothers' meetings were shortly inaugurated, in addition to which a Young Men's Christian Union, a Young Women's Christian Association, and a Scripture Union Branch (which soon numbered 400 members) were

set on foot, as well as many other schemes for the welfare of the people, involving the expenditure of time, labour and money.

At times, Martin Hall found in the rush of work, so enthusiastically organized and carried out by the indefatigable Rector and his colleagues, that it required an effort to keep a quiet unhurried time for private prayer and regular Bible study. It was only by very early rising that he was able to secure this sacred time alone with his Lord in the morning hours. The evening meetings were late, but after a frugal repast of bread and milk, Martin would spend some time, though with tired body, in fervent intercession for friends, parishioners and fellow-workers before going to rest. His detailed Prayer List was a great help to him in this remembrance; many a name was numbered amongst those for whom he made intercession, whose owner never guessed that his or her special needs were being laid before God. He felt there was no washing of the saints' feet equal to this, "for it brings the power of God to bear upon them, in these days of need when Satan is bringing all his forces against them."

A few weeks after entering his curacy Martin wrote a grateful letter to his governess, thanking her for her birthday remembrances "but most of all for your valued prayers on my behalf. One has felt at this beginning of one's Ministry, the blessing of having so many praying friends all over the country. My ordination day was one of rich blessing to me, and not soon to be forgotten.

"God wonderfully enabled me for my first sermon last Sunday week. I preached from Eph. iii. 8 to a congregation of about 1,800, and enjoyed wonderful liberty and power in speaking. My chief fault, however, was that in the fulness of my heart, I forgot the clock and preached for three quarters of an hour. This, however, I shall hope to mend next time. I want

your special prayers this week, as I have to preach three times on Sunday next."

Though their respective parishes lay several miles apart, Martin and his friend Mr. Greaves arranged to secure their weekly "Sabbath" on the same Thursday afternoon, and this time they almost invariably spent together, the early hours in a bicycle expedition into the country, or in sailing on the reservoir, or at the swimming baths. After these recreations, came an early cup of tea at one or other of their rooms, and the remaining hours were occupied in earnest Bible study and prayer.

At this time Martin adopted the vegetarian régime, and advocated it with the same enthusiasm that he displayed in recommending Jaeger clothing and boots, which he always wore, and declared were the most conducive to health and comfort. He soon abandoned the vegetarian diet, as he found that it sometimes caused inconvenience to his friends to provide for his simple requirements.

In the winter of 1890 and 1891, as a result of the Birmingham Convention, in which Martin Hall took a great interest, there was a prayer meeting held at regular intervals for Ministers. He, Mr. Greaves and Mr. Kingdon were amongst the seven or eight who attended these little gatherings held in the night, as they had no time to snatch from their work in the day.

The need and power of prayer was a great reality, and Martin gathered together four or five friends in the parish, who met in a cottage and gave up half a night a week to earnest intercession for the souls around them, and the blessing was felt outside, though few guessed at the "Nicodemus" meetings which were held while they were sleeping. Parochial Mission Services were a great feature in St. Thomas' Parish.

Martin's chief work there, after the visiting, was undoubtedly his Children's class on Sunday afternoon, and his Young Men's meeting on Tuesday evening.



CHILDREN'S BIBLE CLASS AT BIRMINGHAM.

Photo by E. B. Mowell.

He did not only think of his children on Sunday, but directly he missed a familiar face, he would go round at once to inquire if anything was wrong. One little girl was taken ill with a bad attack of whooping-cough followed by pneumonia. As soon as he missed her, he went to find out the cause of her absence. She gradually became so ill that the doctor gave up all hope of her recovery. She was prayed for in St. Thomas' Church, and Martin Hall knelt with her mother, and pleaded most earnestly that God would spare the little life which He had given, if it was best.

For nearly a fortnight, the child lay at death's door, and one day when they said that she was actually passing away, Martin met the doctor, who told him that his little patient was constantly asking to see him, but it could not be allowed. He was greatly touched by the child's love, and hurrying to his rooms, he brought back one of his own photographs in a frame and sent it up to her with a little note which he had written to accompany it.

The mother told him afterwards that the first natural sleep her child had for over a fortnight was that day, when she lay with the portrait in her little feeble hands, till her eyes closed in refreshing slumber, and those who watched her knew that God had answered prayer by calling her back to life.

The young girl can just vaguely remember yet the beautiful simple prayer he offered up the first time that he was allowed to see her after the crisis was passed, "Thanking God for sparing little D—— to the friends who love her so well."

Her mother can never forget his goodness to her and the comfort he was during that terrible strain of anxiety.

He wrote an account to his sister of his little friend and this wonderful answer to prayer, and begged that she would send him some flowers from Homefield for the invalid.

During the month of August following his ordination, to Martin's great joy, his Rector kindly arranged for him to spend a clergyman's fortnight in conducting the Children's Services at Bournemouth. In this congenial work he was joined by Captain W. D. Chapman, the Revs. Hubert T. G. Kingdon, Percy Chapman and the Rev. Stanley Morse, who thus writes :

"Just before coming up to Ridley I had begun to take an interest in children, and when Martin invited me to join him at Bournemouth in August, 1889, I gladly accepted this invitation, and during the three weeks I spent there, as I watched Martin with his extraordinary gifts, I caught from him something of the same love for children, so much so that I spent every annual holiday I had since that time in C.S.S.M. work at the seaside, and have devoted most of my time to children since I have been in India."

His love for children of all ages gave him a place in the affection of the parents and an influence over them which would have been otherwise difficult to gain, as he looked so boyish.

In the homes of the poorest he was courteous, deferential to the aged, and tactful, though always plain-spoken, and they at once detected his sympathy and sincerity.

His sister well remembers accompanying him to one of the poor courts in Birmingham to visit a little sick girl named Alice, how he took the only available seat, a diminutive wooden stool, looking quite at home in the tiny room as he told the child a story with a point to it; and then he joined his sister in singing a hymn and ended by offering up a very simple prayer representing the immediate needs of the child, with a directness and understanding which could not fail to make an impression.

Writing soon after this visit in December, 1889, when he was again faced by the great and immediate need of Missionaries for the Niger, being asked if he could go

in February, 1890, he did not forget to mention little Alice to his sister, though his mind was so much occupied. He wrote :

“ I gave your kind message to little Alice and she was much pleased. Imagine my astonishment to-day to find her dressed and downstairs and looking quite bright and lively, though she is still very weak. She sends you her love.

“ We are tremendously busy preparing for Christmas, and the rush of work will, maybe, enable me to forget what I naturally feel at not being able to spend Christmas with you all at home this year. However, these separations must come sooner or later, so that little is gained by undue fretting over them.

“ With regard to Foreign Mission work, if I *do* go to Africa in 1891, my separation will be much more painful, as I shall have no white friends, or at any rate relations, to fill the void out there.”

A few days later he wrote :

“ I am so glad to feel that you and ‘ A ’ are both with me in my decision to offer for Missionary work. I feel more and more each day that I have done the right thing in offering and that I have done it under Divine Guidance.

“ I am hoping to have about eight of my Sunday Afternoon Children in to tea this evening to help me to consume the contents of my Christmas hamper.

“ Mrs. Webster is coming as hostess and the Rector has promised to look in later on. Hours from 4.30 to 7.30.”

An amusing incident occurred in connexion with a Christmas turkey sent from Homefield. By some mistake a wrong label was attached to it, and the bird found its way to Martin Hall in Birmingham instead of to his uncle who was expecting it elsewhere.

He was somewhat embarrassed at the appearance of so large a bird to feed so small a household, but promptly decided to send it as an anonymous gift to

some friends in the congregation who had often shown him kindness. As the turkey reached him on Christmas Eve, with his usual forethought he remembered that the plucking and preparing the bird at the eleventh hour might cause some inconvenience in a small house, so he slung it over his shoulder on a stick, and carried it to the nearest poulterer, who prepared it for the table and sent it up to its destination. He thus gained considerable pleasure out of the misappropriated bird, which was the cause of several agitated telegrams to and fro in these terms—"Turkey not arrived." "Turkey gone astray!"

Extract from a letter written by the Rev. F. S. Webster, Rector of All Souls, Langham Place, London, on December 6, 1901 :

"I shall never forget the blessed influence exerted by dear Martin Hall during his first and only curacy at St. Thomas' (Birmingham).

He was sent to me most manifestly by God. Young Murray Peploe, who had almost agreed to come, at the last moment decided to work with his father; then Martin Hall, whom I had previously met at Southsea, was recommended to me and accepted my offer of a title.

He took all our hearts by storm the very first week.

'We've never had such a Curate before, all the years I've known St. Thomas', was the testimony of one. It was the general verdict of the whole parish. The children were charmed, he talked to them as earnestly and gravely as though he felt their spiritual needs to be quite as important as those of the grown-up people and yet so brightly that all who saw him, knew it was a joyous thing to be a Christian.

The parents of course were won because they saw how the children loved him, and the young people were equally delighted.

His talks of personal adventure, the good times he had yachting and bathing and in all open-air pursuits made him the beau ideal of youth.

Then his proficiency at acrostics was a great charm to a great many. The sermons and addresses could be so easily jotted and remembered, and his store of anecdote and illustration seemed inexhaustible. He was always looking out to learn something fresh. He delighted in going over factories and discovering how things were done, in fact he never visited a place without seeing all there was to be seen in it, and he was able to turn what he saw to good account in illustrating his addresses.

Not long after he came to Birmingham he visited the Queen's Hospital and assisted in the out-patient department, so as to get medical experience to make him a more efficient Missionary.

He shewed singular discretion and good judgment on several occasions. Once at a meeting of the Wardens and Sidesmen the question of a new pulpit was being discussed, in place of the old two-decker. There was a slight difficulty, some not caring to see the old pulpit removed and others not wishing to have the new pulpit placed as suggested on one side, which they regarded as the first step to a chancel and a surpliced choir. Just at the right time Martin Hall urged the change of pulpit but retention of position, in the centre of the middle aisle, just before the steps to the Communion Table, and the compromise was unanimously agreed to. Both the donors of the pulpit and the representatives of the congregation were well satisfied.

He took from the first a keen interest in the Birmingham Convention for the deepening of spiritual life. An all night of prayer for Ministers was held at the house of a Presbyterian Minister in Edgbaston, and Martin Hall and his great friend G. H. V. Greaves were both present. There were seven of us in all and it was a blessed and fruitful time of communion and intercession.

He was deeply interested in the study of the prophetic Scriptures, and the Coming of the Lord was no

pious fiction to him, but a living and inspiring reality.

He announced an address on 'No 2' at our Monday Evening Mission Service and spoke most effectively of the other who was left when the one was taken.

He started a hockey club to interest the young men of the congregation. It was called the Orientals, and though he left it after a year or so because he found very little or no spiritual value from it, the club itself continued and is now one of the leading Hockey Clubs in the Midlands. His chief work was the formation of a Sunday afternoon children's class for children not attending Sunday School. This met a real need, as no such class existed in Edgbaston. Many were definitely won for Christ through his earnest teaching, and the class has continued to prosper and bear fruit ever since.

He was greatly loved at St. Thomas', and it was a great joy and comfort to me to have such a loyal and able colleague.

His heart went out I think to St. Thomas' more than to any other place. When I moved to London he wrote a very kind letter of congratulation, but said that he could hardly bear the thought of returning to Birmingham and finding some one else at St. Thomas'.

He often expressed a feeling of uncertainty as to whether we should meet again in England or whether our first meeting should not be that great re-union with our Lord in the air.

Now he has seen the Master face to face. Called, chosen and faithful he is now with Christ, which is far better.

At St. Thomas' his testimony was decided, his life was beautiful, his memory is fragrant.

For some, who as children loved and honoured him, Heaven is all the richer and more real, now that he, so far as human soul without a human body can be anywhere, is there.

F. S. WEBSTER."

A holiday, taken during the time at Birmingham,

was spent with his brother Alick and his friend George Greaves on a yachting expedition; it is thus described in his brother's diary :

"*Menai Bridge*, Wednesday, July 2, 1890. 'Peter' Greaves arrived in time for breakfast, after which we took all the baggage aboard and went on ourselves, viz., 'Peter,' M. and myself, with a sailor as crew, and Mother and 'Wick' as passengers to Carnarvon, where we intended to leave them, but as the wind was the wrong way we sailed out for Cemaes, by Beaumaris, which we made about 4.30 p.m. . . . I took Mother and W. ashore.

Friday, July 4. After a very enjoyable dip we put out at about 11 a.m. for Bardsey Island, round by the South Stack; a brilliantly sunny day and a fair NNW. wind till we got near the Island, when the wind went round to the N. and in rounding the Southern part of the Island we had a very near shave of being swamped in crossing a very stiff race. We went ashore and had tea at a 'Farmer Sea Captain's' house and then went up and saw the old abbey . . . slept under the tarpaulin as usual, thankful for the many mercies vouchsafed to us.

Saturday, July 5. After breakfast went ashore and had a most ideal bathe off the rocks and then went to the top of the mountain, and I risked my life in the attempt to catch two young sea gulls. . . . Had a washing expedition in the morning to a well in the middle of a field.

Sunday, July 6. After breakfast we went to the chapel to service, but as the clock was one hour and twenty minutes ahead of the real time, we were too late and met the good people coming out; the Minister, on finding out M. and 'Peter's' vocation, asked them to preach in the evening. Captain Evan Jones (farmer) asked us to dinner. We went to the Kirk, where M. and 'Peter' spoke a few faithful words to the people, who, much to our horror, responded to a vote of thanks by the Minister by holding up their hands,

after which we shook hands with the Minister and the old lighthouse keeper and fled down to the shore, where we found the *Grace* getting ready to start, which we did in a fair wind. Got to the Bar at Carnarvon at 11.30, about four hours' run, thirty miles. Ran some way over the Bar but could not see the buoys, so had to come out and lie to till daylight.

Monday, June 7. After beating about till 2.30 we again made for the Bar, and with some difficulty succeeded in picking up the buoys and reaching Carnarvon at about 6.30, when we all lay down in the bottom of the boat and slept till 9.30, when, after our reading, prayer and toilet, we had breakfast, hove up the anchor and started with a fair wind and tide down the Straits, but soon came to grief on a sandbank, where we stuck and heeled over, washed by the sea. We lowered the sails, cast anchor, and having taken in two reefs in the mainsail we waited till the tide floated us off, after which we ran down to Menai Bridge in just one hour.

Got all the luggage ashore, and once again were received into the bosom of our family. God has indeed been with us during the past week and blessed us much in soul and body and kept us in all our ways."

CHAPTER VIII

PARTING, CHANGES AND HOME MISSIONS

“Death hides, but it does not divide,
Thou art but on Christ’s other side,
Thou art with Christ, and Christ with me;
In Him, I still am close to thee.”

“No chance nor change can touch a love sealed by
Eternity.”—KNOX-LITTLE.

“He felt every moment that he was doing or not doing
God’s work. He threw into every act, every labour, the
consciousness of the divine mission given to all Christians
by the Master.”—FROM LIFE OF DR. ARNOLD.

MARTIN’S friend Mr. Greaves had now offered and been accepted by the Church Missionary Society for work in Africa.

His farewell meeting at St. Silas’ School, Lozells, Birmingham, was held on March 16, 1891. It was a solemn and trying time for poor Martin, and as he sat on the platform he felt that not only was he parting from his friend, but that he himself was for a time held back from following him.

He could not refrain from tears as he listened to his friend’s parting words of such solemn import and counsel to those amongst whom he had ministered for two years.

His final message to them was from 2 Cor. v. 8, 9 (R.V.).

Those who knew Martin Hall best understood in part how great a renunciation it was to get aside his own strong wish and to bow to what seemed to be God’s will for him.

He wrote a letter to his sister at this time, in reply to a letter of sympathy from her, in which he says :

“It was specially welcome at a time when people with kind intentions shower congratulations upon me now that I am remaining, little knowing how keen is the disappointment which it means for me. However, I feel perfectly convinced that I have done the right thing in acting as I have done. I notice that you, like so many others, speak of my parting from ‘Beloved Peter’ as the chief sting in the disappointment. In this I think you are mistaken. The C.M.S. never gave any promise whatever that they would send us to the same field, and we had always faced the possibility of our separation from one another. No, while it is quite true that this separation is disappointment on disappointment, yet the hope, the prayer, the ambition of more than six years is at least two years further off, and the more one contemplates those 274,000,000 of heathen in the world to-day, the sadder does the delay appear.

“However, I mean to devote myself whole-heartedly to present and pressing duties, and to watch for the opening of ‘the iron gate which leadeth out of the city, of its own accord.’ Acts xii.”

That he felt the parting keenly will be seen from some of his letters written when his friend left Birmingham, a few weeks before sailing for Africa. To his sister he writes:

“I am feeling ‘Peter’s’ departure sorely, as he has been the closest human friend that I have had at any time, except dear Alick. However, I wish him God speed with my whole heart, and all the more readily as I cherish the hope of joining him there before many years are over.

“Many thanks for your prayers. I need them just now, more especially as I am preaching the Mission Sermons every night in Passion Week.”

Martin had often addressed meetings and sometimes preached in the Church of St. Silas, and so had come to know several of the parishioners who were

friends of Mr. Greaves, to whom he wrote a few days after, referring to some of the boy members of his Bible Class :

"How glad you must be to have reached calm Cullompton after the rush of the last few days. I had a most pathetic note from Ernest C. on Wednesday morning in which he spoke of the loss of his 'best earthly friend,' and in the name of himself, E., and B. asked if they might look upon me as a personal friend now, 'for,' he said, 'we feel that his chum will be most like him.' Of course I wrote off at once and said that I would do all I could to try and fill the gap which you have left. Yesterday, therefore, Jack, Eric and Ernest came for a swim with me at Monument Road, after which I went with them and spent a very happy evening with them. The two little girls (what sweet little people they are !) at once welcomed me as your great friend and treated me with all the affectionate attention which they used to lavish on you. Don't be jealous, Beloved, but I have quite lost my heart to those two little ones.

I had a long morning at the Hospital yesterday but I missed you there sorely, Beloved. As M. was hard up for dressers I helped in three of his operations, one a very good case. M. was very sorry to hear that you had left, but I gave him your address and he is going to write to you.

Eric and Bernie are very anxious that you should write them a text or prayer that they might fasten in their Bibles. Ernest has honoured me with an invitation to write in his Bible. 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' and I feel, in helping those boys of yours to forget their sorrow, I am lessening my own. I shall be much in prayer for you on Sunday at Plymouth. Pray for me next week. I enclose reminder.

I am speaking to-night with your Vicar at St. Mathias.

Write soon, for I am desolate at heart, Beloved. Thank God! however, each of us has the practical consolation of 'Himself for me.'

The Lord equip and prosper you, Beloved.

Yours always affectionately,

MARTIN J. HALL."

The reply from his friend revealed the same love and oneness of aim, and expressed the pleasure he felt that Martin had taken so kindly to his "dear boys" and his thankfulness that they had "still some one to look after and help them a bit."

He added the name of "Harry Casson"¹ as "another in whom I am much interested, and if you could send him a P.C. now and then when you are taking a party to the Baths I should be glad."

Mr. Greaves' last words to Harry Casson, then a boy of fifteen, "Remember we are to meet in Africa," were fulfilled in so far as that he stood by his grave at Zanzibar when on his way to Uganda.

Mr. Greaves' departure for Africa was earlier than had been expected, and in May Martin only reached London in time to see his friend by travelling all night from Birmingham.

They had planned that the last hours in England should be spent together. Mr. Greaves had written just before:

"How I long, dear Martin, that you were coming too, it would make such a difference, but the Lord knows best, and He has some wise purpose in separating us."

A welcome letter, written on board the s.s. *Madura* and posted at Naples, assured Martin of his friend's continued thought and also of his welfare. He conducted a daily Bible Reading for his fellow-Missionaries on board and took the Sunday Services alternately with Mr. Ashe.

On July 13, a telegram reached England from

¹ Now a C.M.S. Missionary in Uganda.

Zanzibar bringing the crushing news and overwhelming tidings that his beloved friend, George Greaves, had laid down his life at the coast, on Sunday, July 12.

To his widowed mother and all who had loved him best the loss was inexpressible.

"Dysentery" was all the telegram stated, but subsequent letters told of a fortnight's illness and pain and weakness so nobly and patiently borne that God was glorified in his last illness, as by his life, and how at the last he was loth to linger, save for the work's sake. Like Moses he was permitted to look at the Canaan of all his hopes and purposes, but not to enter; again were fulfilled the words: "So . . . the servant of the Lord died there . . . according to the Word of the Lord."

In a letter received at this time occurs the following beautiful testimony:

"Your friend is a man whom the Lord knows face to face.

"I feel assured that you are some day to take up what he would have done, if he had not been called as he reached the border of his Canaan on earth, over which he had yearned for the Light to break . . . The first chapter of the book of Joshua has such beautiful promises for you.

"'As I was with Moses so I will be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee,' and 6th, 7th and 8th verses."

Most likely Martin also was struck with the likeness of his case to that of Joshua and Moses, though most people had compared the beautiful heart-union to that ideal friendship of David and Jonathan.

Sympathy for Martin was felt and expressed on all sides, though few realized how great was the blank in his life. His eldest brother's testimony to the influence and beauty of G. H. V. Greaves' character was perhaps one of the most valued among the letters then received, and he warmly responded to his offer

to go to Birmingham to spend a week end with him at this time of sorrow.

A few days after the receipt of the cablegram from Zanzibar came a mail bringing letters written by Mr. Greaves about a fortnight after his landing, about June 23.

To Martin he wrote : " You are constantly in my thoughts and prayers. May the Lord open the way for you to come out here shortly if it be His Holy Will," ending with the solemn words : " Farewell in the Lord, from,

Your affectionate friend,
GEORGE H. V. GREAVES."

From henceforth the pen was laid aside, and the silence remained unbroken on earth, but the sweet savour of that hallowed friendship dwells on, we can scarcely doubt, through eternity, for it was a more than ordinary human love, it was a friendship founded in their Lord. In the above letter he had enclosed one to be read to Martin Hall's " dear children " of his Bible Class, to be passed on to the Church at Lozells. The following is an epitome of Mr. Greaves' spiritual history and its results, written by Martin Hall in 1897 in the appendix to *Through my Spectacles in Uganda* :

" Some fifteen years ago a boy of sixteen knelt at his bedside praying to know the Will of God concerning his future path in life. He had long wished to be a Missionary, but anxious to be assured of God's Will in this important step, asked that as an indication the Clergyman might on the following Sunday take his text from some verses in the Epistle to the Romans. To his surprise a stranger preached from Rom. xii. 1, ' I beseech you . . . that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice . . . which is your reasonable service.' It was God's voice to him, and promptly his heart replied, ' Yes, Lord.' He wrote home immediately to say that God was calling him to the front for Missionary work. He came to England (he was abroad at

the time), and began to study earnestly with this holy purpose before him.

He took his degree at Cambridge in 1888, was ordained in 1889, fulfilled a very fruitful ministry in one of our great manufacturing towns for about two years (twenty months), was accepted by the C.M.S. in July, 1890, started for Uganda in May, 1891, 'fell asleep' at Zanzibar in July, 1891. He had presented his body 'a living sacrifice.' In August, 1891, this brief story was told at a missionary meeting in connection with seaside services at Bournemouth, and from that meeting there have gone forth to 'the regions beyond' six missionaries already, the seventh is accepted, and hopes to start soon. And still from that quiet grave at Zanzibar dear George Greaves' last resting-place, there seems to come the message, 'I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.' Such is the call. 'How readest thou?'"

The Rev. F. S. Webster, who was himself one of the staff on the Church Parochial Mission under the Rev. Hay Aitkin, soon after Martin Hall had proved himself an acceptable preacher in Birmingham, nominated him as a preacher for this Society and arranged for him to hold six Missions a year in different parts of England.

Great blessings were granted on these special efforts amongst adults and children, and he was hereby convinced that he could do more good in this way, besides deeming it desirable to be ready to start the instant the way opened for him to go to Africa, therefore he decided to leave his curacy; for the same reason he refused three Incumbencies which were offered to him about this period. The overwhelming claims of the Heathen were always before him, and care of his health and experience gained in his work were all for this same object.

The C.S.S.M. invited him to become their Clerical

Missioner to Children when he left Birmingham, so he accepted this appointment with joy, but said good-bye to his many kind friends at St. Thomas' with very deep regret. His affectionate heart was greatly touched by the many valuable tokens of the warm regard in which he was held by the Children's Bible Class, Young Men's Christian Mission, Mothers' Meetings, and "A few of his many friends at St. Thomas'," Birmingham, who gave him the beautiful writing table and chair which he constantly used in his little study at Homefield, where he rested from time to time between his Missions.

An application for a Missioner to conduct a Mission at Bilbao, Spain, reached the Church Parochial Mission from the Chaplain in charge there, in the spring of 1892, and Martin, who was still on their staff, was asked to undertake the work. He gladly consented, and reached Bilbao early in June, after spending a most enjoyable week in the French Pyrenees. He remained in Spain about a fortnight, holding special Services for the English population at Bilbao and the scattered district round. There were three separate services held daily at different centres, but Martin Hall threw himself with his usual fervour into the somewhat hard work caused by the long distances between the places of meetings, and by the hot weather.

Though he did not see as much result as had often been granted him during other Missions, the fruit was evinced by the deepened interest in spiritual things amongst the Christians there, and many children responded to the loving invitation "Come."

The kindness of the Chaplain, the Rev. Arthur Burnell, and his wife, helped to make all things as pleasant and convenient as possible.

The Keswick Convention in July found Martin Hall and his brother Alick eagerly drinking in spiritual lessons from the words of the Revs. H. C. G. Moule, George Grubb, Hubert Brooke, also Mr. D. Moody and others.

Very precious too were the opportunities of conference with each other and the help gained from friends who had also come to seek a blessing. Both the brothers were enabled to claim cleansing and the Fulness of God the Holy Spirit, and they parted with the assurance, "It has indeed been a time of blessing for us! Showers of blessing indeed."

Seaside services were ever a joy to Martin, and in 1892 he went to Bournemouth, where he was joined by his eldest brother, who gave his help in the work.

On one occasion, when a lady worker there asked him and his brother to tea, he refused, saying that his brother was going to sing at the evening services.

"But if it is only to sing," said one of the young daughters, "he will not want any preparation for *that*."

"I should be very sorry to sing without any preparation," was the reply.

The friend who related this incident added, "Was not this the secret of his life, that nothing was ever undertaken without prayer?"

Mrs. E. Thwaites, of Fisherton Rectory, Salisbury, usually took special meetings for girls in connection with the Bournemouth C.S.S.M. Services, and acted as referee in case they had any difficulty requiring the help and advice of a more experienced Christian. On one or two occasions (in 1891) this part was taken by Miss Etches. An acquaintance formed about this time Martin greatly valued, that of Mr. and Mrs. John Macgregor. The former's adventures in the yawl *Rob Roy* had always had a keen fascination for him, and now to meet this writer and enthusiastic yachtsman, and to find other and higher interests in common with him and his wife, was a great delight.

Martin visited this friend in his declining health with tender reverence, and felt honoured by being allowed to repair and put in order the model of the *Rob Roy*.

The services at Bournemouth were followed by a mission at Ventnor, in the Parish of the Rev. J. Hall

Shaw, who henceforth, with his family, were reckoned amongst his warmest friends, and his visits were several times repeated. On more than one occasion, when the Vicar was obliged to go away for a rest, he left the Parish in Martin Hall's charge.

Busy and happy times made the months fly for Martin. In the spring of 1893 he accompanied his two brothers for a short tour in Scotland. Going by sea from Liverpool to Glasgow, thence to Edinburgh, there they were hospitably entertained by friends, visiting all the places of interest in and around that most beautiful of cities.

In August, Children's Services in Newquay, Cornwall, claimed him as their leader. There he, and the Rev. W. S. Standen, and the Rev. Hubert Kingdon and his wife had "a grand time." Miss Etches conducted the girls' meetings, and there were willing and experienced helpers in the Misses Kingdon of Taunton, who had joined in the C.S.S.M. work at Bournemouth in 1888, 1889 and 1892.

The mission at Newquay was specially blessed, and later it was manifest that there had been blessing in nearly every family that had attended the services.

Martin had been in correspondence with Archdeacon Walker of Uganda, who was in England on furlough that year. He made minute inquiries as to the needs of that country, in the hope that he might be permitted to join his party and go out in the Autumn of 1893. At the same time Dr. C. Harford-Battersby was urging the claims of the Western Soudan and Upper Niger, where he himself had been as a C.M.S. Missionary. Martin, however, wrote to the C.M.S. that he could not at present undertake permanent work abroad, but expressed his readiness to consider a call from their Committee for some temporary service.

In the autumn of 1893 he therefore joined the Rev. Edgar Thwaites, of Fisherton Rectory, Salisbury, in visiting the C.M.S. stations in India.

CHAPTER IX

A MISSIONARY TOUR IN INDIA AND CEYLON

“He went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens.”—Exod. ii. 11.

AN account of Martin Hall’s Missionary Tour with the Rev. Edgar Thwaites to India, will best be given in his own words taken from his diary and letters written at the time.

“December 14, Thursday, 1893. Left Tilbury by R.M.S. *Ballarat* (P. and O.) second class, with a good number of other passengers.

The customary but always pathetic farewells incident to the departure of every P. and O. boat being over, we fairly began our long voyage. Fair passage down the Channel. Very fair passage through the Bay of Biscay, considering the time of the year, though its customary westerly swell proved too much for the feelings of most of the passengers. The only effect on myself was to sharpen my appetite and to hasten the acquisition of my ‘sea legs.’”

After giving an account of the routine of life on board he writes :

“The life is less animal-like than it sounds on paper, as the easily-made acquaintances on board afford plenty of opportunity to study men, minds, and matters of interest belonging to other lives than one’s own. Life on board is a widening and pleasant form of social education if spent to purpose, and it is rich in opportunities of witnessing to the Lord Jesus Christ amongst men, women and children of all sorts and conditions.”

“Sunday (3rd in Advent) December 17.

Morning service (no sermon) in the first-class saloon, conducted by the Captain. I got leave from the Captain to hold a children's service in the second class saloon, which we had at 3 p.m. I produced my parcel of 'Golden Bells' Hymns, and we had an hour of bright singing, interspersed with Gospel stories.

The little people (and also some of the 'grown-up children') greatly appreciated this, and already began crying out for another one next Sunday.”

“Monday, December 18. A memorable day, as I obtained my first view of Africa! It lent a new force to my prayers for that dark land, and an actual sight of its Coasts stirred me deeply in truer interest in that land for whose enlightenment I have so long wept and prayed.

In the afternoon I taught the children a hymn, and gathered them round for the 'Story of Georgina and the Knives,' which they greatly appreciated. I made friends with the Electrical Engineer, and was glad to discover that he was an earnest Christian fellow. A Lieutenant stationed at Malta and returning thither made himself known to me as a Christian brother.

What a freemasonry is our brotherhood in Christ!”

“Friday, December 22. Dropped anchor in Malta Harbour at about 7 a.m. I went ashore with Lieutenant —, etc. He took us to the Castilia roof and gave us a lovely bird's-eye view of Malta.”

“Sunday, December 24, 1893. Brindisi. Awoke to find ourselves in a very uninteresting and dirty Italian town, and I went for a walk before breakfast. After many difficulties we managed to get a morning service in the P. and O. Baggage-room ashore. I took the service and preached from Rev. xiv. 10, 'In the Presence of the Lamb.' About thirty persons were there. It was cheering at the close of the day to hear of at least two souls who received definite spiritual help through the message. On my return from the

service, I was greatly rejoiced to find that dear Mr. Thwaites had just arrived from Milan.

We afterwards retired to the Brandram's cabin for commendatory prayer for one another, and then bid farewell to Miss Rose Johnson of the N. Africa Mission, as she transfers to the *Hydaspes* for Alexandria."

"Monday, December 25. Woke up early with many thoughts of the dear ones at home. At 10.45 Mr. Thwaites conducted the morning service. All day we steamed down between the Ionian Islands and the Greek Coast, a kindly device of the Captain to secure us a calm passage for our Christmas dinner."

Martin Hall had on the previous day left a telegram at Brinidisi to be sent to his mother "A happy Christmas,—Martin," which was delivered at breakfast time on Christmas Day, and touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the home circle. The diary continues :

"Sunday, January 7. Had Holy Communion at 7.30. Only six present, but it was a refreshing little service.

We sighted the Indian Coast soon after breakfast and let go our anchor in Bombay Harbour precisely at 12 o'clock. The heat was intense. However, after various preliminaries, we embarked on the P. and O. launch and landed on the Apollo Bunder at about 1.30. After securing our baggage, Mr. Thwaites and I, with the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., drove to the Apollo Bunder Hotel and called on Lord Radstock, who is holding meetings here. He greeted us warmly and asked our prayers. We then went to the Y.M.C.A. rooms, which are centrally situated and most attractively furnished. We afterwards drove to the C.M.S. House, where we received a most kind welcome from the Rev. G. Peel,¹ the Secretary for the whole of the C.M.S. Missions of Western India.

Being met on the steps by Mrs. Chapman and baby, of Japan (they had been fellow passengers), we felt

¹ Now Bishop of Mombasa.

quite at home. After a cup of tea I went to the Sunday Schools for English and Eurasian children, and addressed them for about half an hour. They were most attentive and quiet.

At 6 p.m. we went to Church, where the Rev. A. H. Bowman read prayers, I read the lessons, and Mr. Thwaites preached from Isa. xliii. 26 with great clearness and faithfulness. The congregation was almost wholly of English residents, with a sprinkling of Hindus.

We retired early. Mr. Thwaites and I had a good laugh at the novelty of our Indian bedroom and slept well despite the mosquitoes, to whose impotent ravings outside the nets we listened with satisfaction."

"Monday, January 8. In the morning we shopped and lunched, then walked through the native quarter finding material for interest and inquiry at every point of our walk. Two things impressed me forcibly—

(1) The enormous throngs of men in the streets, of which some idea can be formed by the fact that in Bombay Native quarters there are 700 to the square mile, as contrasted with 200 to the square mile in London.

(2) The hopeless looks and awful needs of these heathen multitudes. My heart bled for them."

Very busy days followed, addresses in various schools, Y.M.C.A., Churches, Conferences with the Missionaries, sight seeing, whenever it could be fitted in, then the journey was continued on January 11.

"We reached Agra on Friday morning, after a long journey of two nights and a day in the train from Bombay."

"January 13. Arrived at Agra at about 10 a.m., and drove to St. John's College, where we received a hearty welcome from the Rev. J. Kennedy (who hails from St. James', Plumstead) and from Mrs. Challis, and later on in the morning from the Rev. W. McLean and my old friend of Cambridge days, James Challis. Tiffin over we drove (five in number) to the 'Taj Mahal, the

most majestic mausoleum and the most perfect building in the world."

"Saturday, January 14. Challis and I made an early start for Secundra, he on his bicycle and I on his pony. We called on the Rev. and Mrs. Wright, C.M.S Missionaries. There we found my old Cambridge friend Gray, of Emman. College, and he gave me a warm welcome. Rode back to Agra in time for breakfast at 9.15.

Breakfast over, Mr. Thwaites and I met about 150 English-speaking young men of the College, and each gave them a Gospel address, to which they listened most attentively.

After visiting all the classes of the School and College, we went to see the Native Christian village and called at two native houses. In the evening we had a large public meeting in the St. John's College Hall; there must have been from 250 to 300 English-speaking natives (heathen and Christian) and Europeans present. The Rev. J. Haythornethwaite presided. I spoke first to Christians, on 'Fresh Springs,' Mr. Thwaites followed by a powerful and vigorous gospel address to the unconverted, and we had a large and encouraging after-meeting, after which five or six young heathen men came to ask me questions. They had done with their old Hindu beliefs, but were inquiring into Christianity as a mere abstract science, to be logically explained, rather than as a life to be lived in vital relationship to God. They came in an argumentative spirit with no sense of sin, or of need before God. I assured them that the true teaching of Christ was to be revealed to the needy, simple, and penitent heart (not head), by the Holy Ghost, and was not a question of intellectual attainment. I quoted to them 1 Cor. ii. 14 to 16. It was painful to discover that they were steeped with the materialism of Huxley and Darwin."

Speaking of a visit to the Secundra Orphanage, where he addressed the boys and girls, he writes :

“It was a most picturesque sight to see the long line of brightly-dressed children winding their way to their orphanage after the service. Altogether it was one of those beautiful Mission Stations which we had so often read about and tried to picture.

I returned to a hasty breakfast at the Wrights', after which I was introduced to the 'Wolf-boy,' so called because he was nourished by a wolf in the Jungle until he was eight years old. He was found in this wild state about eighteen years ago, and is one of the four boys and two girls who have been rescued from wolf-dens in this neighbourhood during the past few years. This modern Romulus, poor fellow, is by no means intelligent enough to found another Roman Empire, being deaf, dumb (save for certain strange noises) and almost idiotic. He has a voracious appetite for fruit and tobacco (for smoking) and a digestion capable of assimilating everything.”

After leaving Lucknow Mr. Thwaites and Martin Hall went to Benares. The latter writes :

“After tiffin I went to address the boys at Jay Narain's College, but not feeling at all well I was unable to finish my address, and had to return to Dr. B——'s. Here I rested whilst Dr. B. took Mr. Thwaites to see the Monkey Temple and to visit the Yogi, viz., one who holds communion with God, a man of the most eminent piety in India.

Though still living, he is deified, and is actually worshipped by 80,000,000 Hindus, and his image is sold as an idol in Benares. I bought one. He is a pure ascetic who eschews women, money and covetousness, the three highest attainments that a Hindu mind can reach. Pilgrims from Kurachee, Sindh and even more distant places, come to worship him and pour the dust of his feet upon their heads. He received Dr. B. and Mr. T. most warmly and embraced them in the presence of many pilgrims, as he is above all caste distinctions.

He sits in a state of absolute nudity all day, and meditates. He is a most reverent Pantheist, but after repeated and welcome visits from Dr. B. has received a New Testament and is studying the Gospels with intense interest. He is a modern representative of Hinduism in its pristine and comparatively pure form. With all the adulation, etc., that he receives, he is humble and unspoilt. He is sixty-six years of age, a man of beautiful face and kindly manners. I am moved to pray for his conversion."

Writing of the influence of Christianity on children, the following incident is related :

"Two little girls who have become Christians, but were refused baptism because they were too young, went down to a fountain in their father's garden and baptised one another in the name of Christ."

"February 3. At about 10 o'clock a large party of Missionaries, Mr. T. and I started up the Hoogly on a steam launch for Barrackpore. We had a most picturesque voyage. We called on the ladies at the C.E.Z.S. house where Mrs. Greaves used to live, and I saw two of her native teachers who spoke with gratitude and affection of her."

The following is a letter written at this time :

C.M.S. COMPOUND, MIRZAPORE, CALCUTTA,

February 7, 1894.

"MY DEAR MRS. GREAVES,—

Your name and work out here have been so constantly before me these past few days, that I felt I must write and tell you of the things, places and persons that I have seen lately that recalled you and your dear husband to my mind.

After a very fruitful Mission at the Old Church (Calcutta) (where I saw Mr. Greaves' Memorial tablet) and a blessed believers' Conference last week, we began a Mission to the Bengal Christian congregations, on Saturday last, February 3, in Trinity Church. The

Preliminary Service was crowded by about 600 persons, and Mr. Thwaites and I each gave a short address through interpretation. Dr. Phillips, of the Sunday School Union, an American of real spirituality, was our excellent mouthpiece. He said to me that he had known your dear husband through correspondence many years ago, and added, 'Greaves' name will always live in the Churches in Bengal in his beautiful hymns.' It was one of many testimonies to his fruitful life and ministry that I have heard out here.

On Saturday, good Miss Mulvany organized a Missionaries' Picnic up the river by steam-launch to Barrackpore.

I have been greatly struck by the devotedness and spirituality of all the C.E.Z.S. Missionaries whom I have met.

I shall have much to tell you when we meet, but must not write more now.

With Christian love and a request for your earnest prayer, as we go to Madras next week and Tinnevely the following week,

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

MARTIN HALL."

The diary continues:

"We returned from this most interesting voyage in time for me to pack up my things to be transported to the Parsons' kind home, in Mirzapore. We had an impressive service and a good after-meeting; amongst other heathen listeners was a fakir of the fakirs, with leopard skin cloak, lank hair, chains, trident, pincers, and dirt. He told Parsons that having heard we were going to speak of Jesus Christ, he had come in to hear. He seemed thoroughly interested and even impressed, and amongst others stood up in the after-meeting to signify his desire to be saved from sin."

"Sunday, February 4. A very busy day. Mr. Thwaites and I spoke respectively at Christ Church

and Trinity. At 3.30 I preached to a large congregation at Christ Church, a place full of interest for me, as the Pastor was once the Rev. Richard Greaves."

In a letter he remarks:

"A touching thing to be occupying the pulpit so often and so well filled by the father of my beloved 'Peter.'

After service I was hurried off to College Square, where a large gathering of young Babus had already mustered in the open air and were being addressed in stentorian tones by Mr. T., after whom I followed with a short address. It was a wonderful opportunity that one could address over 150 of these young educated Bengalis in English.

February 7. I addressed a meeting of nearly all the female native Christian workers in Calcutta, of all Missions and denominations. It was a memorable meeting and a fitting evidence of the value of the splendid work of the Zenana Missionaries in former years. A Bengali lady (Mrs. Chowdry) who speaks beautiful English, was my excellent interpreter. That a native Christian lady should be interpreting the words of an English Missionary to nearly 200 Christian Bengali workers (women), would have been regarded as an impossibility thirty or forty years ago, and such a lady as my interpreter would have been an ignorant, loveless, and unloved Zenana prisoner. This meeting was a most inspiring sight, and a conclusive evidence to the question 'Are Missions a failure?'

I was presented with two books from the Missionaries, teachers, girls and boys of the Girls' (Christ Church) and Boys' Boarding Schools with a list of the donors' names. It was an acknowledgment of my work amongst them which I shall greatly value."

To his mother Martin wrote in the midst of his work:

"I am in magnificent health, though I am tired enough towards bedtime to get to sleep without rocking, for three meetings a day during the hottest hours of

the day are not child's play here. Don't have an hour's anxiety about me; I am in my Father's Hands till my work is done.

How much I wish I could bring some of the sleepy Christians at home face to face with heathenism in all its awful blackness, its 'darkness that may be felt,' as one sees it out here. They would cease to wonder at the cry of the Missionaries 'Come over and help us.' One's heart bleeds for these dark millions and especially for these myriads of dear little children who are growing up in swarms, only to learn the awful degrading superstitions and cruelties of Hinduism. Poor little people! It is sad beyond words to see them.

I have just heard this morning from friends at Jerusalem that they are arranging a Children's Mission for me out there, which will make me a little later in returning, but I hope to be home about the end of May. Fancy my holding a Children's Mission in the very place where Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' What a privilege!"

On February 11, a letter written at Kapasdanga, Nadiya District, Bengal, gives a glimpse of Country Mission Work:

"It is a delightful change after the tremendous rush of work in Calcutta. I came here on Thursday evening, leaving Mr. Thwaites at another place en route (Rhaneghat) in order to visit the work of Mr. Monro, who was formerly Chief Commissioner of the London Police, but who has now come out here with his son and daughter for Missionary Work.

No European lives here except the Missionaries, and everything is pre-eminently native. I swallowed a hasty dinner and hastened off to Church, where I found a large congregation. Their native hymns and music defy description. I can only say I came home the first night fairly dazed with the row. N.B. Their conduct was perfectly orderly, I speak only of their music (?) at which they were practising Gregorian Chants.

There has been quite a revival in this village since Thursday. The people have organized a Mission Choir and Band, and parade the village before each Service, stopping at intervals to preach, or hold a prayer-meeting in the open air. On our way home a Mussulman woman stopped us to beg money of us; she began her address to Charlton by the title 'Ocean of Mercy, help me!' For poetry this surpasses all the blarney of our Hibernian neighbours at home.

The children here are charming. The little cherubs of animated bronze crowd around me, seize my hands and stroke and caress them—the universal language of love being understood by them, though I cannot speak Bengali.

Their dressmakers' and tailors' bills are not very heavy, as most of the small boys and girls content themselves with wearing a few bangles, a necklace, and a smile (to quote Mark Twain), and that is all."

"Sunday at 9. a.m. we had Morning Prayer with an address, followed by the Holy Communion. It was touching to meet these simple native brothers and sisters at the Lord's Table, and I was glad to note that Charlton has succeeded in breaking down sex prejudice, and that men and women knelt at the Lord's Table at the same time, a thing which we did not see in Calcutta. One incident deserves notice. On receiving the bread one poor man slipped a pice (a large sum for these poor labourers) into the paten as a thank-offering for the privilege of being a guest at the Lord's Table.

The following day a long ride of about twelve miles brought us to the camp of Shaul and Donne (the latter was away), near a heathen village. It was my first attempt to speak to a purely heathen audience who had had no instruction previously; it was a most interesting taste of real Missionary Work."

On returning to Calcutta after a night journey the journal continues:

“And so ended by far the pleasantest ten days I have spent in India.”

After three days at sea on the P. and O. *Khedive*, Martin Hall steamed into Madras Harbour at 6 a.m. He writes: “I was met by the Rev. E. Sell, C.M.S. Secretary for S. India, who drove me off to Christ Church, where I addressed a large gathering of Eurasian children, who listened most attentively; afterwards they presented me with two nice bouquets of flowers.

On the last day spent at Madras Mr. Thwaites and I drove off to call on the Archdeacon, etc., and on the Bishop. He is a kindly old man, a devoted and zealous Christian witness and wonderfully active in his vast diocese at the age of seventy-three. He received us most kindly, and induced us to stay tiffin with him. We met his sister Miss Gell, the Archdeacon, and the Rev. G. Morley, the Bishop’s Chaplain.”

A night and a day in the train brought the visitors to Tinnevely, where followed a busy, happy and hot day’s visiting and addressing schools, Churches and Native Pastors, both there and at Palamcatta.

Onward the journey was continued by bullock Bandy to Paneivelei. Of the latter place, he writes:

“We are here in the midst of a Palmyra growing district, and every Palmyra tree which is tapped is taxed by Government at half an anna per tree, and every Palmyra climber has to hold a licence. The juice when drawn is a sweet refreshing drink, but soon ferments, and becomes intoxicating if kept. They make sugar from this syrup, houses from the wood of the tree (it being white-ant proof), roofs of the leaves, baskets, water-drawers, etc.; in fact it is the one great means of livelihood there.

The secret of the Palmyra tree’s life and fruitfulness lies in the fact of its sending a tap-root far down into the dry ground until at last it strikes water, and thence it draws all the supply it needs.

I find an earnest spirit of prayer and expectation amongst the workers here. May it be more than fulfilled."

"Sunday, March 12. A busy succession of meetings with real tokens of Divine blessing.

It is touching to see so many heathen boys and girls coming every day to the services. About twenty Brahmin boys come in a body daily and listen most eagerly; one of them said, 'Our Hindu Temples have nothing in them for the children; so soon as I am old enough I shall become a Christian.' These Brahmin boys are such nice aristocratic-looking fellows, and, though for the most part quite poor, are little gentlemen to the backbone. I really think that many of them that attend the Mission Schools are Christians at heart, and are only waiting for the age when they may be free to be baptized (sixteen years)."

"March 14. A final thanksgiving service was held at 8 o'clock, upwards of 1,000 present. About twenty-six rupees were given in thank-offerings and some native jewellery (one young girl giving a pair of silver armlets, another screwing out her gold nose jewel, another parting with a ring) towards the Edith Hooper Memorial Church, Jilore, E. Eq. Africa.

On March 16 we steamed into Colombo Harbour at 7.45. The Rev. S. Coles (of Kandy) and the Rev. A. E. Dibben met us in a steam launch, and on landing drove us to Galle Face Church and bungalow.

Colombo is a most cosmopolitan place. The coast Ceylon people are small and effeminate-looking; the men are almost as pretty (I use the word advisedly) as the women; indeed, with their long hair done up in a knot at the back and their front hair kept back with a semi-circular tortoise-shell comb, the men are scarcely distinguishable from the women, as their dress is almost exactly the same. Some of the combinations of European and Singhalese costumes are most ludicrous, e.g. I saw a serving-man with a print

skirt from waist to ankles, bare feet, English shirt, tie and jacket ; the whole surmounted by a battered brown bowler of English make. Another specimen was a child dressed in a long white gown, a battered straw hat and a huge umbrella. This was his (or her, I could not be sure which sex) entire walking costume."

After describing the beautiful and luxuriant scenery the journal goes on :

"March 21, at 5.30 we had a splendid gathering of boys and girls in College Hall. It was a most impressive meeting, one of the most powerful meetings that I have had for children in all this tour. The stream of prayer and praise from the children was most touching. After the other service, one of the boys, a Buddhist, came to tell me that though he had been bitterly opposed to Christianity he had been brought low by my words at morning Prayers, and was truly decided to serve Christ at this evening's meeting. He is anxious to be baptized as soon as possible. His name is D. B. D. Two other boys also came to tell me of their decision to-night for Christ. All this is very cheering. The Lord establish them in His service !

Mr. Thwaites also had a very good time at Trinity Church."

"March 22. In the course of the morning a Singhalese chief called, the grandfather of D., the Buddhist boy who came to see me last night. I had a long conversation with him, through an interpreter, trying to persuade the old gentleman to agree to the baptism of his grandson. He, however, steadily refused to consent, being himself a devout Buddhist, one of the holiest-living heathen men in all Ceylon, I am told.

My conversation gave me a good idea of the difficulties involved in the way of coming out from heathen for Christian baptism. A fruitful and interesting Mission concluded at Galle Face Church, Colombo, on March 29.

At 7.30 we had a most interesting thanksgiving

service at Galle Face; nearly 500 rupees were given, as well as some jewellery, all of which is to be devoted to the Edith Hooper Memorial Church, Jilore, E. Africa. There were many testimonies to blessing received."

Mr. Thwaites sailed for England on March 30, and Martin Hall, after another visit to Kandy, went on to Name Oya. He writes: "I took the train again and travelled up one of the most beautiful and marvellously constructed railways in the world." A visit to a cousin, whose husband has large tea and coffee estates near Talawakele, was a great pleasure to Martin, who writes: "They live at an elevation of about 4,500 ft. amid magnificent scenery, in a lovely, rambling bungalow surrounded by an English-looking garden, if one excepts a grand array of fruitful orange trees."

These two days of rest in the mountains were followed by a descent to Cotta for busy days of Services and Meetings followed by wonderful blessing. The Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin was Martin's kind and helpful host.

The day following the arrival at Cotta, the journal notes:

"In the evening I was rejoiced at the arrival of the Rev. S. Coles, who is going to act as my interpreter. During the thank-offering service one boy (being short of money so near the end of the term) gave his (Indian) silver watch chain. Dear old Mr. Coles was much affected by the simple and interestingly written testimonies of the children to the blessings which they had received. After tiffin Mr. Coles and I drove into Colombo, and I saw him off at Slave Island Station.

He is a rare instance of a veteran of thirty-four years' Missionary service in Ceylon, who betrays more keen spirituality and deep enthusiasm in his work than many of the new Missionaries. He is one of the best Singhalese Scholars in the Island, and is now engaged in a revision of the whole Bible in that language.

The following day we drove down to the quay and embarked on the P. and O. *Massilia* for Egypt. And so I turned my back on Ceylon, after a stay of nearly a month. It is quite the loveliest land I have yet visited and I was quite sorry to leave it. It will always remain in my mind as a land of happy friendships, lovely scenes and blessed opportunities in the Lord's Service."

CHAPTER X

MISSIONARY TOUR CONTINUED TO EGYPT AND PALESTINE

“It shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt, for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and He shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and He shall deliver them.

“And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall do sacrifice and oblation.

“In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrians shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptians into Assyria; and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians.”—ISA. xix. 20, 21, 23.

THE voyage from Ceylon to Egypt was pleasantly varied by the society of the children on board, by Bible readings with fellow Missionaries, and cricket matches on deck, between the first and second saloon passengers, in all of which Martin heartily joined.

At Aden on April 19, the Journal continues :

“In the evening I was delighted to make the acquaintance of a Swedish Missionary in the Central Provinces, India. He is the husband of the late Alexina Mackay Ruthquist (his name being Ruthquist). She was first cousin to Alexander Mackay, of Uganda, and they were brought up as children together in Scotland. Old Dr. Mackay, Alexander’s father, of Ventnor, lent me her memoir written by his daughter when I was there in November last. Mrs. Ruthquist was wonderfully owned of God amongst the Gonds in singing the Gospel to them in their own language and to native music. She died *en route* for England in the Red Sea and was buried at Suez.

Just before breakfast the chief officer caught a fine shark; after hooking him and bringing him along-

side they put five bullets into him, which made him very quiet, then they hoisted him on board, measured him—length 11 feet 10 inches, girth 5 feet—and then slung him up and photographed him. He was decapitated after breakfast by the ship's doctor, who wanted the creature's jaws."

To his mother he wrote from the Gulf of Aden : " It is nice to feel myself ' homeward bound,' though I shall not reach home for some time yet. . . . I am bringing home quite a museum of curios ; my latest acquisition is the skin of a Kabragoya (a kind of infant crocodile), which I slew at Cotta and skinned and cured myself ; I am hoping to have it stuffed that it may adorn my study.

Ismailia. We all started at 1.17 for Cairo. The earlier part of our journey lay through unrelieved desert. We passed through Tel-el-Kebir and fancied we made out the ruins of the Arab zareba round and in which the well-known battle was fought in 1882. The journey was hot and dusty, though the second half was through well irrigated and cultivated country. The gathering in of the corn reminded one of Joseph's days and the lean kine of Pharaoh's dream ; the camels and innumerable asses were perpetual reminders that we were in Bible lands. We reached Cairo at about 5.30, where the Rev. F. F. Adeney, C.M.S. Secretary of the Egypt Mission (an old Cambridge friend of mine), met me and drove me off to the other station in good time to catch the train to Helouan, where he lives. . . .

Already I am impressed with the unwearied, though wearying pertinacity of three classes of the inhabitants of Egypt, viz., the donkey-boys, the mosquitos (which are larger and more energetic than their Indian cousins) and the house-flies, whose number and persistency cause one to wonder whether the plague of flies in Egypt has ever really ceased. I prefer

to read of them in Exodus than to realize them in Egypt."

"Thursday, April 26. An early breakfast gave us ample time to catch an early train to Old Cairo, where I saw the C.M.S. Boys' School. The absence of the Coptic children made the attendance thin. I was interested to meet in the Girls' School, Miss Eva Jackson¹; I had met her at Kersal, Manchester, some years ago. I also visited the C.M.S. Hospital. . . . I then went to the Dispensary, where they treat 7,000 or 8,000 out-patients a year. They have capital premises here, and a good work under the leadership of Dr. Harper, assisted by a native Syrian doctor.²

Whilst the women are waiting their turn a lady Missionary and a Bible-woman talk to them in small groups, and tell them the glad tidings, the native Scripture reader doing the same in the men's waiting-room; thus an immense number of Moslems are reached by the Gospel. Adeney and I went on a tour of inspection to the old Coptic Churches, which are all grouped together in one smelly quarter, amongst dirty and tortuous lanes and alleys. They are for the most part very old, tawdry and dirty, built behind or underneath so-called monasteries and nunneries, which are, however, let out in flats or rooms to any of the destitute or deserving (or neither) of the faithful. There was a special service going on in most of them, as this is their Eastertide. The congregations were very small and seemingly without interest in the service, which was being droned through the nose by a priest. The children played about the Churches and the men chattered whilst the women seemed almost as shut off as their poor Moslem sisters.

¹ Afterwards, in 1897, Mrs. Alex. Chorley Hall, his brother's wife.

² His brother A.C.H. joined Dr. Harper in 1897, and worked with him four years, after which he went to the Soudan.

To see the Copts at worship (!) is to wonder how intelligent people can possibly see any hope of a union between the English and Eastern Churches. The Americans say that so corrupt a parody on Christianity as the Coptic Cult is their chief obstacle to evangelizing the Moslems, which is not to be wondered at. The American Missionaries, therefore, are devoting all their energies to purifying and evangelizing the Coptic Church, before going to the Moslems, who point to the Copts and say 'Look at your Christians.'

The Americans have been much blessed in this work and have large congregations of Christians and Communicants at Assiout (their headquarters), Cairo, etc. They are at work in Egypt in great force, and are on the friendliest terms with the C.M.S. Missionaries. Coptic worship seemed to me worse than Mohammedanism, for they had lost both the 'form' and the 'power' of Godliness, whilst making greater pretensions than the Moslems, the latter being at least free from actual idolatry."

"April 27. Made an early start from Helouan and found a carriage awaiting me at Cairo station. I drove at once to the Pyramids along a well kept and pleasantly shaded road, passing strings of camels on the way; I reached the Pyramids about 11 o'clock, and leaving the carriage mounted a camel, and on this 'ship of the desert' circumnavigated the great Pyramid and the Sphinx, etc. I found the walk of the camel a very pleasant motion, but its trot needs a special education to appreciate it. After my brief desert ride, I dismounted, and after paying the necessary 'backsheesh' to the Sheikh who owns the Pyramids and the adjoining Arab village, I started with two Arab guides to mount the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. They took my hands, and going in advance of me, pulled me up the huge stone steps of about 3 feet 6 inches. They are accustomed to pause

half way up, but my wind and limbs not calling for this semicolon, we pressed on and reached the top in five minutes (exceptionally fast for a novice, I understand) all somewhat out of breath. A lovely view rewarded me on all sides. Cairo, the Nile, the desert, were stretched out in a gorgeous panorama. It was a wonderful thought that on this very pile on which I was standing, the eyes of Moses and of Joseph must often have rested. . . .”

A few more days in Cairo were followed by a return journey to Ismailia and on to Port Said. There Martin Hall went on the *Niger* bound for Jaffa.

“Was roused at 4.30 a.m. on Monday, April 30, by our letting go our anchor off Jaffa. A hasty toilet concluded, I landed in one of Cook’s surf boats. . . .

We visited the house of Simon the tanner, for the genuineness of which site there is something to be said; it is by the seaside, the house is evidently Jewish and extremely ancient, the tanners’ quarters are still just round this spot and we saw them at work almost under the shadow of this house, salting and curing hides on the shore. . . .

The schools were unfortunately closed on account of the Greek Easter festivities, so that I did not see the children this time. . . .

We then visited the beautiful Jaffa Hospital, till lately under the management of the Mildmay Conference Hall. It was built at the sole expense of a former Mildmay Deaconess and is beautifully built and appointed, and has four qualified lady nurses and an English doctor, and also a Native.

There is a flourishing dispensary in connection with it, and a very large number of out-patients attend, and never without hearing the Gospel. Nor is the work without fruit. One touching instance of conversion which I met with was that of a young girl, a widow at seventeen years old, whose grief on the

death of her husband was shewn in the Eastern way by beating her breast ; so violent was her grief that she seriously injured herself and is now dying of cancer in the hospital. I spoke a few words to her through Miss Sharman's interpretation, and her answers were full of intelligent Christian faith and hope, though she came into the hospital a few months since entirely ignorant of saving truth.

After lunch I mounted a nice little Arab horse, my dragoman a less beautiful one, whilst a third undertook my baggage. The harness was in the last stages of consumption, and threatened a momentary collapse ; however, it was better than appearance promised. About fifteen minutes' ride brought us to a well, where we branched off to the left to visit Tabitha's tomb, where, of course, the Greeks have erected a huge showy church. There was not much to repay one's trouble beside a small rock-hewn tomb with three or four compartments. . . .

As we passed into the fertile plains of Sharon, the turf was irresistible to my pony, and so we indulged every few minutes in a furious burst across country, Fouad meekly following at a more cautious pace. The plains here are extraordinarily fertile, as is shewn by the magnificent crops on some land farmed by some Jewish settlers from Germany. Their well-tilled land shewed in strong contrast with the tillage of the ordinary fellaheen or Arab farmers. All along the road we met crowds of Russian pilgrims returning from the Festival of the Easter of the Greek Church, and we also passed a luggage train on the railroad, laden with pilgrims and their properties. Soon we reached Beth-Dagon (House of Dagon) the traditional site of the Temple of Dagon. Some think that it was in these wide-stretching cornfields that Samson turned loose his 300 foxes with lighted tails, but I am in favour rather of the valley of Sorek near Astouf. At about 5 o'clock we rode down the

narrow and odoriferous streets of Lydda (ancient Lydda) and called on the C.M.S. native clergyman, the Rev. Hanna Damishky; we also looked at the Boys' School. It is becoming more difficult every day to reach Moslem children, as the Turkish Government has now started opposition schools, and forbids Moslem children to attend Christian schools under very heavy penalties. They hereby shut one of the most hopeful doors for the entry of the Gospel into this benighted land. . . .

A splendid gallop over the sandy road from Lydda brought us to Ramleh just before sundown. Here the Rev. J. J., the native C.M.S. clergyman, met us, and at once conducted us to the tower, a fine building of 106 feet high, from which we got a magnificent view just before the short twilight faded. I was pleased to hear that both at Jaffa, Lydda and here, the Scripture Union portion is read and explained daily at the beginning of the day's work in all the schools of the C.M.S. Ramleh is probably ancient Gath."

"May 1. (Tuesday.) An early ride, reaching the limits of the Plain of Sharon, to a little village named Ghimso (cf. Joshua). The start was considerably delayed by a search for hammer and nails wherewith to fix a loose shoe on my horse. After repeated assurances that such things as hammer and nails did not exist, I sat down coolly and stated that I should not proceed until they were produced. Seeing that I was firm, they returned to their quest and reappeared in five minutes with hammer and nails and fixed the shoe, which nevertheless came off at a later stage in the journey. We passed across the Valley of Elah, the scene of the encounter between David and Goliath, and also saw the scene of Joshua's victory over the Amorites (cf. Joshua x. 12).

After a hot rocky ride over several ranges of barren hills Neby-Samwel, the reputed grave of Samuel

was reached, the highest point in that part of Syria.

Then we had our first sight of Jerusalem on the opposite heights (the city is 2,600 feet above the Mediterranean). This distant and first view was somewhat disappointing, I admit.

This hill is the probable site of Gibeon, the summer residence of Solomon, and if he be the author of Ps. civ. it seems more than likely that he wrote it here, for the scenery exactly fits in with the majestic descriptions which that Psalm contains, even to 'the great and wide sea also' (i.e. the Mediterranean, which is distinctly visible from this point).

Crossing the Valley, we came to the Damascus Gate at length, passing the rocky 'Tombs of the Judges' and skirting the huge modern town which has rapidly grown up outside the walls of Jerusalem during the last thirty years and less.

Tired and hungry I at last reached the hospitable roof of the Rev. A. H. Kelk, Superintendent of the Palestine Missions of the London Society for the Promotion of Christianity amongst the Jews (L.J.S.)."

"Wednesday, May 20. Made an early start for Bethlehem from the Jaffa Gate . . . Fouad and I pushed on to the Pools of Solomon, a little distance beyond Bethlehem, on the Hebron Road. They are infested with large green frogs which keep up a loud and incessant chorus; so tempting were the deep clear waters of this lowest pool that I could not resist the temptation to bathe; setting Fouad to warn off any ladies who might appear, I climbed down through a large rain culvert to the ledges below, from which I dived into the cold limpid depths and enjoyed a delightful swim. Dressing on the hot stones, I again crawled to upper earth through the culvert, and remounted, and joining another solitary English traveller, rode down the valley which still 'blossoms as a rose' watered by the pools. This fertile valley is supposed to have

been the Gardens of Solomon (cf. Eccles.) and may have inspired some of the imagery of the Song of Songs.

Climbing a very steep rocky path we entered Bethlehem on the south-east side. Lunch in the back room of a shop followed, and then a visit to the Church (or more correctly the Churches) of the Nativity.

In the crypt, dimly lighted by numberless gold and silver lamps, is shewn the stone manger in which our Master was cradled. There is a large degree of probability in favour of this site, but it is loathsomely over-decorated. In incidental confirmation of this site and cave-like manger, I saw just such a manger made in a small cave which formed the back part of a stable on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel. After buying a few curios, and noticing the exceptional beauty of the children of Bethlehem, we started along a rocky road to the lonely monastery of Mar Saba. We passed close to different camps of Bedouins, but we had a sheikh as an escort. His appearance was certainly most picturesque, but as he was only armed with a knife and an old double-barrelled shot-gun and clumsy revolver, he would have been of little use in the case of an attack on our party. However, he is a representative of these Bedouin thieves, and his presence is a guarantee against attack, through an understanding (chiefly pecuniary) with Cook and Son. The path along which we rode was in many places steep, narrow, and treacherous; it was not therefore a matter of great wonder when the path gave way under my pony, who fell and threw me somewhat heavily on to my left shoulder, spraining it, and cutting my left hand on the stones. Fouad was frantic with anxiety, but gradually recovered his customary loquacity. At about four o'clock we reached the lonely monastery, built in a gloomy ravine on the face of the precipice, on the site of a cave in which St. Saba is said to have lived with a

lion, whom he one day discovered invading his quarters. The principal interest in this lonely lodging for the lazy (or as they would say, devout) lies in the fact that within its walls were penned the lines and tune of that immortal hymn 'Art thou weary?' both composed by the Deacon Stephanos (cp. name of tune to this hymn in the Hymnal Companion). The monastery was thronged with Russian pilgrims, devout and ignorant men who reverently kissed every sacred spot or relic on the premises, from the bony skulls of some martyred monks upwards.

Here I found my American companions of the morning, who were also my companions for the night, in a good-sized stone room, surrounded by a stone divan thinly relieved by a rug or carpet. The unwonted hardness of our couch refused comfort to my bruised shoulder and tired limbs, and when, at about 2 a.m., I was on the verge of sleep, a bell began to toll for mass, after which came the droning chants of the half-awake monks in the chapel, next door to our rocky bedrooms. The mosquitos were assiduous in their attentions, and forbade rest.

At 4 a.m. we rose, bitten, stiff and tired. A very early breakfast, and then our cavalcade started for the Dead Sea, where we all gladly indulged in a swim. The water was exceedingly buoyant, and horribly acrid to the taste. Swimming was easy work, even with my disabled shoulder. . . ."

Then followed visits to the Jordan, Jericho, Elijah's spring (cp. 2 Kings) till the travellers came at last to "beautiful little Bethany, nestling on the upper east slope of the Mount of Olives. There is little, if any, room for doubt that this village stands on the exact site of the ancient Bethany. A most bewitching little girl of six or seven besieged me for backsheesh, and by her pretty suppliant face and pleasing importunity nearly beguiled me into giving her of my

substance, but I could not allow myself in so weak a partiality, and so, steeling my heart against her pleadings, I rode away and left her. A short ride over the Mount of the Ascension (and Return, cp. Zech. xiv. 4) of the Lord Jesus, we rode over the brow of the Mount of Olives, and obtained a sudden wide and lovely view of the Holy City, lying like a crown of beauty, even now, upon the summit of the opposite hill.

‘When He beheld the City, He wept over it’ rang in one’s heart, and awakened a flood of holy memories.

Passing into the City of Jerusalem, we made our way down tortuous and odorous lanes to the Jews’ Wailing Place, where a strange sight met our gaze; at the foot of a wall (undoubtedly part of Solomon’s Temple foundation wall) was gathered a dense crowd of Jews, men and women, wailing and reciting prayers for the restoration of their temple and nation.

There was on the whole a professional and perfunctory air about many of the wailers. Two figures, however, stand out in my remembrance; one of an old woman, whose genuine grief and fervour were a most pathetic sight, the other a handsome Jewish lad of about fifteen gazing absorbed at a group of Jewish men chanting their Hebrew prayers in crooning chorus. Utterly unconscious of all around him, his big eyes slowly filled with tears which overflowed and coursed down his cheeks. At length the spell was broken, recollection of his surroundings rudely forced themselves upon his dreams of his people’s future greatness and past glories, and he turned away with a sob, and, leaning his head against the cold but sacred stones, wept a patriot’s genuine, fervent tears.

Leaving this unique scene we made our way through the steep narrow streets, blocked with camels, and rife with smells, to the Jaffa Gate, and thence to the Kelk’s kind roof, tired and not averse to the comforts of dinner and bed.”

In a letter written to his mother from Jerusalem on May 15 he says:

"Last week I was travelling so incessantly on horseback that I missed the mail, and am sorry thereby to have kept you waiting for a letter from me.

Even now with three services a day (at 8.30 a.m., 11 a.m., and 7.30 p.m.) and much still to be seen in this City of sacred interest, I find letter writing by no means easy. I quite hope to land in Plymouth in June . . . and to reach my dear old home on June 7, as I must call at Salisbury *en route*. Cousin Richard is in England, and so cannot have me at Corfu. I leave here (D.V.) on Friday, May 18, for Jaffa and Egypt. I shall probably go direct to Alexandria, and either ship from there to Brindisi, or go back to Port Said and join the P. and O. boat there."

CHAPTER XI

RETURN TO ENGLAND—BUSY MONTHS—READY TO START

“Energy of character has always a power to evolve energy in others. It acts through sympathy, one of the most influential of human agencies. The zealous, energetic man unconsciously carries others along with him. His example is contagious, and compels imitation.”

—SMILES.

“He saw a Hand they could not see
Which beckoned him away ;
He heard a Voice they could not hear
Which would not let him stay.”

“We prayed and bade each other farewell.”

—Acts xxi. 6 (R.V.).

ON June 7, Martin Hall landed in England, refreshed by the voyage, but having left his youthful appearance behind.

Laden with presents for relations and friends, and curios, such as a shepherd's staff, purchased from a lad who was keeping the sheep on the hills of Judea, a sling similiar to that used by David when he slew Goliath, and many other characteristics of the countries which he had visited ; these with his vivid descriptions made the Eastern life and people more realistic to those at home.

Ready and eager to tell of his missionary tour and all that he had learnt which had so stirred his own enthusiasm, he joyfully accepted the many opportunities which were given him as “The Gleaner's Union” visitor to all parts of England.

The anniversary of George Greaves' death was never forgotten by Martin, and he always found time to write to Mrs. Greaves for that day. In July, 1894, he wrote :

“July 12 must not pass without some expression

of my heartfelt and prayerful sympathy with you, any more than it can pass without a recurring flood of memories, sad, thankful and vivid. I never come to that sentence in the prayer for the Church Militant *now*, 'For all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear we bless Thy Holy Name,' without my thoughts going straight to that quiet grave at Zanzibar, and thence to dear George's present 'beyond of bliss and sight,' and 'fulness of joy' in the Lord's presence. As this anniversary comes round to me, it is losing in sadness and gaining in God-given joy and praise. I am so constantly, even now, hearing new testimonies to the power over others of dear George's *life*. He taught me unconsciously how much fuller and more forceful a thing it is to *be* than it is to *seem* or to *say*. His *life* is living amongst us still, may I call it 'the power of an *endless* life'? for it was indeed 'the life of Jesus made manifest in G.'s mortal body.' The 'mortal body' is gone—the Christ life as he manifested it in the prose of everyday life is living still, aye and multiplying. Our community of thought and praise and memories will link us together to-morrow, and always our aspirations to become like him who was in so many ways like his Master.

May God give us all a very blessed 'afterward' of new lessons and joys on this anniversary, which must ever come to some of us with the *freshest* recollections, because the holiest of any of the anniversaries we keep." He added a postscript, "I have been wonderfully prospered of God in preliminary arrangements for Colwyn Bay. I have secured the large public hall for Sunday afternoons, our Missionary day and for Thanksgiving day; and have got a capital house belonging to a large Boys' school, with tennis lawns, gardens and about two and a half acres of ground attached." Ps. ciii. 2.

At the beginning of July, Martin, his brother Alick, the Rev. Stanley Morse, and the Rev. H. T. G. King-

don, left Menai Bridge in a small yacht, for a week's cruise round the Island of Anglesey. They encountered various mishaps. In one place they got ashore with difficulty, after having scraped their keel on a hidden rock which might easily have sunk their boat; they then tramped inland about five miles to the ever hospitable Rectory of Llanfairynghornwy; after spending the evening there, they set out again about 11 p.m. to get back to their boat, over fields and stone walls, losing their way and wandering about tired and wet with the heavy dew till morning, when they caught sight of a fisherman's hut, near which they knew their boat to be anchored. They were thankful to get inside the small wooden shed, and, although in such very close quarters, they managed to get a little sleep before putting out to sea again.

A few days later found the friends at Conway, where they had a look over the quaint old town and castle. After returning to the yacht in the flimsy, collapsible boat, which nearly upset them each time they used it, they decided to go up the Conway River. They were told by some boatmen that the yacht could get under the Suspension Bridge without the risk of fouling it with the mast, the tide having just turned. However, Dr. A. C. Hall, who was steering, suddenly realized, when close to the bridge, that they were a foot out in their calculations; the tide being against them, it was useless to tack, so he coolly turned the boat straight at the bridge, hoping that the impact would break the mast, otherwise they ran the risk of the boat being swamped, at the same time calling out to his companions to take off their boots, and be ready to swim. To their dismay, the mast caught in the lower girders of the bridge, and the yacht heeled over, as the swift current carried her underneath. It was a critical moment, then a crash was heard, and Dr. Hall put up his hands over his head to protect himself, while six feet of the mainmast

crashed down on to the deck, most uncomfortably near him. One of the party describing this wrote : " For a few seconds we all sat looking at each other in dismay, when Dr Hall, the most practical of us all, roused us to our senses by hooking two of the pulley blocks from the broken top into his belt, and, swarming up the mast, endeavoured to rig up, by the best means he could, something to get us out of our difficulty and danger. Before he could complete his work, we were carried on to a sand-bank, which very nearly capsized us. We all sprang to one side of the boat, expecting soon to have to swim for our lives ; all our provisions, clothing, cooking-pans, etc., were rolling in a confused heap to the lowest side. However, we managed to get the anchor out, and gradually the boat righted itself again, and the rising tide floated us off. Riding at anchor, we had time to hold ' a council of war,' and we decided that, in our dilapidated condition, the best thing we could do was to make tracks for home. As Martin had to preach next day, he and I left the yacht at Conway, and went by train to Menai Bridge, while Kingdon and Dr. Hall agreed to sail the little dismantled craft home again."

This they accomplished with difficulty, and some danger and discomfort, the provisions having run short, and so ended this yachting adventure, which was more enjoyed by the Hall brothers than by their less nautical friends.

From August 7 to September 4, Martin Hall conducted the children's services at Colwyn Bay, assisted by the Revs. Stanley Morse and W. S. Standen, and Miss Etches, the latter conducting the well-attended Girls' Meetings. Valuable help was also given at the Boys' Meetings by the Rev. Stanley Morse, Dr. A. C. Hall, Mr. Mark Levy, and the Rev. Hubert Kingdon.

Mrs. Greaves kept house for this happy party, which was joined for one part of the time by Martin Hall's mother and sister.



THE SANDS AT RHYL, MAP OF INDIA.

The Rev. Stanley Morse writes of one evening, when all the workers were gathered together for a devotional meeting :

“ Martin was kneeling by my side when the Spirit of God seemed to be shed mightily upon us. It was a time of consecration, and we were one by one offering ourselves to the Lord for His service wherever He would call us. At this meeting I felt that all my supposed hindrances and reserves were swept away, and I now offered myself for His disposal anywhere. I felt this had been a tremendous decision for me, and as soon as I returned to Derby, I offered myself to the Church Missionary Society, and it was largely the example and influence of Martin Hall which led me to this.”

August 30, at Colwyn Bay, was entirely devoted to the claims of Missions to Jews and heathen. A missionary prayer meeting and address began the day, followed by a children's missionary meeting on the beach at 3.30, a ladies' missionary meeting, addressed by Mrs. Ainsworth (who presided), Mrs. Greaves, of the C.E.Z.M.S., and Miss Etches.

“ All the afternoon was occupied in making a large map of India on the sands, and at four o'clock the Rev. Martin J. Hall journeyed through this miniature India, describing his recent missionary tour through that Empire and Ceylon. A large crowd listened attentively.” This was a very impressive time to many, and the evening missionary meeting in the Public Hall was solemn and interesting as well as stirring. Not only the children, but the workers also, received great help from the services at Colwyn Bay.

Now began a busy autumn of visiting Gleaners' Union Branches in various parts of England, to which congenial task Martin was appointed by the Church Missionary Society.

He had then much correspondence with Bishop Tucker about the needs of Uganda. The Bishop was in England and able to inquire personally as to

Martin's suitability for the work, after which he wrote : "Should God make the way plain for you to come to Uganda, I should greatly rejoice; may His Divine Guidance be graciously vouchsafed to you."

Martin, writing to his sister on October 26, 1894, says:

"The C.M.S. have been pressing me for a decided answer about my going to Africa next June; after much prayer, I have said 'Yes.' Poor mother is fretting about it, pray much for her that she may see the privilege of giving me to such a work."

It was so true what his brother Alick wrote afterwards: "His loyalty to God and love to his Lord never diminished, but ever deepened his love to his mother. I think there are some 'candidates in waiting' in these days who need to be reminded in this direction; obedience to God practically seems to involve, in the minds of some, a lack of tender regard for those parents who may not see as they do." It cannot be conceived that one, to whom home ties were so dear, and one susceptible of such warm and tender attachment to his family, affection for his friends and love for his native country, could resolve to leave all without severe conflict of mind. Martin had long faced the pain of parting, and had so fully counted the cost, that now, when it was finally settled that he was to go to Uganda, he put all such natural feelings in the background, and dwelt chiefly on his great commission and his preparation for its fulfilment. Writing from Birmingham, where he was holding a Mission, early in November 1894, he said: "On Friday I was examined by the C. M. S. doctor, for Uganda, and passed with flying colours. 'This is another mercy.'"

In the early summer of that year, Bishop Tucker had visited Durham and given a most heart-stirring address on missionary work in Uganda. Dr. and Mrs. Pearse had been wishing for some time that the Durham friends should support their own representative in the

foreign field, therefore the Bishop's appeal met with a hearty response. The following autumn, Martin Hall went up to speak for the Church Missionary Union in Durham; he gave three helpful and earnest addresses and preached in St. Nicholas' Church on Sunday. When he mentioned to Dr. Pearse that he had offered to the C.M.S. and hoped to be appointed to Uganda, the friends there felt that this was the missionary for whom they had been praying to be their representative, and in a short time all was happily thus arranged. Early in 1895, he went to St. Albans to conduct a Mission, which was a most successful one, Miss Etches, as on several previous occasions, taking the Girls' meetings.

The last Christmas at home, with its inevitable shadow of the approaching parting, was brightened by a happy thought of Martin's, in bringing back two of his little girl friends from London—Edith E., aged nine, and Gwyneth, aged five, who had recently lost their mother.

In ministering to the happiness of these little sisters all the family added to their own. The brother in London, who was in charge of the Islington Medical Mission, gave up his few days' holiday and did not join the Homefield party, as one of his poor little patients was dying, and her parents did not like the idea of her having another doctor. So he remained at his post.

"A spirit of urgency is upon me," wrote Martin to his sister during a series of Meetings he was holding in Cambridge in February, "and I want to make the best use I can of the last few months in England. The time is short!" And so the busy months flew by, and only one week of holiday with his brother Alick would he allow himself, of which the latter wrote afterwards: "In our yachting cruise in Poole Harbour, when at the Mouth of the Bewley River we were very nearly drowned in a rising storm rowing back to our yacht in a little canvas 'dinghy,' I remember his saying

very quietly as I was pulling the boat shorewards again, 'I think the Lord has work for me in Africa before He takes me Home.'” As the time of departure drew near, Martin spent any days he could snatch from his many engagements with his mother and sister at Congleton, and later at Menai Bridge, and there, on May 5, he preached once more in the church from St. John xvi. 16, “A little while.” “Hours—days—weeks—earthly life completed, each ‘a little while.’ Eternity alone is a long while from a Christian’s standpoint——‘It is expedient that I go away’ for their love’s sake, faith’s sake, hope’s sake. It should one day mean light on the withholdings of God.’

Then very tenderly and impersonally he spoke of the parting of Christ from His disciples, and of the Comforter promised to them, laying stress upon the ‘*I must work,*’ St. John ix. 4.”

All had a special meaning, a message of comfort, for two hearts in that little church.

Most reverently would we touch upon the parting between Martin and his mother which took place at Menai Bridge.

Was he less a man, ready to face danger and difficulty in a far country, because, after his last evening prayer with his family, his sorrow for a time overwhelmed him as he clung to his mother with tenderest affection, and for a few moments mingled his tears with hers? Soon he became calm, and strong and brave again, as he set forth on his midnight walk to the station to take the train to London. That time of solitude under the starlit sky doubtless soothed and comforted his full heart, and was some preparation for the great Farewell Meeting for Missionaries at Exeter Hall on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII

FAREWELL ! THE JOURNEY TO UGANDA

“They who love Jesus never say ‘Good-bye’ for the last time.”—THE REV. G. H. V. GREAVES’ FAREWELL SERMON, St. Silas’, Lozells, Birmingham.

“The peaceful joys of home behind,
Danger and death before,
Right cheerfully they set their face
To seek the foreign shore.
For Christ has called, and His dear word
Brings bliss whate’er betide ;
’Tis not alone, ’tis with their Lord
They seek the ‘other side.’

Christ in the fondly-loved ‘behind,’
Christ in the bright ‘before’ ;
Oh ! blest are they who start with Him
To seek the foreign shore !
Christ is their fair, unfading Light,
Christ is their Shield and Sword,
Christ is their Keeper, day and night ;
And Christ their rich Reward !”

—SARAH GERALDINE STOCK.

“SATURDAY, May 18, 1895. We had a farewell Communion Service at eleven in St. Paul’s Church, Southampton, with an address by the Rev. W. S. Standen, on 1 Cor. xi. *Three Looks*. (1) A look *back* to ‘the Lord’s Death’ ; (2) A look *forward* ‘till He come’ ; (3) A look *up*.

He spoke of how he and his congregation had long (ever since 1891) had a strong belief that on dear George Greaves being called Home, I was appointed of God to take his place. As I had always had the same strong feeling it was a matter of joy and help that other members of the Body of Christ should have

had the same nerve touched by the Holy Spirit so long ago as three and a half years.

Immediately after service Mr. Standen and I were driven off by Mrs. Evered Poole to take lunch at their house. An early and hasty lunch over, we drove down to the Docks, doing some final shopping *en route*. We arrived at the Docks just as the Union Express from Waterloo was steaming alongside the *Guelph*. We found a large contingent of 'Gleaners' from Salisbury, Southampton and Southsea assembled to bid us 'God-speed.' The train brought several other friends, most important of whom were my two brothers. Hurried farewells, ten farewell telegrams, and happy tokens of bygone service in the old country in the shape of a bevy of children who had been at my services at Bournemouth and others; agreeable surprises, in the way of kind faces from places so distant as Birmingham, are dear recollections amid the confusion and sadness of the farewell hour. Then the slow throb of the engines and a parting hymn ('God be with you till we meet again') from the crowd of friends on the quay, and our last material links with our native land were severed and we set our faces to seek the land whither God is calling us.

'Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne
Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away,
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.'"

The Uganda party consisted of the first five ladies to be sent to that distant land, viz, Miss Browne, Miss Chadwick, Miss Furley, Miss Filgrim and Miss Thomsett, the Rev. Martin J. Hall, the Rev. T. R. Buckley, Dr. Rattray, Mr. F. H. Wright, Mr. A. Wilson, and Mr. J. B. Purvis.

The long voyage of about seven weeks was varied by Bible readings, intercourse with fellow Missionaries and passengers, story-telling to the little ones, meet-

ings with all who liked to join, games on deck, with the excitement of occasionally touching land.

On Monday, June 10, the *Guelph* reached Cape Town, where Martin Hall met many friends. He took train to Claremont to speak at a large gathering of about 500 children, who taxed the capacities of the room to the utmost, sitting two on each chair in many cases. The meeting over, he caught the train back to the capital, where he addressed a meeting of Gleaners' Union Secretaries at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms. He then took train for Port Elizabeth. He writes :

"June 12. A long monotonous day in the train through a barren country, the interminable stony plain dotted over with the Karoo bush about twelve inches high.

The recurring meals broke the monotony occasionally, also the encounter with about twelve baboons, who sat on the line, careless of danger. One made bold to dispute possession with the engine, but got caught under the cow-catcher (the iron grid projecting from the front of the engine) had his head cut off, and paid for his cheek with his life, poor fellow. They were huge creatures, some of them would stand fully five feet high if they stood upright. We passed any number of ostriches feeding without fear quite close to the line."

"Wednesday, June 19. We reached Durban about 4.30. A bustling time getting our baggage on to the lighter. Several friends went ashore here with whom we were very sorry to part. After lunch we embarked on a tug after taking leave of kind Captain Morton. At last when nearly dark we got on board the *Kaiser*. She is fairly comfortable, though we miss many of the comforts of the dear old *Guelph*, from which nearly forty passengers have transferred to the *Kaiser*, so that we are not amongst strangers."

DARES SALAAM, GERMAN E. AFRICA

July 1, 1895.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Your letters at Cape Town and at Durban were such a pleasure to me, and I cannot say how thankful I was to get them, and to hear that you are well and restful about me. I am in splendid health, though feeling fat and lazy after my six weeks at sea with so little exercise. It seems strange to be spending my birthday in this far away place, but when I opened your and Sissy's packets this morning, it seemed to reduce the sense of distance wonderfully. Thank you so much for the lovely case of needles. The ladies are quite 'green with envy' at my having such a splendid collection of needles. This is such a pretty spot. An almost land-locked harbour, fringed with cocoanut palms and bananas, baobabs, etc. The houses are modern, well built bungalows, and the place tastefully laid out and cleanly kept. It is the headquarters of the German Administration of German East Africa, and a place of growing importance. We leave here to-morrow morning, and hope to reach Zanzibar early in the afternoon (four hours' steaming). There we have to change steamers again, an unexpected incident. However, it will give us time to buy our donkeys, cloth and barter goods, etc., for up country, as we shall not leave for four or five days. I shall hope to write again before leaving there, but am finishing off this to catch the French Mail to-morrow in Zanzibar, so that you may get it a week earlier. Of the doings of our voyage up to this point, you will learn fully from the journals which I am posting to you. It has been too long, and I venture to think that we should have done better to come the other way, as the Red Sea is not so very much hotter than what we are getting here . . . not that I personally have not enjoyed the voyage immensely, if only for the opportunities of reading and Bible study which

it has brought me, beyond any that I have enjoyed for years past. I am bewildered with the clamour of four or five German officers on one side, and by a steam crane on the other, and find it exceedingly difficult to collect my wits.

God has been wonderfully good to us all the way so far, and we have no cares for the future. Health, harmony and happiness have been granted us, and such real spiritual fellowship with one another in our daily Bible readings. . . .

God keep and bless you, dearest mother. I value your prayers for me. Have no fears about the answers to them. Much love to C., Sissy, Alick and yourself from

Your loving son,
MARTIN HALL."

"Tuesday July 2. Anchored off Zanzibar between one and two o'clock. Mr. J. F. Sleeman met us on board and brought some of us a budget of home letters, and one for me from the Bishop telling me that our Caravan is now ready. We shall muster between 500 and 600 souls. . . .

Just four years ago this week my beloved friend George Greaves was brought over from the mainland to die in the very hospital where our ladies are now staying. It is almost solemn to be walking these streets, the last that he ever saw on earth. When shall I see him next?"

"Thursday, July 4. Made an early start on a donkey to visit the grave of dear George Greaves. . . .

I walked out to the English Cemetery, and stood with feelings of sorrow and solemn purpose by the grave-side of my beloved brother. A fresh dedicating there of myself to God's service, to take up the sword and trowel dropped four years since by my brother. I turned quietly back to Zanzibar in the fading light more than ever conscious of the solemn

trust with which I am left in charge, to 'fulfil this ministry received of the Lord.' I picked up a spent bullet on the grave—a kind of parable of my friend's life and death. A finished course, and that without injury to any ; such was my beloved friend's."

"July 12. I hope to visit his grave to-morrow. His memory is much with me, and I cannot quite stifle the sigh that he is not at my side now as we had so often hoped and prayed." (*From Diary.*)

"Saturday, July 20. We had an early breakfast and parade of loads, after which the six men of our party started on our first march, the Bishop, Dr. Baxter and the ladies following in the afternoon. We had barely two hours' march along the 18-inch path until we struck the Mackinnon Road, which leads all the way to Kibwezi. We beguiled the way by singing, accompanied by Purvis' concertina. On reaching Mwachi we found the camp pitched and Monro arrived. It took several hours to sort out all the tents and other loads and to get the tents pitched. On the arrival of the Bishop we were scolded for the choice of site for the tents, as in our anxiety to get the shade of the trees we had pitched too near some swampy ground. However, we spent our first night fairly comfortably."

"Sunday, July 21. (A short march was necessary in order to reach water.) The drum roused us at 4 a.m. We got a solid breakfast by light of a lantern at about 4.30 (porridge, meat, biscuits, tea and jam), it being most necessary to have a thoroughly good meal before starting, however early the start. Our loads were all off the ground, and we on the march by 6.30. Being our first night in camp, much confusion prevailed. It did not seem much like Sunday ; three and a half hours' marching brought us to Majiya Chumvi (= salt water) so named from the brackish taste of the water, even when boiled. In the afternoon we had a short service in the Bishop's tent for our boys and the Christian porters. I preached to



THE UGANDA PARTY OF 1895 IN MATCHING COSTUME.

them through Dr. B.'s interpretation from Matthew iii. 14, 'I have need.' A quiet evening over my Bible."

"Monday, July 22. (Four hours' march.) The drum sounded at 4 o'clock and we got off about 4.45. A hot, uninteresting march brought us to Samburn. We passed five dead camels on the road, part of a camel caravan of Smith Mackenzie's of twenty-eight camels, which we found encamped close to us. Just before reaching camp I caught a tiny tortoise which I gave to Miss B., who is a great lover of such creatures. We had a Bible reading in the afternoon in Monro's tent, which he kindly lent for the purpose. The Bishop took Ephesians i. 1-6 as his subject and was interesting. Dr. R. opened his Dispensary and Surgery and was soon busy with plenty of patients. Dr. B. and I tried the experiment of jumping over a camel's back when it was lying down. In each case the camel started to its feet, but not before we had virtually cleared it."

(From a letter to his sister.) "July 29, 1895. We are now fairly on our way. All, by God's goodness, in splendid health and myself with the appetite of a wolf. We have at present come about 110 miles from the coast and are now encamped in a lovely spot. Behind us a mountain of 6,000 or 7,000 feet, just overshadowing us; to our left groves of fine and graceful trees, in front rolling plains for countless miles, broken here and there by hills which look like islands rising out of a blue sea. We got in here yesterday after a short march of two and three-quarter hours and have been here since. We leave (D.V.) for a three and a half hours' march at 1.30 or 2 this afternoon. Now that we have fallen into our places, we like this wild, free life very well, though I put on a linen collar and a white tie yesterday, and have a shave each day, just to keep myself civilized. We are dependent for fresh meat on a

herd of goats, one of which we kill every other day, each mess (we are divided into five messes of two or three each) taking it in turns to kill their goat and divide it amongst all the messes. The reason for this is that the boys and cook of the mess that kills, get the head and other perquisites for themselves. Our larder is now being stocked further with guinea fowl, of which the Bishop shot two yesterday, and Dr. Baxter five to-day. The ladies are doing well. They walk, ride on donkeys or are carried in chairs by turns. The two Irish ladies are full of go, viz., Misses Chadwick and Browne, and the other day escaped from the Doctor and walked the whole march of sixteen miles, no light matter in this climate. I went out shooting with Dr. Baxter on Saturday evening, but though we saw a gazelle and four antelope, a large kind, we could not get a shot as the cover was too thick. We also saw a leopard as we came home in the dusk, but it was too dark to venture a shot, as a leopard only wounded is an ugly customer in the dark.

On two occasions (and it will be so again at tonight's camp) we have had only such water as we carried, washing was a forbidden luxury, but I managed to get a teacupful of water which had been used for washing up our spoons and knives, and after straining it through a towel got enough for a sponge down and a shave. Such is life out here at times, but of course one did not come out here in expectation of luxuries. Safari (caravan) life is trying to one's patience at times. Your kettle lid lost—your candle globe smashed—your enamel ware chipped—your bath key gone, your forks half cleaned, your tea made with salt water, your camp stool soaked with paraffin, etc., are just a few of the petty vexations of the first eight days' march. As you know how particular I am about my things, you can sympathize with me and pray for me. . . . We have a Bible reading on each day on which it is possible, in the Bishop's tent.

each of the men taking it in turns to conduct. They are times of refreshing. Yesterday we had Holy Communion and my heart was much with all the friends, who, at home, would be meeting at the Lord's Table."

"Saturday, August 3. (*Extract from Diary.*) Dick's Safari, carrying ivory to the coast, passed on with much noise and drumming at about 6.30. After lunch tents were struck, loads shouldered, and we marched at 1.15. We soon came upon a stream, where we saw a most remarkable flight of scores of white butterflies, hovering on the water . . . Miss C. mounted her donkey, but W. had forgotten to tighten the girths and the saddle suddenly turned, spilling Miss C. partly in the stream and partly on the bank, but she was happily unhurt. Soon after starting we came upon Dick's tent. Miss F.'s donkey made a rush for it (riderless at the time) and got the pommel of the saddle fairly mixed with the tent ropes. It did its best to tow the tent off the ground bodily, and nearly succeeded. Dick was writing inside, and came to the door, but took the affair most calmly, saying that his tent was pitched too much on the road, which certainly was the case. A pleasant but rather hot march brought us to Kibwezi. The last bit lay through typical tropical forest scenery, with thick undergrowth, overhanging creepers, scented air, and shaded path, etc. Near Kibwezi too, lie some beautiful but very unhealthy marshes which made the station an unwholesome one in many ways. On walking past the Scotch Industrial Mission here, we were kindly waylaid by Messrs. Watson and Paterson, and given a most welcome cup of tea. We encamped in a pretty spot about 200 yards away. Just as we were pitching our tents a momentary scare was caused by a leopard bounding through the camp, within about fifteen yards of my tent.

"Sunday, August 4. Kibwezi. A real day of rest

at length. We all met at Holy Communion in the Scotch Mission Church at 7.30 a.m., the Bishop officiating, seventeen Europeans present. A most interesting, and helpful time. Never in the history of Kibwezi has there been such a gathering of English Christians round the Lord's Table. At 10 a.m. we had a Ki-Swahili Service for the boys and porters, when Dr. Baxter preached.

Monday, August 5. At our halting-place Miss B. caught a small chameleon, which afforded us much amusement by changing colour according to the colour of the material on which it happened to be, brown on Miss B.'s dress, white on a piece of paper, and so on. . . .

At length we reached our camp at Makindo (3,500 feet above sea level). This is the camp from which the ill-fated Dr. Charteris and Mr. Colquhoun went out shooting last year, never to return, and without leaving the smallest trace of what had become of them. Either they were killed by Masai, or (more probably) lost in the bush and killed by lions. Here we saw a vast flight of locusts. Some of them flew through our camp. They must have averaged three inches in length, and the air was thick with them.

Great excitement this evening on account of the arrival of English Mails. My share included some papers, two kind letters from Mrs. Clegg (one of which had been to Bombay and come back) and a welcome parcel of towels from Mrs. Baskerville. These proved of such superior quality that all the members of our mess voted it sacrilege to use them for anything less honourable than tablecloths, so we put one on our dinner-table then and there. Dr. Baxter shot a hartebeest (the largest variety of horned antelope) *en route*, which caused huge excitement amongst the porters. They dropped their loads and rushed off to the scene of action, knives waving in their hands, on the chance of getting⁷ even a scrap of fresh meat.

Two gathered toes and a torn blister have made my marching a painful pilgrimage these last few days."

"Wednesday, August 7, 1895. Dr. B., Dr. R., Buckley and I all went out at 6 a.m. on a shooting expedition. Monro very kindly lent me his rifle, mine being too light for big game. We were out for about two hours and saw the trail of elephant, zebra, lion, rhinoceros, and antelope, but did not see any big game, except a fine zebra and three kanga (guinea-fowl) which Dr. B. shot. Dr. Rattray secured a gazelle, whilst Wilson came in later with three kanga."

"Thursday, August 8. At about 5.30 we began a long march (sixteen miles) to Nzoi. After about three hours' (for me very painful) marching, we called a halt nearer a lovely river, which might have been in Derbyshire, or North Wales or Ireland, rather than in Central Africa. An enormous expedition of ants were trying to cross the river. They must have measured, with all the windings of their column, not less than sixty yards in length, and about three to four inches in width. Their numbers were countless, their order perfect, their movements unhesitating. It was an astonishing sight, and one wondered how the common purpose and impulse which underlay such precision and order of movement had been communicated to such an enormous number of these small creatures. They got on to the legs of the donkeys, and of some of the boys, and bit them vigorously. . . .

We were soon surrounded by groups of Wa-Kamba, a pastoral people, who inhabit these parts very thickly. Amongst them was an old man who played a one-stringed instrument with a bow. He was evidently regarded as no mean performer. Misses Browne and Chadwick essayed to play this queer violin, to the great amusement of the natives. They smeared their dresses with the mixture of red earth and oil, with which instrument and performer were plentifully

bedaubed. The Wa-Kamba women were strangely attired in a scanty goat-skin garment, slung over one shoulder, a girdle of beads about four to six inches deep round the waist, from which hung a tiny apron about twelve inches square in front, and leather swallow-tails behind, fined down to a point. They were greatly interested in the English ladies, who good-naturedly put themselves on show. Most of them had never seen a white woman, for only two European ladies (Mrs. Stewart Watts and Mrs. Schiebler) have ever been up so far as this before. The men were more decently attired in a castor-oiled cloak reaching to the knees back and front. . . . The last enormity by my boy is, that he tied a leaking paraffin can on to the load of rice which is to last our mess all the way to Uganda, with the result that most of it is now soaked with that interesting fluid."

"Wednesday, August 14. Machako's. The Bishop and Dr. B. started at 8 a.m. to visit Mr. Stewart-Watts, formerly a C.M.S. Missionary at Mwapwapwa, but now living in the mountains, three hours from here, with his wife and five children, as an independent missionary. . . . The Bishop and the Doctor returned at about six o'clock, having spent a pleasant day with the Watts. They brought back with them as a present five loads of potatoes and three ostrich eggs, one of which came to our mess to be shared with the others."

"Thursday, August 15. Mr. Stewart Watts came over, bringing three of his children (Martha aged nine, a boy about seven, and Eva about five) and a large present of fruit, chiefly delicious cape gooseberries. . . . It was so refreshing to see these sweet, healthy little English faces in this far off land, and they were almost smothered with attentions by the ladies. These little people came up here with their parents about two years ago, in the rainy season, and, though wet through day after day, seemed none the worse for it,

the baby being at the time barely two months old ; so that the achievement of our party of ladies is nothing so very startling after all, so far as the first 300 miles of the journey is concerned. Mr. Watts lives with his wife and children in a remote place in the hills called Ngulani, where they live on the produce of the country and are exactly like a 'Swiss Family Robinson,' in real life. . . . We left Machako's at 1 o'clock, after quite a touching good-bye to the dear little Watts children. In spite of their wild surroundings they have been beautifully brought up, and have most charming manners and look the picture of health. It seemed like breaking one more link with civilization to say farewell to these dear little people, the last white children we are likely to see for five or six years."

"Friday, August 16. We were off at 6.30 a.m. and marched for three hours. In the meantime we had been passing along the plains, the finest shooting ground for big game in all East Africa. I pushed on ahead of the Safari and got a shot at a drove of zebra and a large herd of kingoni. My small rifle was not enough for such big game. I succeeded, however, in wounding a zebra slightly, but it got away. Soon afterwards the Bishop and Dr. B., who were ahead, had a close view of four lions. The Doctor came upon two of them suddenly, only 100 yards away, whilst he was stalking some antelope. Soon after he shot a nymuba (a kind of cross between a kingoni and a buffalo) about the size of a donkey, though it is a distinct breed from either.

On reaching camp, I was glad to find that Mr. Stewart Watts had turned up again, having brought over some strawberry plants for the ladies to take up to Uganda ; so that our friends at home may yet hear of our having strawberries and cream.

Monro came in late, having shot a gazelle and a huge rhinoceros, which thirty-six porters brought in

piece-meal, the head being an enormous thing with the horns on the snout. The meat is strong, but was shared by the porters with great rejoicing. In cutting it up they dipped their feet in its blood, as they believed it to have a good medicinal virtue for their feet."

(Extract from a letter written to Miss B., the Irish lady with whom he corresponded when at school and who used to send him notes on the Collects.)

"August 20, 1895. Your kind farewell note has not been forgotten, though I have been so long in answering it. I was sorry to see that it was written in pencil, as it seemed to say that you were still a prisoner in bed. However, the ministry of intercession is still yours, and will one day prove to have been the most powerful ministry of any. I count on you as 'a helper together' by prayer for me, as you may count on me. For years past it has been my practice to remember you by name in my prayers every Tuesday morning, for to few, under God, do I owe more at a critical time in my life than to yourself, the first Christian friend to whom I could or did turn for spiritual counsel and help. And now mine is the grace to 'do' (2 Corinthians ix. 8), whilst yours is perhaps the yet higher grace to 'suffer' (2 Corinthians xii. 8, 9).

With my heart's prayer of years, now so near fulfilment, my heart is full of solemn joy. To find myself at length, after eight years of prayerful waiting, 320 miles into the interior of Africa, in splendid health and full of hope, is no small matter for praise.

Though for me, after my tour through India, unveiled heathenism is no novelty, yet it has lost nothing of its sadness, nor hatefulness as a standing dishonour to the name and character of Our God. May God preserve me from ever getting used to it as a kind of necessary evil! May He keep my heart in fresh and yearning sympathy with His own concerning

these perishing millions. It is solemn and sad to march day after day through these vast thickly-populated regions of fine, willing people and to know that for the Wa-Kamba, a shepherd people, of about 1,000,000 it is thought, there are only two Missionaries of any kind; one an Englishman, working on his own account and at his own charges, the other a German, also I believe 'a freelance,' whilst for the Kikuyu, a huge tribe through whose country we are now passing, there is not a solitary Christian teacher or Missionary of any sort. I am thankful, however, to say that Bishop Tucker is taking immediate steps to start a Mission here, a splendid centre, with a magnificent climate, at an elevation of 6,300 feet above the sea. Sweet green grass and clover and true shamrock remind the English and Irish members of our party alike of home. We are making a stay of about three days to do some re-organizing of the caravan and loads; no small matter, as ours is the largest caravan which has ever gone up by this route to Uganda. We number fourteen Europeans and about 500 natives, quite a young army of porters and cooks, and boys (personal servants) and headmen, etc. It is sad to know that most of our porters are slaves owned by rich Arabs down at the coast, who pocket all their earnings on their return. It seems strangely inconsistent that this should still be going on, but so it is.

This is a land of oppression and wrong in which the weakest go to the wall. *But* 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.'

With Christian love and gratitude for all your former kindnesses,

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,
MARTIN HALL."

"Tuesday, August 20. Fort Smith. There was a thick Scotch mist over the camp in the morning, so I did not hurry to leave my tent and had a great washing of clothes, etc., by my boy. As he generally consumes

an inordinate quantity of soap over the operation with very inadequate results, I made him do the washing in my bath, under my eye, with unusually good results, and a much more modest expenditure of soap. . . . R. came round and borrowed everybody's knives and forks, plates, cups, spoons, etc., as they have invited us *all* to dinner at the Fort to-night, and they have not appliances for so large an invasion of guests. At 7.30 we all (fourteen Europeans) adjourned to the Fort for dinner and sat down, seventeen in all, at a prettily laid table, and did ample justice to a most sumptuous dinner, consisting (except the tea) wholly of products of the country—if I except the dessert."

THE FORT, ELDOMA RAVINE, MAU MTS.

September 30, 1895.

"Again a welcome opportunity has come of sending you news of myself and my movements thus far on the way. Except for a sore toe (gathered) which made marching painful sometimes, I have not had an ache or a pain since leaving the coast. But even that has now recovered, and in this almost English climate (we are 7,000 feet up in the mountains) I feel in buoyant health. All this is a cause for praise to Our Heavenly Father, whose care of me here in Africa is not less than it was in England or in India. . . .

Since last writing we have had an interesting meeting with my old Cambridge friends, Messrs. Baskerville and Pilkington. We met in the middle of a march unfortunately, and so only had about an hour together. They looked in splendid health and are good testimonies to the healthiness of the climate in Uganda. Mr. Baskerville has not had a touch of fever for three years, although he used to be much subject to it on the way up. . . . We have been marching up and up, and to-morrow night expect to camp at an elevation of 8,500 feet, and to have a very cold

night with a possible frost. It will try our porters sorely, and we expect to lose some men up there through the cold, which tries them fearfully. Few caravans cross this Mau Pass without leaving some porters dead on the road. Indeed, we have already seen some of the shady side of caravan life. Only yesterday we met three men starving to death by the roadside, having had no food for three or four days. This is an uncultivated and foodless, though very fertile, country, and each porter has beans for ten days given him, which he carries with him. These men, being sick, had been left by a Government caravan with only food enough for one day, and they had not strength to come back here, so had lain down to die. We have passed five corpses of men lying in starvation quarters on the path. It is grim work if by any miscalculation food runs short here. The railway will alleviate an enormous amount of suffering of this kind, and for that reason will be a blessing to Africa. It is to be begun next year sometime."

MUMIA'S, KAVIRONDO,

September 17, 1895.

"We are now within a fortnight (D.V.) of Mengo, the capital of Uganda, and already feel within real touch with this land of our desires and prayers, for yesterday we were met here by several of the Christian chiefs of Uganda, who are on their way back from a military expedition, against some rebel tribes near here, against whom our Government is making war in retaliation for the murder of fifty men a few weeks ago. Some of the Uganda troops joined the Government force of Soudanese soldiers and have taken a part in the fighting. The chiefs called on me in my tent yesterday. One was the Commander-in-Chief of Mwanga's army, a most charming man, in bearing a prince and a soldier, in manners, a most refined gentleman. He, with several lesser chiefs, were charmed

to find that I knew Dr. Gaskoin Wright, who was in their country for eighteen months as a medical missionary, but who is now in Palestine in charge of a C.M.S. Hospital there. I stayed two nights with him there last year. Dr. Wright went out in the same party as dear Peter in 1891. This is the place where two years ago Bishop Tucker found the bones of Bishop Hannington buried, which he took on with him and buried at Mengo. To me who had personally known Hannington, to whom my first interest in Uganda was due, it was intensely interesting to visit the spot where his remains were found. He was actually murdered at Luba's, about six days further on, but the bones were brought down here and hidden under the floor of a native house. There is a Government fort and station here now, and this will soon become an important centre. We are now in a thickly populated and well tilled country, where we can buy abundance of bananas and sweet potatoes and beans, etc., a great relief after incessant jam and biscuits, with few or no fresh vegetables. In spite of their prosperity, their knowledge of husbandry, etc., these Wakavirondo, have not yet emerged from the crudest savagery. Neither men, women, nor children, as a general rule, have any clothing whatever, though their moral condition is certainly not worse than their more civilized friends at the coast. There was a C.M.S. Mission Station here, but it had to be closed for lack of food, etc. I hope, however, that the Bishop will soon see his way clear again to open a work for God amongst this teeming population.

We are having a few days' rest here, waiting for the caravan to cross a big river. As there are only two big canoes and a 'dug-out' (viz., a canoe made of the hollowed trunk of a single tree), it is a long process to get 500 men and their loads over so swift a stream. However, most of them are over now, and we hope to cross to-morrow at about noon. The country

through which we have been passing for a week or more is full of swamps, through which we have to wade or ride or be carried. We have a violent thunderstorm almost every day, but generally manage to get our tents up before the rain comes.

However, last week we were caught in a most terrific storm of rain and hail, so severe that in ten minutes a stream eighteen inches deep had risen to nearly three feet. We were all soaked, and so severe was the effect of the cold and exposure on the porters, that eleven died in camp before next morning. None of us, however, are a bit the worse, except that Miss C. caught a cold from being so long in wet clothes. The loss of life on these caravan journeys is often very terrible, and makes one long for the completion of the railway, when caravans will be no more.

We had a little anxiety and excitement for about a week or ten days, as a wounded man came into camp saying that nearly all his caravan had been murdered by the Wa Nandi, a hostile tribe, at the Gasso Masai River. He had a bad spear wound. We found his story to be quite true, though at first we were disinclined to believe it. He was one of twenty-six men whom Mr. Munro (our caravan leader) had sent in advance of us, with loads of beads with which to buy food, and with a special C.M.S. mail to Uganda. The Wa Nandi surprised them when sleeping encamped on the bank of a river at two o'clock one morning (Aug. 22) and butchered seventeen of them in a few minutes. The remainder escaped, some eastwards, some westwards. When we reached the scene of the attack last week, we found the ground white with papers, letters, etc., and a large consignment of small Luganda Concordances which were going up to Archdeacon Walker. We managed to pick up 800 copies of these, and to dry them in the sun, and are taking them on with us. For about eight or nine nights we had to post special sentries round our camp all night, and we

(the European men) took watches of three hours each, inspecting the guard and changing it, patrolling the camp and generally keeping things on the *qui vive*. It was cold work turning out at midnight, and rambling through the sleeping forms of the porters till 3 a.m., then to turn in and snatch two brief hours' more sleep. However, at the Gasso Masai River an escort of Soudanese soldiers from here met us, and managed their own sentry work. We are now in friendly country and all danger over, and are full of thankfulness to Him who promised 'I am thy shield.'

In case you should like to know my whereabouts look in a recent map of Africa for Mt. Elgon, and near it, S.E., for the Nzoi River, which is the one which we hope to cross to-morrow, the last considerable river before we come to the Nile in about eight or ten days."

(*Diary.*) "September 18, 1895. To our great regret Miss Chadwick is down with fever, her temperature went up to 105°, got lower about midnight, but again rose to 103° before morning."

"September 19. As Miss C. was no better it was decided that she, Miss F. and Miss T. should remain with Dr. Baxter, whilst the rest of us pushed on, as the men are short of food, and none can be obtained here."

"September 20, Friday. Purvis and I found and obtained a slave stick in camp, said to have been left by the Waganda, who brought up some prisoners of war in these sticks from their recent expedition. The fork is of a very heavy branch. The neck of the victim is inserted and secured behind by a thong from one prong of the fork to the other. It is in such sticks that slaves are strung together and driven to the coast."

"Saturday, September 21. We made a prompt start at 6.15 and marched through a pass in some

wooded hills north of our camp. After about two and a half hours we got our first view (a distant one) of the Victoria Nyanza.

Just as we were finishing dinner at 4 p.m. the rear column was sighted and we all turned out to meet them at the bridge. Miss C. was evidently very weak and had been carried all the way in a hammock. They had caught us up by making one and a half marches for two days. We were very glad to be all together again, especially as we soon expect our first break in the ranks, when in a few days we leave one of the laymen at Luba's for work in Busoga."

"Sunday, September 22. We got a fine view of the Nyanza south of us about six or seven miles. We passed many prosperous villages . . . and the boundary between Kavirondo and Busoga, and camped in the latter country. The transition was clearly marked if only by the fact that now the people wear clothes (of Uganda bark-cloth) and they speak another language. On reaching camp we found wild tomatoes growing in great profusion. We speedily laid in a stock for cooking and found them delicious, though small. The chief sent the Bishop some banana juice drink, unfermented. It had a most delicate and refreshing flavour. The Bishop kindly brought us some hot mashed bananas, which were fairly good with plenty of gravy and seasoning. They form the staple food in Uganda in this form."

"Monday, September 23, 1895. Our march to-day took us through a lovely piece of country, through shady and luxuriant groves of bananas all under cultivation. Villages lay hidden in leafy depths and voices echoed on either side of the path amid the dense foliage. This is a veritable land of plenty, and Busoga is very clearly distinguished from any country through which we have yet passed. The people are fully dressed, have handsome and intelligent faces and fully developed bodies. . . . One feature of to-day's march

was the excellent condition of the road. The feudal system prevails here, each petty chief is pledged to contribute a certain number of fighting men to keep the road in his country in good order. He also pays a certain tribute to his superior chief or chiefs. It seems to work well. . . . Only nine marches more to Mengo ! ”

“ Thursday, September 26, 1895. Mkoba to Lubwa’s. Our path was for some distance not unlike an English country lane, with tall hedges on either side and gardens beyond. Then came a hot and shadeless stretch across bridged swamps. After two and a half hours we came upon our halting-place and found that the Rev. F. Rowling had come to meet us. He and the Bishop went out together for a private talk, which resulted in the decision that Wilson should remain here and Crabtree go and start a work at Miro’s, about two days north of here. . . . The Bishop, Dr. B. and our mess found comfortable quarters in Rowling’s house, the ladies in a new house which is to be Wilson’s. . . . It seemed quite curious to find ourselves in a house once more after two months under canvas, but an agreeable change. . . . About two miles from the Mission house we passed an old road on the right which used to lead to Lubwa’s old capital, where Bishop Hannington was made prisoner, and close to which he was murdered.”

“ Friday, September 27. The main body of the porters made a start at about 7 a.m. for the Lake and are to begin crossing to-day. Our mess are enjoying the luxury of a lazy morning in the verandah, writing, reading, and chatting. Lunch at 1.30, after which I continued to revel in Dr. George Smith’s charming *Biography of Henry Martyn*, a treasure which Wilson unearthed from amongst his books this morning.”

“ Saturday, September 28. We got away about 9.15, and after about twenty minutes’ walk up a steep hill a glorious view of the Lake burst upon our sight,

with Uganda on the far side, and the Bavuma Islands on the left (S). The view of this arm of the Victoria Nyanza, viz., Napoleon Gulf, reminded me a good deal of the view from the hills behind Windermere (town) looking down upon the Lake. Miss P. was at the top of the hill first of the ladies, and was thus the first Englishwoman to see Uganda and the Victoria Nyanza. When all the party had reached this spot, at the Bishop's happy suggestion we all joined in the Doxology, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' On reaching the shore of the Lake we found that only eleven of our canoes had turned up out of thirty. Eleven was an insufficient number for us and our loads, though the main body of our caravans had already crossed safely, and so we got orders to pitch tents for the night."

"Sunday, September 29. We struck tents at about 9 a.m. on hearing that thirty canoes had come. We made our way to the Lake side and found a huge and noisy crowd of Wasoga, Waganda ferry men, etc.

Embarkation was a hot and tedious, as well as frightfully noisy, business, and I was not sorry at length to find myself in a small (five or six paddles) canoe with Dr. R. and our two boys, and about six men for a crew. I was much struck with the canoes and the rate which they travelled, propelled by as many as twenty-four paddles in some cases. Every canoe has a huge prow crowned with antelope horns, and generally connected with the body of the vessel by a fringed line. They are all painted a light red, and a flotilla of them looks very imposing. . . . An hour's passage and we landed in Uganda! 'The Lord's Day,' our first in this land of our prayers and hopes, to which we have come so far with a message of a dying, risen, and coming Saviour, a message of resurrection from death and darkness, to Eternal Life in Christ. I felt much moved on reaching the land at length, and my prayer was that of Henry

Martyn on landing in India ninety years ago. 'Now let me burn out for God!' We found most of our party already landed and trying to avoid the blazing heat of the sun under the awning of Mr. Munro's tent. We had our lunch there, and at length, on the arrival of the Bishop, started for camp (two hours away). Our road lay up a steep ascent, over blazing hot rocks, and as it was now the hottest part of the day, we had some 'melting moments.' However, we had our reward in the view from the shoulder-summit. Below us, and on our left and behind, stretched Napoleon Gulf with its winding bays, its lovely islands, its flashing water. In front, in hazy majesty, stretched the great Nyanza, about 220 miles long, a place in which you could lose the whole of Scotland, an inland sea with a big future."

"Monday, September 30. A very short, hot and pretty march, brought us one more stage on our journey . . . The chief here was absent, but left a deputy who received us very heartily. Especially gratifying was a welcome from two native Christian teachers; they had already heard from some of the war party that one of our number had visited Jacob's well at Sychar, and on my being introduced as the 'the man who had sat on Jacob's well,' I found myself the object of much interest and kindness, for I received two special presents of sweet bananas and two eggs. . . . At six o'clock we all went (by invitation of the two teachers) to evening worship in the little church, inside the chief's boma (enclosure). A fairly large and most reverent congregation gathered in the dark little thatched building. The service began with a hymn where each sang his own version of a well known English tune. Then followed prayers, consisting in the General Confession, the Lord's Prayer, the Gloria (said), the Apostles' Creed. An earnest, fluent and lengthy extempore prayer followed and then came the grace. It was a blessed privilege to meet thus in worship with those who

had (in many cases) but just groped their way into the saving light of the Gospel, which had come 'not in word only, but also in power.' There was nothing perfunctory about the Service. All seemed earnest and real."

"Tuesday, October 1, 1895. Monde's to Ngogwe, four hours. After three and a half (very hot) hours we came upon the Bishop resting outside a chief's boma just off the road. Here I was almost smothered with greetings from the native Christians who had come down from the Mission at Ngogwe. The Rev. H. Blackledge was also there, and I renewed my acquaintance with the Christian chief, Mika Sematimba, whom I had met in England two or three years ago, when calling on Archdeacon Walker at his brother's house. I was also introduced to the Rev. Jonathani, a deacon who gave up an important chieftainship that he might enter the Christian ministry. I was at once struck by his face, all alight with holy joy and love, and full of intelligence. I am not surprised at hearing since that he is a man of most original mind and a preacher of great power. . . . After a tumultuous greeting of the ladies by crowds of women, we sat down in the shade for lunch. That function over, we resumed our march and soon reached, though by a very steep climb, the C.M.S. Station of Ngogwe. A well-kept garden led up to a beautifully built house, with walls of plaited reeds. A fine lofty room had in it a well spread table. Fresh milk, fruit (guavas and bananas) and tea were pressed upon us. Mr. Blackledge very kindly arrested the tide of visitors at the garden gateway and gave the ladies breathing space at length. A few privileged ones, however, were admitted, amongst others a fine old Christian chief named Isaiah, who almost wept for joy on seeing the Bishop back again in Uganda. This Obadiah of modern days sheltered from the vengeance and persecution of the modern Ahab (Mwanga) the refugee Christians, and had meetings, etc., for them in his gar-

den and in his house all through the persecutions. His dear old face beamed with Christian joy and love. It is a privilege to know some of these modern heroes of faith. A generous lunch (entirely of the food of the country, at which all of us and Munro were present, preceded a most delightful thanksgiving service in the pretty church close by, to which we were summoned by the beating of a most magnificent drum about four feet high given by a Christian chief as 'the Church Bell.' A congregation of fully 400 persons were seated on the floor. After shortened Evening Prayers the Bishop gave a simple address in English interpreted by Dr. B. Altogether it was a most inspiring sight to see this gathering in a place where three years ago the work of the C.M.S. Missionaries was only just beginning. A fruitful field indeed this had been! God be praised!"

"Thursday, October 3. We had a pleasant rest after three hours' march, then two hot hours more. We suddenly came upon the Government road to the capital, a fine clearing through the forest, as wide as Regent Street, London, in places. . . . Just before dinner Messrs. Roscoe, Miller, Leakey, and Lloyd walked in from the capital, which we can see from our camp about eight miles away. . . . We managed to put up Lloyd and Miller for the night in camp, whilst the other two returned to Mengo. All seemed full of joy at the arrival of the ladies."

"Friday, October 5. Msalsala's to Mengo. A memorable day! Starting from camp we marched for Mengo at 6.30. Crowds increased along the road until we reached the well-built (two-storied) house of Samwili, formerly one of the most powerful chiefs in the country, but who resigned his chieftainship in order to become a Christian teacher. Here we met many interesting persons of whom one had often read; e.g., Samwili, who was selected as one of the Embassy which went to the coast to represent King Mwanga at the time

that the Protectorate was being established—a thorough gentleman, who with his wife and mother received us all most hospitably, and treated us all to a cup of tea out of English cups. The milk was excellent in quality and generous in quantity. We also met the Rev. Henry Wright Duta, one of Mackay's earliest converts, and also at one time possessor of a high place at court, which he also abandoned for the Christian ministry. . . . He speaks English a little, and has been of great use to Pilkington in translation work. We also met a royal Princess—a sister of the King—who had come out to greet the ladies. We also saw an old lady named Mary, once a maker of heathen shrines, now a devout Christian. She had been suffering for some time past from bad legs, but, stimulated by love and joy, had walked out to Samwili's and in the evening called on me to say that she was recovered of her ailment, and only feared lest she should die of joy at seeing English ladies here at length. . . . Messrs. Walker, Lloyd, Leakey and Miller, Pike and Sugden met us and guided us through surging crowds of kindly faces to Nambirembe, the C.M.S. Hill. Here for awhile we escaped the tumultuous greetings of our friends; the ladies were housed temporarily in Miller's house. . . . In the afternoon we all went up to the church—a magnificent building, constructed much on the principle of a gigantic, inverted hamper, the very beams being made of reeds sewn up in grass. A building without a nail, to hold 5,000 persons, is more than English builders could compass, I imagine.

After inspecting the church, we adjourned to a kind of big schoolroom close by, where about 300 women were waiting to welcome the ladies. Amongst others present was the King's chief wife, a charming lady with refined and pleasing manners, as well as several princesses. Royal ladies have little to distinguish them from others save that they wear a dark girdle of bark

cloth round their robe of the same material, where other women would wear a white or coloured one. They cheered and shouted for joy, after which the ladies had to walk down the room to shake hands with them. . . . The ladies sang an English Hymn for their dark sisters. They shouted with delight and then sang (frightfully out of tune) some Luganda Hymns."

CHAPTER XIII

AT WORK IN AFRICA AT LAST!

“Man is not a mariner left to sink or swim upon a stormy sea of circumstances, as fate or chance may determine. His life is rather the fulfilment of an appointed course; and though he may not know its whence or whither, there is nevertheless a precious freight for his bark, a highway on the main for his voyaging, and a load-star that brings him to his desired haven.”—J. M. MATHER.

THE Diary continues on October 5, 1895, at Mengo. “Last night Wright’s Martini rifle was cut out of its case in or near his tent and stolen, so to-night the Kakungulu, or Comander-in-Chief, sent four of his soldiers fully armed to keep guard over our tents and boxes, so that we might sleep without any fears. These thieves (all Mohammedans) are most daring, and go about armed with guns, which they fire on the smallest provocation. Not long since they crept into a native house, close to where my tent now stands, and stole from a sleeping girl the bark cloth in which she was wrapped without awaking her, so soundly do the natives sleep and so skilfully do the thieves steal.

In the afternoon Miller, Dr. R., Buckley and I walked over to Kampala, the Government Fort. On the way we met Mr. Wilson, the Civil Resident at Kampala, and Lieut Vandaleur, R.E., to whom we were introduced. We afterwards went up Mengo Hill to call on the Katikiro or Prime Minister, an earnest Christian man. He uses his great influence always in favour of the C.M.S. Mission, with each member of which he is on most friendly terms. He was not at home, however.”

"Sunday, October 6, 1895. Mengo. We went to church at 8.45, when several had prayer in the vestry ; after which we went into the service at nine o'clock. Here a wonderful sight met our eyes. Fully 4,000 persons seated on the floor of the huge church, whilst about 2,000 more crowded the verandahs and the compound outside ! The service was most reverent and hearty. All the principal chiefs and court ladies were there, and also the King, of whom I got my first sight. He was by no means a prepossessing looking man, plainly dressed. He sat close to me, his chair covered with a handsome leopard skin, and placed on a gaudy hearthrug. The Bishop preached and was interpreted by Archdeacon Walker. Then followed the Holy Communion, when 291 of our brethren and sisters in Christ knelt at the Lord's Table. . . . I did not go to the afternoon service, as I had found the three hours' morning service in an unknown tongue a sufficient strain for one day. Some forty baptisms took place, making the number of baptisms for the last nine months in the Mengo district alone nearly 2,000 (1978, I think)."

"Monday, October 7. Mengo. . . . The ladies are flooded with visitors morn, noon, and almost into the night.

The Finance Committee sat all morning and decided our respective posts. Purvis to go back to a Station three hours away from here ; Buckley is to go back with Leahey to Bulamwezi, Wright is to go to Ngogwe to learn the language with Blackledge. Gordon, who is now in the Sesse Islands, is to be asked to go and take over the work at Nassa at the South end of the Lake, where he had worked before and learned the language, and I am to take his place in the Islands, and to be alone there in charge of all that growing and hopeful work. In every way the sphere promises to be a most delightful and congenial one. . . I am greatly rejoiced at so kind a choice on the Bishop's

part, in which he says he was strongly influenced by my nautical tastes and training in cruising, etc. God is very good to me in all His choice of my different spheres of work during the last eight years."

"Tuesday, October 8. My clock was stolen from my tent last evening, so that the sun is now my only means of measuring the time. In the afternoon we all, except the Bishop and the ladies, went up to the Court to the King's Baraza (reception), which he now holds monthly. We passed through several enclosures of high reed fencing, and then found ourselves facing the throne room. At our entrance we were announced by a bugle call, and found the king, an ordinary looking man, with a shifty, uneasy expression about the eyes, seated at the end of the room on a gaudy, gilded throne, presented by the late I.B.E.A. Co., and bearing their crest on the back. On either side sat the Katikiro, or Prime Minister, the principal chiefs, and on his right the R.C. Bishop and his Priests, Lieut. Vandaleur and Munro, and on the left all the C.M.S. men. The king was nervous and silent, and the monotony of the proceedings was only broken by Leakey taking a photograph of the whole scene. The king took no notice of us as we entered, and we were not introduced to him. The great point in court etiquette here is to keep from treading on the king's carpet, a handsome mat with a splendid leopard skin on it. V., knowing nothing of this rule, planted himself right on the reserved spot, but fortunately the king had just gone into the next room and did not see. We followed, and found afternoon tea provided in English cups (borrowed from Wilson at the Fort). The tea was weak and milky and so was the conversation. At last came a welcome signal to leave, and the king went to the compound, where he shook hands with each of us as we went out."

Writing to his brother, he says:—

MENGO, UGANDA,
October 8, 1895.

“VERY DEAR A.—

First and most *you* are on my heart and mind as I sit down to write from this place, which seems so far from everywhere except from Heaven. We reached here on Friday, October 4, after a most wonderful journey; God-given weather, and God-given health have been continuous outward mercies. . . .

This is a wonderful country, with the most charming, intelligent and lovable people that I have ever met in any of the lands that I have visited. A wonderful climate where, with precautions, a man may enjoy immunity from fever for years together. Food is excellent and plentiful, and with the exception of salt, sugar and tea, it would be perfectly possible to live with health and comfort on nothing but native products. Meat, vegetables, milk, eggs, flour, fruit, coffee, are all articles in common use among these people.

Best of all, here is a people thirsting for *knowledge*, and in very many cases thirsting for Life Eternal, for pardon, peace and power. . . . Pray that I may have a very special new anointing of the Holy Ghost, enabling me to grapple with the language and the immense opportunities of this new work. It was cheering to get Ex. iii. 12 in the portion for the day on which I entered Mengo, whilst the question in to-day's portion awakened me to much searching of heart and motives in the Presence of God. Ex. v. 22, ‘Why is it that Thou hast sent *me*?’

On Sunday I was thinking of and praying much about you and your path. Is it to be hither also? Continuing the day's portion for Sunday, October 6, the words, ‘The Lord said to Aaron, Go into the wilderness to meet Moses’ (Ex. v. 27) came to me with startling power and meaning.

Dr. Baxter, the Bishop, Archdeacon Walker and

the others are urgent in their desire for a resident C.M.S. doctor here. With the increasing number of Missionaries (five of them now ladies) the one Government Doctor, who lives twenty miles from Mengo and is generally inaccessible to us, is not sufficient for European needs, apart from the native sufferers. Dr. R. will not be staying here more than a year, if so long, and Dr. Baxter is leaving in two or three weeks. The Bishop is eager that I should ask you to face the facts and seek light as to whether it is a Divine call to you hither or no. . . .

Will you pray over these facts in special relation to your own future path? . . . With much love and real fellowship in our one Lord,

I remain ever,

Your loving brother,
M."

"Wednesday, October 9. Namirembe. We got up early and breakfasted in good time, as our cook Edgar and Buckley's and Dr. R.'s boys were getting away early to join the caravan going back to the coast. We bade them farewell after breakfast, and ourselves hastened off to church, where there was a splendid congregation for the short address and morning prayers. As it was mail day, everybody was very busy writing home. I called at the ladies' house for the first time, and found it quite homelike and cosy in appearance, though they are still unpacking. . . . The Bishop and the ladies were received by the king in the afternoon. He was, they said, very gentlemanly—indeed, quite courtly—and said some very nice things about their arrival in his country."

"Thursday, October 10, 1895. I called on the Bishop in reference to his proposal that I should start at once for the Islands to see the work and talk things quietly over with Gordon face to face. He thinks that I had best start on Monday to the nearest post on the Lake,

about eight miles from here, sleep there on Monday night, and embark on a canoe of Gordon's which has just come up there, and start the next day for one of the most northerly of the group of Islands, where I am hoping that Gordon may still be. I took my old pith helmet to Miss B. for repairs. . . . She did not shrink from the colossal task (for the hat looks a mere wreck), but as she was busy marking house linen I relieved her of that while she addressed herself to the hat. They are finding a difficulty in getting house girls, as all are now shy of coming. They dread the unknown out here, be it good or bad. . . ."

"Friday, October 11. Mengo. At 9.20 the drum at the big church sounded for the monthly Missionary Meeting—a memorable gathering, from which the morning meeting of C.M.S. in Exeter Hall in May might not wholly unprofitably take a wrinkle. Being a wet, stormy morning (!) about 2,000 persons were present. Facing the congregation sat six teachers who are just going forth to other provinces supported by the churches at Mengo. A hymn opened the meeting, followed by an extempore prayer by any one present. Then followed the various speakers representing different provinces and districts.

1. The Rev. H. R. Sugden spoke of the work in Singo, and speaking of—

- (1) The preparation needed for Missionaries.
- (2) The need of more teachers in these two provinces.
- (3) The difficulties, especially through the opposition of a big chief out there.

2. Bukoba was well represented by a most valuable and spiritual native teacher. . . . At his place over 600 meet for worship on Sundays and over 200 every week-day. He said that there were ten churches in his district, with congregations varying from 60 to 200, without any teacher at all. 'Now,' he said, 'this 'is your best reason for praying for this special corner. Remember that Christ did not stop in

Jerusalem, but went about. I must go to the other cities also. So must you all go not only to preach in church, but in the gardens in which you work, etc.'

3. Busoga was pleaded for by an elderly man, brother of the teacher to whom I am going (D.V.) on the Sesse Islands. . . .

4. Roscoe gave an earnest closing word after reading out the balance sheet, and commenting on the adverse balance of 2,000 shells, which, however, was met by drawing on a special fund (now just finished) raised by the sale of the Katikiro's horse some time back. To-day he has sent a fine bullock to the collection. . . . The offerings were chiefly in kind—bananas, fowls (living and noisy), sugar cane, etc. . . .

There was a ring and power about this meeting which was most refreshing. I wish all the monthly meetings at home were half so well attended, and shewed half the practical force and usefulness."

"Monday, October 14. Mengo to Kazi, 10 miles. I had an early alarm (much earlier than I had expected) of my porters. However, I packed hastily and got away my ten loads before breakfast. I did not start with them, having several farewells to say, etc. I bade good-bye to Walker, etc., the Bishop, the ladies, and Miller and Leahey. For the last time the 'United Kingdom Alliance' messed together. A storm delayed my start till 3.30, when Dr. R. and Buckley came with me a short way and then left me to my three boys. We pushed on at a rapid pace through long, wet grass and one or two unbridged swamps, over which my boy Mukasa carried me well. My boys' names are Andrew, Enoch, and Mukasa. We reached Kazi on the Lake just as it got dark, having missed our way once. I was not sorry to find my tent ready pitched, and after setting it to rights I got a dinner and a shave, both welcome. The chief was most friendly and sent me a present of bananas mashed,

a fowl, a bowl of delicious milk, some sweet bananas and a huge bundle of gonjas (cooking bananas) and some (African) eggs. The mosquitoes were numberless."

"Tuesday, October 15. Kazi to Sesse Islands. I rose at daybreak, and after a helpful 'morning watch' and a scratch breakfast waited for the rain to stop before striking my tent, etc. I got off in two canoes (one for myself and one for my loads, each about eight paddles) at about 8 a.m., and sped along the quiet waters at a good pace, calling at one island to caulk the seams of my canoe, which leaked abominably. Indeed, one old man was set apart for the duty of baling as we went along, and he dared not take more than three minutes' rest at a time, lest we should fill and sink. The planks are sewn together, and at best are never quite water-tight, but this was a worse than average specimen. . . .

A long paddle brought us to the Island of Nsogi. Here I encamped on good ground just outside the village, receiving a warm welcome and Christian hospitality from a young man named Zaccheus, either the chief or the teacher, I am not sure which. The joy of God was in his face, the book of God was in his hand, and we at once clasped hands as brothers in Christ. How clearly understood is this language of Christian love even by those whose earthly tongues are so different. I retired early, and fell asleep to the sound of a Christian hymn in the village close by, thanking God for the Light of life having reached and triumphed in this recently heathen island."

"Wednesday, October 16. I woke up in time for a good 'morning watch.' Felt deep but futile longings to speak to these dear people of the 'grace of God which bringeth Salvation.' I could only point out to the teacher 2 Cor. xiii. 14, and by signs express that it was my prayer for all on that island.

A long, fast paddle brought us at about 2 o'clock to the small island of Kitobo. Dr. George Smith's *Life*

of *Henry Martyn* was my delightful companion during the long sunny hours of the morning, and I came to the last page with real regret. Martyn's missionary life closed at the same age at which mine is beginning, thirty-one years. How little should I have to shew for my life work were it to close before next birthday! Perhaps the chief and most abiding usefulness in the Church of God of this biography has been the conviction of unworthiness and incompleteness in the reader which is produced. One feels such a spiritual dwarf both in spirit and service beside sainted Henry Martyn. I have met one life which reminds me of his in its purity and singleness of purpose and unworldliness, G. H. V. G's. . . .

Whilst my boys were cooking a trifling lunch for me on the shore, I wandered up a steep and leafy path, and discovered a village where I received a warm welcome from these dear Christian kinsmen in the Lord. They led me with joy and pride to their tiny church, and thence to a house where some women were learning to read. I had to hasten back to my lunch on the shore. . . . We embarked again and paddled for about two hours to the island of Bufumira. I received a most affectionate welcome from the chief and Christians. . . . These kindly people would not hear of my going further in search of Gordon, as he is to call here in a day or two on his way to Bukasa Island (his home). At their request, therefore, I sent him a letter asking him to come to me here as soon as possible. Meanwhile, I am in simple but delightful quarters, enjoying many little acts of delicate Christian courtesy at my host's hands, which one would perhaps expect in a refined English home, but which come as a welcome surprise in a place just emerged from heathenism and savagery. Truly the Gospel received in power is the most refining influence in the world. . . ."

"Thursday, October 17, 1895. I received a call from

the chief of the island. As I expressed a wish for another view of Gordon's house on Bukasa (this time through my field glass) he accompanied me with his servant through his shamba to a good point of view. His courtesy and kindness were perhaps only exceeded by his astonishment on seeing the view through my glasses. He was lost in wonder. The view was enchanting and from different parts in our walk we had lovely views of about 14 islands. . . .

During dinner came a note from Gordon saying that he hopes to call here on Saturday and to take me to Bukasa that afternoon. He says that he does not feel led to go to Nassa, which will probably mean that my fond hopes of these islands as my delightful sphere will be unfulfilled. I still hope on, but perhaps this is another of the withholdings of God (with its attendant blessings) in store for me. 'The Lord planneth for me,' and that suffices."

"Friday, October 18. I went to the simple little service about 9 a.m., and enjoyed all save the discordant singing of two hymns. . . . Spent a quiet morning writing and in Bible study. . . . At about 4 p.m. my boy Mukasa and I went for a stroll. I took my gun with me and a small boy as guide, and was piloted through the most exquisite tropical forest scenery to some marshy land near the Lake, which was drained partially for growth of sweet potatoes. Here we soon put up, four splendid crested cranes at about forty yards. I fired one barrel and bagged one and wounded another, which, however, got away. The crane was a big and extremely handsome bird, with huge grey wings, lined with white feathers and red near the body. On its head was a black velvety cap and a fine golden crest about three inches high, an aigrette. It measured four feet from the feet to the top of the crest."

"Saturday, October 19. Just after I had finished breakfast Gordon's boy arrived panting and excited with the news that his master had landed. I went out

to meet him and saw him just coming up the hill, a little older looking than when we met at Keswick in '92, and rather worn and tired. He came in and had some refreshments, and then we adjourned to the church for a valedictory dismissal of six teachers to other islands. . . . We had some lunch, and then having packed I went down to the lake with my loads whilst Gordon gave a short address in church. . . . coming on later. After about two hours we reached Bukasa just before sundown and made our way to Gordon's house, which, however, we found to be unfinished. I found quarters in what is to be the boys' house. Gordon (with whom I am to feed) lives about 200 yards away in a most primitive cabin. He has one room and his boys the other, or rather the second room is shared by a goat, two kids, and five boys, besides numberless visitors dropping in throughout the day. Gordon's one room lets the rain through the roof in such generous streams that whenever it rains his bath has to be placed on the floor to prevent a flood. But here in quarters less comfortable than any Irish cabin I have ever seen lives this quiet Christian toiler, who has given twelve and a half years of the best of his life to God's work in this land. Gentle, gifted in the language (now engaged in translating the *Pilgrim's Progress* into Luganda), beloved by these simple Islanders as a father by his children, content to be unknown—here lives a Christian of whom the world at large will probably never hear, but who is very dear, I am sure, to his Master. It is no small privilege to enjoy fellowship with such a man for a time. We closed the evening by family prayers for the boys in Luganda, and then in English for ourselves."

"Sunday, October 20. Island of Bukasa. After breakfast we went to church at about 9.30 and found a good congregation gathered. As Gordon is musical, the singing was much more tuneful than at Mengo or Bufumira. A native teacher read prayers and Gordon

the Ante-Communion service, after which he preached from John xiv. 6, after he had given a short account of his tour among the islands. At 2.30 we had another service with a smaller congregation, when I preached, through Gordon's able interpretation, from Heb. iv. 13. I enjoyed some real sense of the Spirit's presence and power, and the people listened very attentively."

"Monday, October 21. After lunch I left Gordon to continue his translation of the *Pilgrim's Progress* and made my way to my small house. By the help of a spade I levelled the mud floor, two men put up a stage of branches of about 3 ft. 6 ins., to keep my boxes off the ground, and that none too soon, for to my dismay I found that the white ants take no Sunday rest, and had ruined the lid and hinges (leather) of my rifle case."

"Wednesday, October 23. Gordon's birthday. He had a disturbed night, as the red ants got amongst the four youngest members of his numerous family (i.e. the four little goats) and made them so noisy and unhappy that everybody had to turn out and hunt the ants in the small hours of the morning. This is the third or fourth time lately that this midnight diversion has been carried on by the red ants. I spent the morning studying Luganda until nearly twelve when I took my rifle to slay a hornbill, who was making an unearthly noise in a neighbouring tree. When, however, I came out 'the bird was flown.' At about 12.30, I went over to G.'s to make a curry for dinner which was a great success."

"Sunday, October 27. A day of pure joys! A happy service at 9.30, followed by the Holy Communion. Gordon preached on 'Christian Assurance,' from John x. 27, 28, the words which, under God, produced such a spiritual crisis in my own soul's history in Harry MacInnes' rooms eleven years ago. On returning from church, came a large and most welcome English

mail, sixteen of the dear home letters for which I have been waiting for three months. . . .

In the afternoon we had a most interesting service, in the course of which fourteen candidates were admitted into Christ's visible church by baptism."

"Wednesday, October 30. I sampled another African delicacy at dinner, viz. a special kind of green grasshopper boiled and afterwards fried. They were most delicious, not unlike the best variety (Parkgate) of English shrimps, only much superior to them. With a little practice and a few English *methods* (not materials) of cooking, it will be possible to live most comfortably on the produce and food of the country. Salt, tea, pepper and cocoa are really the only things for which we need be dependent on home supplies."

"Thursday, November 7. C.'s birthday; a call for special prayer. I read Luganda in the morning and afternoon, and went out shooting at five o'clock and got a hornbill, a most quaint bird of the parrot kind. It seemed unable ever to come to the ground, and apparently spends its whole life in trees or on the wing. It only attempts short flights, about which it makes quite a disproportionate preliminary fuss and noise, shrieking like a man being murdered. At the climax of the tragedy indicated, it precipitates itself into the air and hurries along with a puffing sound expressive of a high state of effort and excitement, reminding one of a small and fussy steam launch. Its unwieldy-looking beak gives it a most absurd appearance. However it proved a welcome addition to our empty larder."

"Saturday, November 9. I had a letter from the Bishop asking me to make all speed to my new quarters at Ngogwe, as Blackledge has been ill, and he had to send for Rattray to nurse him."

"Tuesday, November 12. . . . At about 4.30 I bade farewell to G. (after some prayer together), and walked for about an hour to where my loads and

canoe were waiting . . . At length, after many delays, we reached the island of Bubeki in the dark, amid the snorts of a hippo and a chorus of frogs. After a dark and stumbling march of about a mile we reached a village, and I found comfortable, though rather smoky quarters in the chief's house. I had family prayers in stumbling fashion for my boys, and a few strangers who dropped in. I could only read hesitatingly part of a chapter, two collects, the Lord's Prayer and the Grace, but still it is a witness that we are a Christian household and of one family in Christ."

"Saturday, November 16, 1895. I reached the mission house at about eight o'clock and found Blackledge alone, convalescent after his sharp attack, but looking much reduced. He gave me a most kind welcome and gladdened me with a batch of papers and letters just come by the mail from England. . . ."

"Tuesday, 19 November, 1895. Ngogwe. We went to the morning service at nine o'clock and found a large number of reading and catechism classes present. . . . At about five o'clock Blackledge and I, hearing that an European was in camp at the bottom of the hill, went down and found J., one of the Government men from Kampala, going down to take command of the Fort at the Eldoma Ravine. He gave us an interesting account of the evidence of two boys escaped from Stokes' (a trader) camp at Lindi, where he was hung by the Belgians. The story is briefly this. Stokes was trading for ivory with a chief with whom the Congo Free State happened to be at war, and not having received the full consignment, Stokes had come up to claim the rest. On calling at the Belgian Station with a few armed Askaris, he was at once seized by order of the commandant (a Frenchman) and clapped into the guard-room on the charge of selling arms in a prohibited region. A mock trial seems to have been held—no witnesses being called—and Stokes was sentenced to be hanged the next day.

The majority of the Congo Free State officers protested, but the commandant was obdurate. Stokes asked for pen, ink and paper, and wrote for five hours a full statement and defence of his case, which was taken, at his request, to the commandant. He was at lunch when the paper came, and is said with an oath to have torn it in pieces unread. Fearing lest his diabolical injustice should miscarry, he got up at about 2 a.m., and with his own hands is said to have helped to hang poor Stokes."

"Thursday, November 21. Morning service at nine. At eleven o'clock Henry Mukasa came to coach me in Luganda, especially in reading the Communion Service, as B. is very anxious for me to take it on Sunday, as he is not yet in full orders."

(From a letter).

NGOGWE,

November 26, 1895.

"I am now settled in most comfortable quarters in Geo. Baskerville's house. All my loads have now come, and I have just finished getting my things nicely arranged about me; a real mercy after six months of makeshift experiences. Another mercy is that I have received a boy to look after my room etc., who has (rarest of virtues in Africa) a 'tidy bump,' and who takes a pride (like his master), in seeing things clean and tidy about him. I am not allowed to forget my dear friends at '53,' for the family group always faces me on my writing-table, with other dear faces, a selected few. Here we have enchanting views, a pretty garden with English flowers, English vegetables, especially tomatoes! and a nice church, in which I began last Sunday to read the prayers in Luganda. . . .

I am able to speak the language very little as yet, though I understand more each day of what is being said by the native about me. Pray for me, especially

in reference to my acquisition of the language, as it is harder for me, who have been a wanderer and a stranger to student habits so long than for younger men who are fresh from college. My ear for music and a good memory are all in my favour, but the drudgery of the grammar is trying to a restless person like M. J. H."

"Saturday, November 30. I went down to my reading class at eight. After the usual exposition, the meeting is thrown open for prayer on Saturday mornings. But the prayers are far too long-winded to be 'unto edification.' A conviction of personal need by the Holy Ghost is the only true cure for this. God send it soon!

On my return from church, I found a woman come for treatment for a very bad foot. Beginning with jiggers, the mischief has gone on so far that I am doubtful as to whether I can save her big toe, which is almost sloughing off. However, I thoroughly cleansed the wound, put on antiseptic dressings, and hope to save the toe yet. She bore the pain of dressing very pluckily. In the afternoon I got some of my corn ground in my coffee-mill and made biscuits with the flour, which won B's unqualified approval."

"Sunday, December 1. I had a note from Crabtree pleading with me to come and help him with the work in Busoga. He argues that I should be taking dear George Greaves' still vacant place by so doing, as he was located to Busoga. It is a call to much prayer for guidance, if nothing more. As 'the Lord's errand boy' I am willing for 'anywhere with Jesus.' It is not impossible that 'anywhere' may mean Busoga. The Bishop will be able to decide when he comes here on December 14. Till then, 'my soul, wait thou only upon God.'"

"Thursday, December 5 . . . B—— and I sat chatting after dinner until nearly ten, when suddenly we were summoned to a girl who is said to be dying of Kaumpuli,

a plague much like the Great Plague of London in 1666, a disease which sometimes appears in Uganda during the rainy season and is almost always fatal. On reaching the house we found it full of women and girls. We examined the patient, who complained of great pain in the glands of the face and neck. I pronounced it quinsy (it may be mumps) but nothing worse. So we returned, had some prayer together, and turned in late."

"Friday, December 5. . . . I had a letter from the Bishop, closing the question of my going to Busoga. He considers the needs of Buganda in the present opportunity as outweighing those of Busoga, and cannot therefore spare another man before the next party comes up."

"Saturday, December 7. Went to church at nine. A dear black baby took a fancy to me during the service and made friends. I took it on my knee and kept it quiet with my watch, etc. I was quite overjoyed to discover a Buganda baby which did not howl dismally at my specs. This small boy was most friendly, but was somewhat disturbing, as he would trot down the church with rattles or bells of iron round his chubby ankles."

"Sunday, December 8. A busy, happy day. In the afternoon we had the baptism of about forty-six men and women. I helped (or rather hindered, for I was very slow) B. with some, he taking the men and I the women. It was an intense joy for the first time thus personally in the Name of my Lord to welcome into the visible Church of Christ on earth these trophies from heathenism."

"Monday, December 9. A busy day, for immediately after breakfast came a crowd of men and women to be written on for the Confirmation Classes. Both B. and I were kept busy for some time. Then came teachers from the gardens with their very foggy accounts to settle and record. My surgical patient is doing well,

and comes daily to have her foot dressed. At about 2.30, Jonasani and I went out to shoot guinea-fowl, but after nearly three hours' tramp returned without even seeing one. As our larder was quite empty of meat, we had been asking the Lord to send us some, and I was therefore not much surprised on my return to hear that Daniel (Siva's steward) had brought me a splendid goat as a present. B. had been able to buy another which was brought to the house for sale, and a blind cow will have to be killed within the next day or two. Thus bountifully does our Heavenly Father provide for our needs."

"Friday, December 20. . . . About four o'clock we all went to call on Mambula, the Sekibobo's steward, who lives just below our hill. He received us very cordially, and gave us some fresh eggs to take home with us. He gave us some accounts of terrible interest, of the awful cruelties which used to be practised in this country, well within his own memory, by former kings, cutting the throats of so many human victims over a pit, that the man who stood below to receive the bodies stood ankle deep in human blood! Emin Pasha was present on the occasion and corroborated this story to Walker. Another instance was of thirty persons, all of royal connection, who were placed on a small circular plot of ground, round which a deep and wide trench had been dug, and there they were left to starve to death. Again, about fifty persons were tied in wicker cases laid on a raised platform of branches, a fire lit underneath them, and they roasted to death! Such is human nature apart from grace!"

"December 28. I had the great joy this morning of discovering a wee girl, Lydia (who called with her mother to see me), of about five, who has no fear of my specs nor yet of my white face, but was most friendly, and embraced me warmly—(it was most refreshing to feel the wee black arms around my neck, for I have been pining for the *children's* love out here)

—and would not leave when her mother left, but lingered on and promised to come and see me every day.”

“Monday, December 30. Comparatively early after breakfast my dear little friend Lydia came to see me and pottered about my room all the morning, whilst I was writing, seeing patients, etc. Occasionally she would make a parenthesis in order to climb on my knee and give me a hug, like a little friend who spent last Christmas with us at my old home was fond of doing. This wee black girl little guesses how much real refreshment I am getting out of her spontaneous tokens of affection. . . . I am glad to notice that my boy Daudi will not go to bed without a good time over his Bible alone, although we have just had family prayers. I allow him the light of my lamp for his family reading, as he used to borrow a stray shaft of light through the curtain between his bedroom and mine. I have great hopes of his one day making a useful teacher (D.V.).”

“Tuesday, December 31. The last day of an eventful year! . . . I spent the closing hour of the year in meditation of prayer, and turned in late.”

“January 21, '96. I baptised eleven stormily inclined infants after the morning exposition. Never in all my ministerial experience at the font, have I had such a howling crew to deal with. Eight out of the whole number howled uproariously, whilst two unmistakably shewed fight, and another one nearly had a fit in my arms. It robbed the service of a good deal of solemnity (to put it mildly), whilst it added proportionately to the fatigue. At present the language is as much as I can comfortably manage without these musical accessories to the Baptismal Service.”

“Friday, January 31. Plenty of patients, impatient and otherwise, at eleven o'clock. The monthly missionary meeting was held in the church at two o'clock, B. presiding. Six teachers spoke at varying

lengths, but to me the collection was the most interesting part of the function.

The people crowded up to the baskets which were laid at B.'s feet (cf. Acts iv. 37, for we believe in Apostolic order here). Of course there was a ludicrous side (when isn't there to some eyes ?)—e.g. the huge chief (6 ft. 4 in.) came leading a little goat. At the critical moment, when it was within a yard or so of the place of offerings, the tow rope broke and the kid contemplated a bolt. However, it was frustrated in its plans just in time. A devout mother brought her tiny baby that 'it' might place its tiny offering in the basket. The waiting attitude of B. was too much for its feelings, and it came to a dead stop and began to howl, and had to be carried to the basket by main force to make its freewill (?) offering. I drowned all disturbing noises by playing 'From Greenland's icy mountains' as a voluntary on my 'baby organ.' When the collecting basket was taken out, containing two hens and an indignant cock, my gravity gave way, especially as they were violating all Dr. Watts' traditions of the peacefulness of 'birds in their little nests'; but perhaps he hardly foresaw such a nest as a collecting dish lined with strings of cowries."

"Sunday, February 9. A cheering incident happened at the close of the morning service. A stranger who is spending the Sunday here got up to testify before all the congregation to a great awakening in his soul during the service this morning. He said: 'I was dead—now I am raised from death unto life; I was lost, but now I am found; give thanks for me and pray for me.' His words made a real stir among the people, and after asking him a few questions in the vestry we knelt down there and had a praise meeting over him. May this prove the first drops of a big shower!"

"Tuesday, February 11. In the evening the 'Shrimp' (my small boy) and I walked down to the Sekibobo's enclosure to learn the extent of the damage

caused by a fire of last night there. We found that an inhabited house had been reduced to ashes, and with it two copies of the New Testament, to the owners a much more serious loss than that of the reed house. I called at each of the houses in the enclosure, and was most warmly welcomed. In stumbling fashion I tried to answer the questions on the New Testament with which they always besiege you in almost every house, and very thoughtful questions some of them are. One of the young men met me just as I was leaving, and was so pleased to see me that he insisted on embracing me in the Luganda fashion. We flung our arms round each other and rested our head on the shoulder of the other in turn, much to the amusement of the others. My warm-hearted friend and I then walked together hand in hand, another Luganda custom amongst great friends."

"Wednesday, February 12. Two teachers from the gardens called to bring shells for books sold, and to get a fresh supply. After lunch B. and I, accompanied by five boys, walked over to Ziba to call on the big chief there. He was away, but our principal errand was to learn whether a cow which he has promised to give towards the church funds is really a cow or only a bull. This sounds Hibernian, but so far all the promised cows have proved to be bulls, whose sale price is much lower than that of a cow."

"Friday, February, 14. The greater part of the morning was spent in re-adjusting the poles which support the church roof and cutting the windows down to the ground, so as to afford a readier means of escape if the church falls, a calamity which seems only a question of time. About 200 volunteer workers put their shoulders to the wheel and did their work right well. . . . B. and I went for a short walk, and beguiled the way with a chat on my favourite topic, 'The Lord's coming.'"

"Saturday, February 15. Two sad cases came before

the Church Council this morning. Two of the teachers were found guilty of gross sins . . . There are shades as well as light even in the Uganda Mission."

"Tuesday, February 18. Roscoe arrived about two o'clock. He tells me that it is virtually decided that on Baskerville's return here I am to be sent to the Islands to take Gordon's place. This is good news indeed! and I am most thankful to hear of it. 'The Lord planneth for me.' Roscoe also proposes taking me for two or three weeks' itineration with him, starting next Monday (D.V.)."

"Sunday, February 23. Roscoe preached morning and afternoon. After the morning service we had a very encouraging after meeting, when many confessed unbelief, etc. I took fresh and definite steps of faith in audible prayer. Amongst others was our big chief. He confessed, 'Lord, I have been ensnared by strong drink, and have been wearing Satan's clothing. I now put it off and put on the robe of Thy Righteousness, and take Thy gift of eternal life.'

It was very touching to hear this huge man pouring out his heart before God, in the presence of all the congregation."

CHAPTER XIV

ITINERATING. NGOGWE

“Ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hand to.”

—DEUT. xii. 7.

“All creatures have their joy, and man hath his ;

Yet if we rightly measure

Man’s joy and pleasure,

Rather hereafter than present is.”—G. HERBERT.

“**M**ONDAY, February, 24 '96. Ngogwe to Mondo’s, sixteen miles. After breakfast Roscoe and I made a start on our itineration. A great crowd of Roscoe’s many friends were there to see him off. . . . We pushed on to Mondo’s and found our tents pitched in his enclosures.

After large potations of tea we went to church. We were ravenously hungry, having had nothing to eat since our breakfast, about twelve hours previously, except an odd biscuit or two ; but all this we soon forgot as the service proceeded, for God wrought mightily, and a stream of confession, prayer and praise from men and women gave us great joy. The chief being a drunkard, the whole place is under bondage to it, and it is hindering much blessing.”

“Wednesday, February 26. A hot march of about six miles brought us to the Ripon Falls on the Nile. The river is at this point about 400 yards wide, and though it only falls about 15 feet, there is a vast volume of water thundering over the rocks, making majestic music and a magnificent sight. We sat fascinated, watching the wonderful scene for some time. The teeming fish making frantic but futile efforts to avoid being swept over the falls, the hungry cormor-

ants breasting the foaming white rapids below and getting their fill of fish, the dusky forms of the fishermen on the rocks, wet with spray and eagerly hauling in their lines; the soaring fish eagles, the fishermen's rude huts, the magnificent foliage on both sides of the river, made a picture to be remembered. We then walked over the hill to the lower falls, and sat beside a quiet pool above them, watching the gambols of a huge hippo in the water, scarcely thirty yards from shore. I was just purposing a swim, when the grim forms of two huge crocodiles appeared on the surface not more than twenty-five yards away. Under the circumstances I thought it wiser to postpone my bathe to a more convenient time and place."

"Thursday, February 27. Mukwanga's to Nyinzi. . . . The chief is away hunting elephants in Busoga. As he has taken the church drum with him and most of the people, we could not get a meeting. When Roscoe expressed surprise, the people said, 'Do you think it likely that he would go away and leave all his instruments of religion behind?' He has six wives at present, and is an unblushing heathen, and will not read the Gospels. His men consist mostly of elephant hunters—bold, reckless fellows, hard drinkers and inveterate smokers of bhang (Indian hemp), the effects of which can be judged by the following incident which took place here about a fortnight ago. Two of these men sat smoking bhang, when in a sudden frenzy (though outwardly calm and with no cause for quarrel or anger), one of them said, 'Let us shoot one another.' They agreed, left their pipes, seized their rifles, and went out for this extemporized duel. Both men fired, with the result that one was shot dead on the spot. . . . The king's tax collector who is here is the solitary light in this dark place. He combines the business of the king with that of the 'King of kings' wherever he goes."

"Wednesday, March 4. . . . The people (the Wan-

yoro) here have all bolted on hearing of a European coming, but finding we are men of peace are coming back by degrees. They dress principally in skins sewn together, beautifully cured and the hair shaved off. In King Mtesa's time this used to be the common dress of the Waganda, but now the bark cloth has almost entirely taken its place, and is certainly more artistic."

"Saturday, March 7. Bali-Bunyoro. We had a pleasant, leisurely day in camp, and an encouraging meeting in the church. In the afternoon I gave an address (through R.'s interpretation), and we had a prayer meeting afterwards in which there was great liberty, the prayers being very numerous, brief and earnest. I climbed to the top of some rocks to make a sketch of Semei, the chief's enclosure. Roscoe had a long and painful interview with S.'s wife, whose strong hereditary vices cling to her still with terrible tenacity, to her husband's great grief. R. and I had special prayer for her in the evening."

"Sunday, March 8. Bali. We had a good congregation at the morning service, when Boscoe preached and I read prayers. We were grieved to notice the absence of S.'s wife from the service. In the afternoon we had the baptism of one man. I preached (per Roscoe) from Luke xi. 21, 22, and we had a very solemn time. A good number stayed to the after-meeting, and almost every voice was heard in prayer, in a continuous stream of short, pointed petitions. S. himself has been really helped by our visit, and offers to pay for five teachers in his own province. After church he and his principal men formed a most interesting group round the door of R.'s tent, and for about one and a half hours plied him with eager and thoughtful questions on different passages of Scripture."

"Monday, March 9. Bali to Kazozi, 18 miles. We got up early, and after a touching farewell to our kind friends here, we got away at 8 o'clock. Semei gave

me a most handsome gift in the shape of a cow and calf, so that now I am becoming quite a man of property. After about twelve miles' march we came upon a broad, clear, rapid but shallow river about half a mile wide and fringed with papyrus. We crossed after some delay in a number of dug-out canoes (clumsy craft made of a single tree hollowed out). We had some trouble with the cows. However, we shipped the calves and made the mothers swim alongside. One calf jumped overboard to join its mother, but was fished on board again after a struggle. On landing at Busoga we marched for about an hour to a garden which was insufficient to accommodate all our porters and boys, and so we passed on for another hour or more, and at last came upon a garden containing four or five houses. Here we pitched our tents, and gradually the shy Wasoga became more friendly, and cooked food for us, and lent us a couple of houses for our men and boys. I turned in early, happily, for heavy rain and about a dozen mosquitoes, which by some horrid secret got into my net, and made a hole in my night's rest, and in despair I turned out at 3.30 a.m."

"Tuesday, March 10. Kazozi to Gabula's (22 miles). We got away about 6.45 a.m. and marched steadily for about three hours, when we came upon the embuga (enclosure) of the Katikiro of Gabula. . . . The old man came out to greet us, and gave us each a goat. He had a great crowd of men and women about, many of whom had come in to have a systematic drinking bout for three or four days. Drunkenness (through the native beer) and smoking hemp, which they grow for the purpose, are the curse of this fine people. Whilst we sat talking to the old man, his favourite wife (he has thirty or forty wives, as he proudly informed us !) brought him two wooden goblets of beer in which he drank to our success, emptying each cup at a single draught. He brought a huge pot of beer for our porters, but I was very glad to see that my porters, who were all Christians,

would not touch the beer, whilst the others, who (except three) are heathen, drank copiously. The result was that the former came in comparatively fresh after our long march, whilst the latter were dead beat. We reached Gabula's at about 10 o'clock, and after a short delay he came out to see us. A young fat man, hot and nervous, dressed in gaudy coloured Manchester (?) cotton cloth, a fez crowned with an ostrich feather, was the impression this great chief left on my mind. He perspired so much that he kept a boy plying a handkerchief of about the size of a small tablecloth to his face. He was evidently relieved when we went, and gave us a camping place about half a mile from his enclosure. When we were out of sight he was effusively polite, sending two sets of messengers to inquire after our health, and giving us each a goat. Our flocks and herds are assuming such proportions that I feel quite patriarchal, especially when living in tents. . . . An old man called on me with his beard woven into three parts, on two of which were strung about six large blue beads, and on the third a piece of tin. The people here knock out two front lower teeth as a sign of beauty. The chief is not so disfigured, as he is virtually a foreigner, though the Banyoro whom we saw last Friday knock out no less than four front teeth. . . . We had a big thunderstorm in the afternoon, which made everything very wet and uncomfortable."

"Wednesday, March 11. 14 miles. We got away at 7.30, before the chief was astir. We sent to say good-bye, and he sent four runners after us to say ditto, and also to bring word that he will build a church and support a teacher, which is cheering news."

"Thursday, March 12. Tabingwas to Miro's (20 miles). In the course of our march we crossed a swampy river. I crossed on the shoulders of my boy, but he stuck fast in the middle, and a porter rescued me and put me on 'terra firma.' About five hours' quick

marching brought us at midday to Miro's, a large place. Leaving directions about putting up our tents, we went on to Crabtree's house, and got a hearty welcome from him and Wilson. There is quite a large Buganda population here (about 300 or 400), whose presence seems to frighten away the Basoga from reading. . . . We spent a long evening there, finishing up with some hymns. . . . and a very solemn and helpful time of prayer together."

"Friday, March 13. Miro's to Nganga (11 miles). We got our loads away at about 7.30, and went up to Crabtree's and had a second breakfast. A long chat on the future of the Busoga work and some prayer together brought us to 10 o'clock, when R. and I started for a very hot march. Wilson came with us for a short distance. Miro's capital is well laid out in broad roads, fenced on either side with reed fences, a kind of small edition of the roads in Mengo. The heat was intense, and we were not sorry that the march was a short one."

"Saturday, March 14. Nganga to Luba's (20 miles). We got away at 6.45, but had several delays on the way, as we had three swampy rivers to cross, and met Tabingwa's Katikiro, an old friend of Roscoe's Not long afterwards we met Miro returning with a large retinue from the Fort at Luba's to his own country. He greeted R. warmly, as an old friend. He is a young man, with a handsome face, well-knit frame, and a certain air of command about him. He sat down, and R. had a long chat with him. He promised to build a separate church at his place for the Buganda, and the present one to be reserved for the Basoga. He is just off on an elephant shooting expedition, as Mwanga's tribute of ivory is due and Miro has none by him. For the same reason Luba is away, and is reported to have shot two elephants not far from here. The last two hours' march were excessively hot. Rowling gave us a most kind welcome, and

found nice quarters for me in Wilson's house. R. preferred to go on to Luba's to camp, so as to be amongst the Buganda who are there, that he may hold a service to-morrow. Rowling tells me that owing to the death of several of his women lately, Luba is anxious to revive the Lubare houses at his old capital (where he held Bp. Hannington in confinement in 1885). He thinks that the mortality among his women is a judgment for his neglect of his old spirit worship. He does nothing to help, and secretly a good deal to hinder the work of the Gospel here now. Rowling and I had an interesting talk on spiritual things and prayer together until 9 o'clock, when I retired, quite ready for a good rest after our long march."

"Sunday, March 15. We breakfasted about seven in R.'s nice mud house, and then had a service in the tiny church at nine and a second at two o'clock."

"Monday, March 16. We had an early breakfast, and afterwards R. kindly accompanied me over the hill at 6.30 to the Fort at Luba's, where we found Roscoe waiting with G., the Government officer in charge of the Fort. Miro has been over for three or four months with 400 or 500 men, building a splendid bungalow for G. The roof of the verandah and the ceilings of the rooms are most beautiful specimens of reed and grasswork. . . ."

"Tuesday, March 17. We got away from Lugumba's at about 6.15, and marched about two hours to Mondo's. Here we paid a flying visit to our good teacher there. He told us of outward fruit of our last visit, in the shape of twenty pledges taken for total abstinence. This is cheering in such a centre of drunkenness as this place has been. Since our last visit here the steward of Mondo was bitten in the face when in a drunken sleep by a leopard, which was subsequently killed. Three hours' sharp walking in intensely hot sun brought us to Ngogwe, where we got a hearty welcome from Blackledge. We got

in in nice time for lunch, and I spent a quiet afternoon in tidying up my room. I got a warm welcome back from many friends."

"Wednesday, March 18, 1896. Ngogwe. . . . Since I have been away an incident occurred which proves the reality of the Grace of God in the heart of M., the Sekibobo's steward (Sunday, February 23). A man had been found guilty of undue familiarity towards M.'s wife, an offence which in the old days was often punished by death by means of lingering and diabolical tortures. M. came up to Blackledge about it, and he advised him to bring the man up to trial at Mengo. M. bound the offender and took him down to his place, B. feared, to flog him. Two days later B. asked him what he had done to the offender. He said, 'I have forgiven him.' When B. asked 'Why?' he answered, 'He wronged me to seven times, but Jesus said we must forgive to seventy times seven, so I forgave him!' This huge man in his unregenerate days would have taken a terrible vengeance on the offender, for naturally he is a passionate and vindictive old man. 'Where sin abounded,' grace doth now much more abound."

"Thursday, March 19, 1896. Ngogwe. The day opened with a violent thunderstorm. I got up at 5.30 and had a blessed 'Morning Watch,' a means of grace more necessary and more helpful every day. At about eleven o'clock the English mail arrived, bringing me twenty-four letters and a good number of papers.

So close do these home letters bring one to the dear writers that it is quite a wrench to turn and face one's African surroundings again, which at other times seem now so familiar. Heaven is the nearest place to Uganda after all, and it becomes easier day by day to realize that 'our citizenship is in Heaven.' I was much struck by the fact that nearly every writer to me this mail alludes to the growing sense

of the nearness of our dear Lord's return. 'The Bridegroom cometh!' is increasingly the watching Church's watchword.

In the afternoon R. and I went to see three of my patients, amongst them the little girl with the fractured thigh. I removed the splints, and to my joy found that the parts had made a splendid union. I re-adjusted the splints for a few more days' support, and expect a perfect cure."

"Friday, March 20. The day again opened with heavy rain, which, however, cleared in time for Roscoe to start for the capital. I walked for about six miles of the way to Malajo's. We adjourned to the little church, and had some prayer together before parting (for how long?). He is going to the coast and home soon now by the South road, and will have a wonderful story to tell of the dealings of God with him and through him in this land. He is fervent in spirit, 'serving the Lord,' and my spiritual fellowship with him for the last month has been deep and refreshing."

(Extract from a letter.)

NGOGWE, BUGANDA,

April 27, 1896.

"Probably you scarcely realize what intense pleasure your letters give me. It is very good of you to write so regularly in the midst of your busy life. Time seems literally to fly here. I cannot in the least realize that it is nearly a year since I left England, a year of increasing mercies, not least of which is my unbroken good health. . . I wonder whether you know a sober and admirable book on the Book of the Revelation which has greatly helped and pleased me. It is called 'The Revelation of Jesus Christ,' by T. B. Baines. My brother Alick gave it to me, and it has opened up that wonderful prophecy most wonderfully to me. Increasingly does

one feel that we are now living in the very edge of 'the things which are seen'—a crisis seems to be in the very air, and from one's quiet standpoint in this out-of-the-way corner, it is intensely interesting to watch the march of events in Europe in relation to the Lord's words about the signs of His appearing.

Out here Heaven seems so much nearer than in crowded, comfortable England, and there is a special freshness and charm about the Divine Word now, beyond anything that I knew there, where the temptation to read one's Bible for other people, rather than for one's own communion and growth, was so strong.

I need your prayers more than ever now, for in another week I shall be in sole charge of this station and province until Mr. Baskerville's return, when he will (D.V.) take it over. Mr. Blackledge, my colleague here, is going to itinerate throughout this province. I am finding my feet slowly in the language, but shall no doubt get on faster when I am alone among the natives . . . I hear from Mr. Gordon that he hopes to get home early next year on special furlough, and that I am to take his work on the Sesse Islands in his absence (a delightful prospect to my nautical mind!), and on his return at the end of 1897 to remain as his assistant in the superintendence of the Islands, and probably of Budu and Kiziba on the mainland, in which case I am to build my house on Sesse, the biggest island (about the size of the Isle of Wight). But 'the Lord planneth for me' (Ps. xl. 17, Lutheran version), and therein I rest. I remember you all very earnestly in my prayers every day."

(A letter to a little God-daughter.)

“NGOGWE, KYAGWE, BUGANDA,
May 17, 1896.

“MY DEAR LITTLE GRACE,

I have been thinking so much of you to-day,

as this is your birthday. I have taken many a look at your picture which stands on my table, and have given it a birthday kiss, as I could not reach the real little girl to give it to her. I have been talking a good deal about you to-day, too, to a great Friend of mine who knows you very well, and I have been asking Him to give you a birthday present, for I am too far away to do so, and His presents are so much better than anything I could buy or send. Can you guess, who my Friend is out here so faraway, who knows you too? He is our 'Lord Jesus.'

I wonder if he is Gracie's best Friend, as He is 'Eddoo's?'

I tell Him about you every day, and ask Him to give you a new heart to love Him with.

I used to know a little girl who one birthday said to her mother, 'Mother, I wish that I might have a birthday every week.'

'Why?' asked her mother.

'Because,' said the little girl, 'on my birthday I get so many *beautiful new things*.'

Many birthdays passed by bringing their 'beautiful new things,' but Eva had never been to the Lord Jesus for 'the beautiful new things' which He wanted to give her.

She had grown to be a big girl when 'Eddoo' went down to the place where she lived, and held his last children's meeting in England the day before he sailed for Africa. Eva was there, and listened to every word.

The next day she came on board the ship to say 'Good-bye' to the old friend (your 'Eddoo').

Weeks afterwards came a letter telling how Eva had found that 'all things are become new,' for now she had seen the Lord hanging on the Cross in her place for her sins, and she had given Him all her heart's love—and He had given her 'a new heart,' 'a new song,' 'a new name,' so that she is bright

and happy now all day long. I want my little Grace to ask the Lord Jesus to give her His 'beautiful new things,' and should like her to pray this short prayer: 'Create (which means, make all over again) in me a clean breast, O God, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

Perhaps your little head does not quite take in all this, but mother will be able to make it plain better than 'Eddoo' can. Ask mother what 'Eddoo' means.

And I want to tell you something about my queer family here—I have six black boys to serve me. Jonathan is my cook; I have taught him to cook our English dishes quite nicely now.

David sells the Bible and other books to the people who come to buy, for there are no towns or streets or shops here. He is also my headwaiter at table.

Jairus, my room boy—a kind of housemaid, who cleans out my room, makes the bed—gets my bath ready.

Jonah, who sweeps out the big dining-room and the verandah in front of the house, and waits at table, and washes up.

Mukasa, who looks after my goats, for we have to keep goats to eat, as there are no butchers' shops to buy meat at.

Nakdyima is my cow man. I have only one cow and a calf yet, but hope to buy six more soon. I am using Mr. Baskerville's cows yet. Then I have a pet monkey, 'Jacko'—such a funny little fellow, who sits on the arm of my chair at meals, and gets a few nice bits; also a black cat, but my wee doggie 'Queenie' died the other day. Also a big black sheep who follows when I call him. I call him the Roman-nosed friend, because he has a big round nose. Now Good-bye.

Your loving

'EDDOO.'"

(From another letter.)

May 21, 1896.

"Just a year this week since I left Southampton! Such a flying, happy, healthy year; one of the best the Lord has ever given me—so full of answered prayers, fulfilled hopes, proved faithfulness of God. If you want to know the full sweetness of the Divine Word in one's own private study of it, come to Africa!"

(Extract from a letter.)

"June 22, 1896. . . . You will want to know somewhat of my doings, I dare say. Well, I am now in charge of this station, busy and happy and strong. Perhaps to-morrow's programme will give you an idea of how one spends five working days a week.

5.30. Up, and have a 'Morning watch.'

6.30. Family Prayers.

7. Breakfast.

8. Arrange the classes at the church; I am organist with the 'baby.'

9.30. Interview eight teachers, and give six of them letters of recommendation to the Church Council at Mengo, who will give them their letters (Dismissory) with which they will return to me, after being formally (valedictorily) dismissed to their work at the Mengo monthly Missionary Meeting held on the 1st Friday of each month.

10.30. Baptism Candidates to interview.

11.30. Dispensary.

12. Lunch.

1. p.m. Preparation for class.

2. Class for teachers only.

3. Writing up Registers and seeing callers.

4.30. A walk, with two business calls.

6. Tub and change.

7. Dinner—writing letters—family prayers—
and bed at 9.30.”

(*Diary*) “Tuesday, June 23, 1896. I made a horrifying discovery on our return from Church, viz. that my room was being invaded by biting ants, which were marching round the outside of the house in countless myriads. We waged a hot war against them with brooms, hot water, ashes and paraffin, but as this last article costs ten shillings a pint by the time it reaches here, we could not use much of it. At length we turned them back, but not before getting some sharp bites.”

“Thursday, June 25. I began the day rather unfortunately by accidentally dropping a big shutter on one of the new kittens. It squashed it rather flat, but did not rob it of more than three of the proverbial nine lives, I should say, as it became quite cheerful on being restored to the nursery (a washhand basin lined with sacking) . . . C. and I went for a walk, calling *en route* on Afiri, the wife of Baskerville’s cook. Her husband is one of the dwarf tribe, and was brought here by Stanley when he last visited Uganda. He is not small, however. These dwarf people seem far more musical than the Buganda, and are as resourceful and handy as an English sailor. Hezekiah is our precentor in church, and has built himself a beautiful little place in Baskerville’s ‘pensioner’s garden.’”

“Saturday, June 27. . . . I presided at a long and rather loquacious Church Council Meeting, where we finished arrangements for our scheme of local preachers and district superintendents. I examined Baptism Candidates all the afternoon, and came across two or three really interesting cases, where the persons spoke of their definite conversion in definite terms (a most refreshing variety from the stereotyped and stock answers to which one usually has to listen here) as something previous to their

reading for Baptism, and as a consequence, under God, of the simple preaching of the Gospel—in each case by good Balamabe Kibate, one of our very best teachers, who has, sad to say, been sent to the N. part of the province where he is to superintend the work there. At length I got away for a short walk along the hill, and as I walked had a gracious time of prayer and praise. How much persons must lose who know nothing of informal (not irreverent) communion with God. The hills about our house make a first-rate temple, and one can sing without fear of disturbing one's neighbours.

I am on the verge of a famine, for I have no meat in the house, and to-morrow is Sunday; but 'I shall not want.'

(7 p.m.) A boy has just brought word that Hezekiah has a fowl for sale, so I sent and bought it—'When I sent you forth, lacked ye anything? And they said *nothing*.' History repeats itself. It is the same Lord now as then."

"Sunday, June 28, 1896. A happy day! (but which day is otherwise?) Jonasani K. preached in the morning and afternoon. The Sekibobo and Jonasani came in for a cup of tea. As my goat-herd—a small boy sent me by the Sekibobo not long ago—was in the room, I mentioned that I had no sheep or goats now, having eaten them all, and should not need the boy any longer. He said something to the boy I did not hear, and off the boy went, returning shortly with a fine sheep. My Heavenly Father knew that my larder was empty, and that being Sunday I could not buy, and so He supplied my need just as my cook came into the room to ask what he was to cook for my dinner, for I finished the hen at lunch. 'Just like Father!' as Billy Bray would say."

"Tuesday, June 30. . . . Another year of my life gone! How solemn, but how hopeful! The veil is growing thinner and the way shorter which

separate me from 'the things which are not seen which are eternal.'"

"Wednesday, July 1. My thirty-second birthday. What a joy to be spending it here after the years of prayer and waiting!"

"Friday, July 3. Ngogwe. Sent off porters to Mengo with 80,000 shells. Happy the day when we get a proper currency here, instead of these bulky shells! . . . In my interviews with baptism candidates to-day I came across a very interesting case. A boy, who had evidently that subtle affinity with the unknown and mysterious which makes some natures naturally religious, told me that previous to hearing the Gospel he diligently worshipped stones, spirits, and trees, but that the offer of Eternal life in the Gospel met his deepest longings and was blessed to his conversion. This is one of the few cases of a direct break with positive heathenism which I have met with, the great bulk of the people being apparently in a transition stage in which they are neutral, ashamed of the follies of lubare (spirit) worship, and not yet decided to 'embrace Christianity,' still less to submit to Christ's claims upon their whole life."

"Sunday, July 5. As the morning opened with a heavy storm our congregation was comparatively small, though the number of communicants (ninety) was nearly up to the average. I baptized ten persons at the afternoon service, and enjoyed a solemn sense of the Holy Ghost's Presence during the service. How one longs for a mighty accession of grace to every one coming forward for baptism! Jonasani Kaidzi came in the afternoon, and I gave him a taste of 'Congleton Gingerbread.' He was loud in its praises (Maskery would do well to secure a testimonial from him!). Of the very small portion I spared him he saved half for his wife, first having learnt off in English the whole of the label on the box, which I had torn

off and given him. We then called a Ketula and I took 'Jacko' (my monkey) to see little Lebeka, or rather the other way round, L. was to see Jacko. Both proved shy, however, and the call was a little stiff as far as those two were concerned . . . I then paid my weekly call on Julya, who also takes a great interest in Jacko, though since he bit her finger she admires him chiefly at a distance."

"Saturday, July 18. Ngogwe. A long Church Council occupied most of the morning, when we decided to increase the reading necessary for those coming to baptism, to all four Gospels, instead of only two as formerly. It will at least test the perseverance and earnestness of candidates, and give opportunity for more complete instruction as well as for longer probation. This system has been adopted in Mengo now for a month or two, and is testing the earnestness of people there severely."

"Sunday, July 19. . . . I went round to call on Jonasani Kaidzi's wife Katula . . . We had a delightful Bible search together. Their eagerness for any scraps of new light on the Divine word is most touching. How thankful I am that the Master has put me into a corner of the field where one is not required to spend one's best working hours each day (as in many parts of India) in reading Geography, History and Mathematics. Here one's whole time and energies can be given to teaching the Word of God to an eager and intelligent people—no small mercy !"

"Monday, July 20. I called on K.—an old heathen chief. He has no enclosure, and his place has a squalid, neglected air. I found him asleep—possibly sleeping off the effects of a recent drinking bout, for there were powerful evidences of drink about him. He awoke and received me kindly. Poor old fellow ! a typical old heathen. My heart was moved to pity for him. I read John iii. 16 and

John i. 12 to him, and added some stumbling comments which my boy Daudi elucidated to the old man . . . It was a solemn but very happy work to put the Gospel before this old man for the first time in his life. He was touched by the thought that God should love him . . . Going down the hill for about a mile we came upon K.'s well-kept place. He is a Christian chief. The contrast between his home and the one which we had just left was most striking. The place well kept, houses well built, he and his handsome wife well dressed and happy looking. He received me with the greatest cordiality, and as they were just going to feed, invited me and my boys to join them, which we gladly did . . . 'Mrs.' K. retired during the meal, as it is not etiquette in this country for men and women to eat together . . . The chief gave me an escort of three young men to carry me across a formidable swamp on the road home. *En route* we came across a charming miniature house, garden and enclosure built by two boys . . . It reminded me of the architectural efforts of my brother and myself in bygone years, when we built a log house and put the sign 'Hall Bros.' over the door. Halcyon days those!"

"Friday, July 31. I had not even time to read my home letters, as I had an extra busy day straightening up everything public and private, in view of my absence for two or three weeks to the islands."

CHAPTER XV

ON THE ISLANDS OF VICTORIA NYANZA— REBELLION AND FLIGHT OF MWANGA

“That place is our proper home where we have the greatest opportunity of labouring for our Saviour.”

—COUNT ZINZENDORF.

“Work—to have God’s blessing and success, must have its foundation in prayer. The heart entirely with God goes from prayer to work.”—cf. NEH. i. 6.

“WEDNESDAY, August 5, 1896. Damba to Kome Islands. We had a very pleasant passage to a very lovely bay on the Kome coast. No news of Gordon’s coming to be had. This island of Kome is a most lovely spot, and I must pitch my tent outside the fence to-morrow, as the view is one of the most enchantingly beautiful scenes that I have ever enjoyed. Magnificent foliage, mirror-like bays and creeks, vast stretches of placid waters, broken by nearer and more distant islands with the Buganda hills as a lovely background. This place, too, will always stand connected with the great revival which broke out two years ago, for it was in lonely waiting upon God here, that Pilkington got that mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit, whose results marked an epoch in the history of Christianity in Buganda. ‘Bless *me*, even *me* also, O my Father!’ was my prayer as we glided to our landing-place here this evening.”

“Thursday, August, 13. To Jana’s . . . We reached Jana at about 4 o’clock. Soon after landing, I heard that a canoe was in pursuit of me with an important letter, and soon afterwards it was brought to me. It *was* very important, it was from Miller informing me of Nickisson’s death, at Nassa, about June 27, and that the Bishop’s marching orders are as follows :—

Gordon to leave the Islands at once for Nassa, I to go to Bukasa now and take his place, and Crabtree to be in charge at Ngogwe until Baskerville's return. It was all very startling at first . . . I hope to go back to Bukasa to-morrow to confer with Gordon."

"Sunday, August 16. Bukasa. To-day opened with thunder and tremendous rain, in consequence of which our congregation was not very large. Nevertheless, thirty-seven gathered round the Lord's Table, which was a cheering sight . . . After a cup of afternoon tea, I went for a stroll, and found a fine place on the brow of a cliff for prayer and praise, but felt the time was all too short so spent. It is so impossible to close your door (for we have no proper doors) during the day for secret prayer, that having much on my heart just now, I resolved to give up to-night to intercession instead of to sleep."

"Monday, April 17. After a very sacred night of prayer, I turned in to snatch a few hours of rest, but was up again at seven . . . after lunch I wrote another article for the 'Children's World,' and was just starting out to try and shoot a duck for my dinner this evening, when Gordon's canoe appeared in the bay. I ran down the hill to meet him. He looks tired and far from strong, but spoke brightly and hopefully. We had a long talk over the 'general post' which has been ordered, and Gordon with his usual grace says that he shall go at once to Nassa . . . In any case I shall be staying on here to help him on the Islands until further orders."

"Wednesday, August 19. Bukasa . . . After lunch G. and I spent a long afternoon going carefully through and recording all the facts and statistics about the various Islands and churches which I shall be superintending; in all about thirty islands and nearer fifty churches, as there are several separate congregations on the larger Islands. . . . Gordon gave me some most interesting reminiscences of the



VICTORIA NYANZA FROM THE ISLAND OF UKERU.

From a Sketch by Bishop Tucker.

old days when he and Walker were driven out of Buganda. From the quiet standpoint of the present day, there is a very ludicrous side to some of the incidents; e.g., in the sack and looting of the Mission house, Gordon's mattress became a coveted object by several plunderers at once, and they tore it to bits amid clouds of flock and feathers, in their valiant struggles for the possession.

They personally conducted Gordon and Walker to their house, and made them unlock the doors and admit them, that the plunder might be conducted on 'respectable' lines, under their immediate (but unwilling) patronage. They politely allowed G. and W. to take a blanket each, and G. secured the baptismal registers, but no sooner had they got outside than the mob relieved them of both blankets and books and they were left destitute."

"Tuesday, August 25. After many delays Gordon got away, with three canoes about 11 o'clock."

"Wednesday, August 26. After various delays I enrolled my paddlers and started . . . to fetch my things from Ngogwe, and on Monday, August 31, I slept well in my old quarters."

"Tuesday, September 1. Ngogwe. . . . At midday the mail man came from Mengo and brought the largest and most interesting English mail that I have ever had since reaching Africa. . . . Perhaps the best news is that from the C.M.S. House that my dear brother Alick has just been accepted by them for Medical Missionary work, probably for Egypt. I am filled with joy that such an honour should be put by God upon our family, that it should give two missionaries to Africa. I had so prayed that my decisive step in coming out here might clear the way for him to come forth too, and I am full of praise over the news of his acceptance. 'Wont to give more than we desire or deserve.' How true!"

"September 11. Bwema Island to Mwama Island.

The Musigire (steward) called to beg that I would send them a teacher, as many are wanting to read. I promised to send two as soon as possible. I am going to pay for these teachers on the Islands out of the money sent me by M.T., a little girl of nine years old, who lives at Brighton, and through her interest in my letters to the 'Children's World,' got up a private sale of work and sent me £6 6s. 0d. by last mail. I wrote to tell her of my plan, and as these teachers only get pay at the rate of about one shilling a month, she can have nine missionaries of her very own for more than a year. I sent her the names of the six Islands and their teachers."

"Saturday, September 19, 1896. Bukasa . . . Up at 6 a.m. . . . Had a vigorous 'spring cleaning' and got my rooms more or less ship-shape, though much still remains to be done. I paid off my crews after lunch, a tedious process, and I had great difficulty in getting enough shells together."

"Monday, September 23. During dinner, the mail arrived from the capital, and with it a very desirable consignment of books for sale. Walker's letter, however, was a sad one, telling of many grievous defections amongst prominent Christians in the Capital, drunkenness, adultery, etc., being far from uncommon sins amongst some who have made a loud profession in by-gone days. It is a solemn call to heart-searching and prayer amongst ourselves."

"Thursday, September 24. Bukasa. My boys want to go on reading for baptism, but the classes are at inconvenient times, so I think I shall read with them myself on my return from Church in the mornings. If only I might be used to win them to the Lord !

A rat has just fallen into my bath (the second in three days) and it cannot get out. I am glad, as they swarm in this house. It would be a serious undertaking to count the number of rats and cockroaches in this house, to say nothing of the bats. The cockroaches here have many undesirable peculiarities. They not

only run, but hop long distances, and have enormous whiskers and an omnivorous appetite, especially for one's best leather-bound books. However, one must take the rough with the smooth out here, and 'in everything give thanks,' though it would not be easy 'for' everything to give thanks, when it includes rats and cockroaches. I love them not! and if it were possible, would exact a high rental from them for the use of my house."

"Saturday, October 10. After the usual morning service came the Church Council, before which came some cases which enlightened and amused me with regard to the multifarious duties of that excellent body. A woman who in heathen days had two husbands, has recently been living with one only on this island, and has been reading for baptism. Both husbands are against her being baptised, and so have agreed to take her to another island and both count her as their wife. She protests and elects to remain here and be baptised, but as she belongs to another island, and has few, if any, friends here to take her in, she must therefore live alone in a house near the Lake, where she will be liable to be kidnapped and taken off to the two men who want her. What is to be done? I propose to baptise her, if in other respects fit. One of the Church Council members has volunteered to find her a Christian husband as soon as she is baptised, as he knows of several 'eligible young men' looking out for wives. This is kind of him, but I am not quite sure of the propriety of it, seeing that she has been living with the other men as their wife. These are some of the knotty points which constantly come before one for settlement, and which would sound rather startling in an ordinary English parish."

"Monday, October 26, 1896. The day opened very sadly, for at breakfast my boys told me that my dear feathered friend 'Polly' had met her end at the teeth of one of the nasty pariah dogs which prowl about the place.

They brought me her feathers in proof of her death. Poor Polly! Your spirit of exploration led you too far this morning! I shall sorely miss you! for on this lonely island the love of a bird is a real ministry to one's spirit.

After a shooting tramp, a hot tub, change and lunch put me into a comfortable frame. I did some carpentering in the afternoon, putting a sash and frame into a new window which I am making in the room which will be mine on Gordon's return. Tried to buy Andrea's two parrots (though two hundred cannot replace dear Polly?, but his price was prohibitive."

"Saturday, October 31. . . . I contemplated a quiet evening of writing, but was rudely undeceived, for at about 8.45, hearing a curious noise, as of rustling in the grass walls, I turned my light downwards and discovered that the floor was literally black with a moving mass of Sanafu, the fierce biting ants, Three minutes more would have discovered their presence more forcibly, for they were making for my feet, and they bite most mercilessly. I fled outside, called the boys and organized war to the knife. Paraffin, burning grass, sticks, straps, shoes were all called into requisition and after a fierce battle for more than an hour the enemy retired with heavy loss. After taking the precaution to fix my mosquito net extra securely, I went to bed with some qualms as to the possible return of the enemy. However, I had an undisturbed night. I tremble to think of my fate if they had come when I was asleep. They would almost have eaten me alive. An ancient mode of torture in this country was to fasten a man on his back upon the ground, with hands and feet pegged out, in the track of these Sanafu, who simply devoured the poor wretch piecemeal, usually beginning with the eyes, The victim generally became raving mad in a short time.

Dante could fittingly have put Sanafu into his

‘Inferno,’ and probably would have done so, had they been known in Italy.”

“Sunday, November 8, 1896. I preached at the morning service on Mark x. 14. God gave me great fluency and liberty, and a real impression seemed to be produced on my audience as to the value of a child’s soul. The churchwardens came round afterwards and said, ‘The Lord greatly helped you in preaching to-day.’ This was cheering, and I gave God thanks. We baptised eight adults at the morning service . . . Three teachers came in the evening from Lulamba, Buvu and Seruiya, with the startling news that there was a brutal persecution of a boy and two women at Seruiya, solely on account of their reading for baptism, and that now their lives are threatened. In token of how God guides, came this news, for these were the very islands which I had already arranged to visit to-morrow. This news will add point to my visit, though in any case I expect to examine some twenty catechumens there, and to baptise such as are fit.”

“Monday, November 9. Bukasa to Seruiya. I got all ready for the Mengo mail, whilst a tremendous storm raged nearly all the morning, with floods of rain. I got away at length at about 1.30 and had a nice sunny passage. We sighted a big crocodile basking not far from us, but he dived as we came near. We got in at about 6.30. I sat down to dinner to an appallingly tough duck at 9.45 and was glad to get to bed out of reach of the mosquitoes at 10.30.”

“Tuesday, November 10. I examined candidates for baptism in the morning, and afterwards received a crowd of visitors at my tent door. The people are overwhelmingly kind . . . I went for a stroll and came upon a sweet little girl of about six, who was most friendly, blowing my whistle and listening to my watch and winding up by piloting me back to my tent, where I gave her a pinch of salt for her pains, a gift more prized in Africa than sweets by an English child.”

“Wednesday, November 11. Seruiya to Lulamba. I baptised three men at a solemn little service and gave a short address. My loads were taken down to the canoe, whilst I had a walk of about an hour to Bukone, a peninsula, which is almost another island. Here I was warmly received by a wondering crowd, most of whom have scarcely ever seen a white man before. After being stared at for a reasonable time, I retired with some of our teachers to the church, and for two hours went into cases of the two persecuted women. On close investigation, however, I was glad to find that the account which had reached me was somewhat overdrawn.”

“Saturday, November 13. Seruiya to Bakasa. After various delays, we got under weigh at 11.40. I was glad to hear that the way of the poor woman of Bukone had been cleared by her husband forcibly ejecting her after a horribly brutal beating, so that now she can go on with her reading unmolested . . . ”

“Wednesday, November 25, 1896. Bukasa. We had a most interesting Missionary Meeting at nine o’clock, four hymns, four speakers (teachers from neighbouring islands), a closing address, by Rev. Henry Mukasa, on Matt. ix. 32-36, followed by offerings during the singing of the hymn, ‘Not my own’ (Consecration and Faith No. 53). (In a letter the literal translation of one verse of this hymn is given as it is sung in Luganda.)

(I am) Thy bondservant, my shells,
And my ivory, and my cloth,
And my time, and my friendships
All to-day I give (them) to Thee.

Chorus,—

(I am) Thy bondservant, Thy bondservant,
Jesus, I am Thy bondservant,
What things I have and what things I shall require,
All, all, are Thy property.”

Note.—Shells, ivory and cloth are their representations of wealth, money being yet unknown here.

“Wednesday, December 16. Bukasa. After my morning class, I interviewed and dispatched two teachers to Mazinga. I was much pleased with their answers to my questions. A ‘divarsion’ occurred during my afternoon class. As I sat facing the door of the house which now serves as a class room, I saw a big black snake of about four-and-half feet long, gliding along in front of the house. As I did not want a panic if the snake should enter the house (which would almost certainly mean that somebody would be bitten) I said quietly, ‘Bring my hat and stick, I want to kill that snake which I see outside.’ They scarcely believed me at first, but on seeing the snake, there was a stampede out of the house, and one of our churchwardens began to attack the snake with a long stick. It was a most ridiculous sight. A yelling crowd of nervous men and women dancing about the snake, the churchwarden who is blind with one eye and has a violent squint in the other, was making wild blows at the snake, but as his one eye played him false, he expended his rage and strength in smiting the ground at least a foot in front of the snake, who, not understanding these wild movements, got up and stared at him. At last, by a happy stroke, he smote the ‘Sarpint’ on the head and laid it low. He then battered it bravely, after which I gave a brief lecture on the structure of snakes, the poison apparatus, etc., with a few illustrations of Indian snake charmers. I then hung the carcass on the fence as a warning to its brother snakes, and my class, much fluttered, began to calm down to the sober history of Abraham and Lot. Such are possible parentheses in an African Bible Class.”

“Thursday, December 24. I heard this morning that the new C.M.S. and *Record* steamer was sighted yesterday, steaming off the East side of the island. Prayed that my home mail might reach me to-day or to-morrow, and on my return from Church, sure enough

it arrived. Abundant materials for praise in the numerous letters. 'The loving kindness of the Lord' is a daily enjoyment out here. I heard that my dear brother Alick is adopted as a 'Keswick' missionary, a great joy and privilege."

"Tuesday, January 5, 1897. I heard a curious story from Nsazi. A man from that island was summoned to the Capital on the Queen's birthday, last May, to help in the torchlight procession, and seeing a great display of bunting on the Fort at Kampala, was reminded of some obsolete heathen festival. He therefore returned to Nsazi and gave out that the Europeans had reverted to Lubare worship and they must all follow suit. Some who were reading did actually abandon their reading and returned to their old heathenism. When the devil thinks it needful to spread such a delusion, one may be sure that our aggressive attack upon his kingdom is making some impression. I had a nice Genesis class, and in the evening went down to the Lake for a swim. Henry Mukasa asked leave to view the performance, but did not come alone, for he was accompanied by quite a small crowd of curious gazers, who look upon my doings with a kind of awe."

"Saturday, January 16, 1897. Sad news came in a letter from Paul Kago, viz., that two of our teachers at a place only about four miles from Ngogwe, on trying to expostulate with a party of drunkards and refusing to drink with them, were set upon and clubbed to death. Verily the devil is still alive in Uganda!"

The following extract is from a letter to one of the Birmingham Bible Class:

"To-day being my rest day (Monday), I have been out for a long ramble and scramble along the rocky shores of my lonely island, rifle in hand, looking out for some wild duck for to-morrow's dinner, as my larder is nearly empty, and there are no shops round the corner as there used to be when I lived in Islington Row.

However, I missed the only shots that offered, as my hand was not steady from my heated scramble over the rocks, so I suppose that I must fall back upon the perpetual hen for dinner, though I cannot always get that, and turn vegetarian for a day or two. Anyway, in my long ramble, I had plenty of leisure for thought and prayer for my dear friends at home, and you came in for a special share to-day (it was her birthday).

It is a happy life out here, though a rough one.

My parish consists of about thirty islands, with fifty congregations; it extends for about fifteen miles north of the Equator, and about twenty miles south of it. The work is very hopeful, we had over 400 baptisms on the islands last year, and I am constantly making trips to neighbouring islands to examine and baptise men and women who have been preparing for six or eight months, and most of whom I believe are truly converted.

Pray for me as I do for you. I was so glad to hear that you have a class of your own now, and that God is using you to win the children to Himself. 'There is no joy this side heaven like that of winning souls,' somebody has well said, and I believe it from my own experience."

"Friday, February 5, 1897. Returning from my class in the morning, I saw a typical African scene. About twenty-five men were supposed to be building the Church. Fourteen sat on the ground and watched four others who were actually at work. The remaining seven were standing about, talking about what they should do when they did begin to work. I chaffed them unmercifully and shamed most of them into doing something better than looking on. The only really industrious person on the scene was Kaganda, the chief, who seized a bill-hook and chopped lustily at a beam which needed shortening."

"Tuesday, February 16, 1897. This morning's employments furnish a fair sample of the variety of one's life, even in this lonely spot.

- 8.30. Interview a teacher with a couple of sad stories of persecution on Bugala, the R. C. Island.
- 9.0. Morning Prayers, followed by my Bible Class.
- 10.45. Drive out an invading army of white ants, not however before they have committed ravages on my hold-all.
- 11.15. Dress my burnt patient.
- 11.30. Give work to a woman wanting to earn a New Testament.
- 11.35-1. I interview three baptism candidates from Bubeki.
- 1.0. Church."

"Sunday, February 21, 1897. I felt very bad when I got up, and I could not get to church in the morning, but feeling a little better by midday I read prayers at the afternoon service and baptised two young men. On leaving the church, I noticed an excited crowd looking down to the lake, but having an important matter to talk over with Henry Mukasa, the native pastor, I took no notice, and went on to my house. During our talk I heard the sound of boots (!) coming up my garden, and rushing to the verandah found two white men, who were both strangers to me. After the first bewilderment was over, I found that one was Whitehouse, the new C.M.S. man, going down to Nassa to be with Wright, and the other was a Scotchman called Cowhan. Wright came up the hill soon afterwards looking very ill, so I at once got him to bed and found quarters for Whitehouse, while C. slept on board. It was like a tonic to see three fellow countrymen again, and to speak in my own language once more, and I made quite a decent dinner on the strength of it."

"Monday, February 22. Bukasa. Wright was still very unwell. I spent the morning with Whitehouse. After lunch C., Henry Mukasa and I, also Andrea, my boy friend from Lulamba, went on board

the *Ruwenzori* to inspect her. Kaganda, our chief, has contracted to supply wood for fuel for the launch, so that with Bukasa as a coaling station, I shall not be so cut off from the Capital as formerly."

"Tuesday, February 23. Bukasa to Jana. The launch weighed anchor at 10. 30. I finished my packing and saw several teachers, and at length got away at about one o'clock, and had a comfortable passage to Jana, which however we did not reach before dark, when I discovered that my boy had left my kettle and also my jug for boiling tea, so that I must boil my bath water, meat and tea in my one remaining pot."

"Thursday, February 25. Bulayo to Mengo. I got away at 8 a.m. It was hot and fine, and I have now made up my mind that I shall lose the skin of my arms and nose, for I am fairly roasted. . . . I reached Namirembe soon after five o'clock, and met Pike and Walker starting out for a walk. They kindly came back with me to Pilkington's, who is going to put me up. It is nice to meet him and talk over the ten years since we have seen much of each other. We had family prayers for the boys, and it was nice to see how interesting Pilkington contrives to make them for his boys and servants. He and I afterwards had some prayers together and turned in late."

"Friday, February 26. Mengo. . . . I helped Cook at his dispensary until 11.30, when I went to the Daily Prayer Meeting at the Ladies' House. . . . I met Miss Taylor and recognized her as a S.U. Worker, whom I had met in Manchester, a few years ago. . . . Had a pleasant evening with Pilkington. I am pumping him vigorously on language questions, as I want to get all the help that I can whilst I am here."

"Saturday February 27. Mengo. We went up to the Church Council, which is at an interesting stage of its history just now. They enunciated the principle a few weeks ago, that they would excommunicate no baptised person for any offence, a most serious

decision, as just now there are several big chiefs who are drinking hard. However, to-day, they decided to 'take the bull by the horns' and devote one day a week to the investigation of cases of drunkenness and to excommunicate real and persistent offenders—a most thankworthy and important decision. I lunched with Walker, and was much interested to see his strange family, in itself a wonderful commentary on his exceeding kindheartedness. A girl dying of consumption was lying in one of his cook's houses, because she could not be made so comfortable in her own place; a Soudanese child whose mother had bitten off her ear in a fit of rage, for which she had been sent to prison, and three or four dogs and a cat with a lot of kittens."

"Monday, March 1. Spent the morning in writing and in a Luganda grammar lesson from Pilkington. After lunch I went to the dentist's (Dr. B.), and spent two and a half hours in his hands, by which time jaw-ache was well developed."

"Tuesday, March 2. Had another hour in the dentist's hands, after which we went to Millar's for a cup of tea. On my way I met my dear old friend Abednego Mambule, the Sekibobo's steward. He fell upon my neck and embraced me again and again, in fact nearly smothered me with affection, as he is about six feet four inches. We were always great friends at Ngogwe, but his joy at meeting me was quite touching. Walker and I went up to Rubaga to call on Père Gaudibert, the French Father. He received us most pleasantly, and showed us the fine brick house which they are building for their Bishop and themselves."

"Sunday, March 7. I went to the big church morning and afternoon. In the morning, amongst the notices, were read out the names of three big chiefs who had been summoned to appear before the Church Council on charge of drunkenness, and their detailed promises of amendment. There has been a most serious crisis in the Church during the last few weeks, as the native

leaders actually said that, whatever the offence, they would not excommunicate a baptised person. . . . They said if they turned out such men (all big chiefs) the 'church would fall.' Pilkington retorted that the sooner a church which was propped up by drunkards fell, the better! The next Saturday when they met, the tide had turned, and they began to deal firmly with these drunkards, and we have been spared the shame and sorrow of a corrupt Church, conniving at drunkenness and worldliness. It is a matter for profound thankfulness that God has triumphed in a crisis which has been one of the most weighty in the history of this church."

"Thursday, March 11. I got away at 3.45."

"Saturday, March 13. Nsazi to Bukasa. After a long but calm passage reached Bukasa about 9.30. Found the launch *Ruwenzori* anchored in the bay, and learned that she came in last evening; I found Gordon just going to bed with a bad headache, so I got my supper alone at 10.30 and turned in tired at 11.30."

"Sunday, March 14. Gordon and I were up to a late hour talking over the plans for our dear island churches. He quite hopes to return from Mengo in a few days, and to postpone his going home for a couple of months, which will be splendid for me, as I shall (D.V.) have his delightful companionship during most of that time."

"Tuesday, March 16. After dinner and prayers I was writing in my study when I heard Polly¹ (the parrot) scream. I rushed into the next room just in time to see one of those loathsome wild cats slink out. My dear little Polly was lying dead upon the floor! I *shall* miss her pretty affectionate ways. These losses of my little feathered friends are so real out in this lonely spot, and I do not understand *why* they occur. I have my kitten, but it cannot take the place of my dear little Polly. The brute that murdered her

¹ Polly the Second.

got in through the ill-fitting door, and found Polly asleep on the perch. The tragedy was the work of a moment, but I was at least in time to secure a decent burial for my little friend. Went to bed sorrowing."

"Wednesday, March 17. I have obtained heaps of fresh eggs by advertising my wants, a most welcome discovery, as nutritious diet here is very scarce. I pay four shells per egg, which is about forty for a shilling."

"Sunday, March 21. I preached at the morning service from Eph. v. 14, and enjoyed a sense of power and liberty. I rejoice to find that the people's contributions are steadily growing, and we bid fair to be a self-supporting church soon, exclusive of those teachers who are paid by the Mengo Church Council. They seem to be waking up."

"Monday, March 28. Henry Mukasa's sermon was really a stirring summons to the Christians to be at work for the Lord. After service I disclosed to the Churchwardens a plan over which I have been praying. Our new church has been now eight months building, and is not two thirds finished. The Christians won't lift a finger to it, they say it is the chief's work, but though under the chief, they take care not to do his work. It is a sadly growing characteristic of our baptised Christians, that they are always trying to get out of doing their lawful share of work for their chiefs. The consequence is that the heathen, who are much more obedient to their chief than the Christians, are doing all the building of *our* church, which is to my mind a most grave reproach on our Christianity. My proposal is to stop all reading classes (except those for training teachers) until the church is finished, as the readers make their one and a half hours reading in the early morning an excuse for neglecting their proper work for the chief for the rest of the day. I propose that they should come together each morning, only to build, instead of to read. It is encouraging hypocrisy and

shielding laziness under the name of Christianity to let these people excuse themselves from their legitimate work under the plea of reading. If they are not willing to do a little work at their own House of Prayer for the Lord's sake, they are not fit to be reading for Baptism. My measure is considered a very radical one by the elders, and they do not think the people will come to work. However, we are calling a special meeting of them at the ordinary reading hour on Tuesday morning, and I am going to be much in prayer meanwhile, and put the case before them on the highest ground, viz.—that they should build ‘as unto the Lord.’ If they won't take this ground, they must do without classes for the present.”

“Tuesday, March 30. I was up early and much cast upon God in prayer for His Power behind my proposed effort to enlist Volunteers to build the church. Then people gathered slowly, and Henry and D. spoke very despondingly of this venture of faith, and, when they had gathered in fair numbers, we opened with a hymn and prayer, and then I gave a short address on Neh. ii. 18, ‘Let us arise and build.’ I soon left Nehemiah and plunged into my subject of the hastening of our church building, which was begun eight months ago, and is as yet almost entirely the work of non-Christians, to our shame. I made an earnest appeal for volunteers, and asked such to stand up. Twenty-seven men and sixteen women rose, and I took down their names, and was glad to find them nearly all baptised persons. I hope to go and see them at their work each morning and to call a roll. And so in spite of plenty of cold water on the scheme, from human friends, God has blessed this venture. . . . Danieri Kaganda sent me another Polly, a fluffy, timid, half-fledged parrot, which, however, if I can rear it, promises to be a fine bird. It is nice to see the perch occupied once more, even by such a poor substitute for my other dear Polly.”

“Wednesday, March 31. I went round to the church before breakfast and found all our volunteers busily engaged in building or fetching materials, and twenty-five woman at work instead of the sixteen I had written down yesterday. I was full of praise to God for inclining all these people to work on the House of Prayer.”

“Tuesday, April 13. Found a good number at work on the church which is growing visibly now.”

“Thursday, April 15. The church is now getting on finely, they are busy thatching the roof. . . . I heard of Alick’s departure for Egypt. Praise the Lord for this new honour put upon our family. He and I may yet meet at Khartoum.”

“Tuesday, April 20. The church is going on gaily. After my class I went to help to make the Communion Table, and then had a small but interested class on Exodus. I went for a short stroll before dinner and enlightened a few of my native friends on some of our names for the constellations, for it was dark before I returned. They were much interested in the Southern Cross and the False Cross. They have names for some of the planets and constellations. Orion, they call ‘the three stitches in the cloth,’ the Evening Star they call ‘The Bachelor,’ because it stands alone in the heavens and, as they express it, ‘has no wife.’ It may also, I believe, mean ‘The widower.’ They use it as their clock by which to begin their evening meal.”

“Thursday, April 22. My truant boy returned, and after my class I called him in. He was ‘very ’umble’ as Uriah Heep would say, admitted himself guilty, but it took about twenty minutes’ patient discussion to bring him to admit that he deserved a thrashing. As soon as I got him to agree that he had *no claim* whatever for forgiveness, I forgave him. The poor little beggar was very grateful, and swore everlasting fidelity to me and my interests. It is very refreshing to forgive. It must give God a peculiar joy to be

able to forgive a whole world of transgressors, but, like my boy, they must clearly take the sinner's place first, that they may know it to be all of grace."

"Friday, April 23, 1897. Gordon arrived, to every body's unfeigned delight."

"Saturday, May 8. On Banda my men discovered a great delicacy, some horrible looking grubs which they excavated from the rotten trunk of a fallen palm tree, they were large, legless, quivering, cream-coloured grubs with a brown head and tail. My men affirmed they were an extraordinary delicacy and I agreed with them from an opposite point of view! They said that they should be either boiled or fried to bring out their full flavour! In their uncooked condition, they smelt more like a tan-pit than anything else I can think of! However, I packed about a dozen as a present for Gordon! or failing him for Henry Mukasa. . . . On landing I missed one of my crew and discovered him lying on his face upon the shore with another man walking about upon his back to bend it straight after the long hours of stooping over the paddle! This method of African 'massage' amused me not a little."

"Thursday, June 3. Busy all the morning helping Gordon to finish his packing. After many delays we got under weigh at four o'clock."

(A letter to his sister written at this time.)

BUKASA, C.M.S. BUGANDA, B.E. AFRICA,
Trinity Sunday, June 13, 1897.

"I wonder whether you remember this day eight years ago as clearly as I do, when, in Worcester Cathedral, I knelt beside beloved Peter Greaves to be separated to the ministry of the Gospel. What a wonderful eight years they have been! shaded with sorrow, but also flooded with the rare joy of unexampled opportunities, perhaps (for one so young as I), of telling out the 'un-

searchable riches of Christ.' But how much more wonderful for dear Peter, who for more than six years now has seen the Lord face to face.

Happy Peter ! I feel a touch of holy (?) envy when I think of him there. But I love to think that I am taking his vacant place out here : but, alas ! so unworthily. He would have been so much gentler, more patient and Christ-like than I have been out here. Do ask that I may illustrate more amongst the natives ' the meekness and gentleness of Christ.' You know how foreign it is to my imperious spirit. It seemed to come so easily to dear Peter to be gentle, as it does to Gordon, but I am so lacking at this point. . . .

You will wonder at all this ; but to-day has brought him to mind so clearly—the three days' exam. at Worcester, the happy evenings on the river (or in it), that sacred time at Lulworth Cove, all ending in that memorable service in Worcester Cathedral, and Peter so much a part of it all."

"Saturday, June 19. Island of Bubembe. Had a Church Council at 9.30, with a good sample of the cases which we have constantly to decide ; e.g. (1) The chief here, a nominal Christian, but a hard drinker, drove out of his garden one of our teachers and beat him, breaking his hand in the process. A fellow teacher took the poor fellow in and has in consequence been threatened with eviction too.

(2) A woman, whose brother is our teacher on Lulamba, came here to escape persecution on another Island. The chief here refuses to let her go to her brother, without the payment of a goat and some hundreds of shells, an impossible condition for the brother to fulfil, as he is a poor man ; he came here not long since to claim his sister, who by law is perfectly free to go with him, but he was severely beaten for his pains and driven away.

(3) A woman, whose husband (he had two other

wives) hates her because she is reading for baptism, wants to leave him, and is free legally to do so, but having been brought here from Buganda in a war long ago, does not know where any of her friends are now. No Christian here dare take her in if she leaves her husband, as they are pretty sure to have their house burnt down if they do so. I am requested to find her a home! Yes, but where? I have already one fugitive woman as gardener on my place and cannot extend the number indefinitely."

"Tuesday, June 22. Bugala. . . . I examined five persons for baptism, three of them women, who have gone through bitter persecution for the Gospel's sake to induce them to become Papists. These dear souls have got in them the stuff of which martyrs are made, and it is a real honour to be admitting them into Christ's visible Church, as I hope to do to-morrow morning. I have told the teacher here that he can go, for he is doing no good; most of these persons whom I have been questioning to-day have done most of their reading elsewhere. It was interesting to hear that the church in which I baptised the men this morning on Buyama is built on the actual site of the worship house of Mukasa, the great Lubare of the Lake in the old days, to whom this Island and Bubembe were considered sacred. On hearing this, I turned to the crowd who filled the hut, where we were sheltering, and said—'Jesus Christ has conquered, where is Mukasa now?' They all cried out 'He is defeated!'"

"Sunday, June 27. Emulabama. . . . I baptised two men, both very real, I believe. One of the men I examined yesterday gave me a very significant reason for leaving the R.C.'s, with whom he began to read. He said, 'I found that they worshipped idols, so I came out from amongst them.' The crowd which had been picnicing round my tent the whole day dispersed as darkness came on. Privacy seems as impossible as it is desirable in Africa, and it requires much grace to be

like our beloved Master, who, when the crowd came intruding upon His retirement, 'welcomed them.' I wish I were more like Him ! ”

“ Thursday, July 8. Kidzi (Bugala) News came that Mwanga the king, has secretly fled from the Capital with four canoes, slept on Buvu all night, crossed to this island the next morning and stayed with Sewaya, the other big chief of this island and fled with him to Buda yesterday afternoon. I can hear no more definitely, but have little doubt that he is joining the rebel Mugas, who has fled to Ankoli in order to head a rising against the Government. If so, he has chosen his time well, as most of our Soudanese troops are away in Kavirondo and Toro. If, however, he is joining hands in Ankoli with the rebel Congo Free State troops, who are said to be advancing in that direction, we may have a warm time in store, for they will be a formidable combination, and the ‘ personnel ’ of the King, solely in virtue of his office, counts for so much yet in Buganda, that he will possibly gain a large following and advance on Mengo.”

CHAPTER XVI

TRIALS, MUTINY AND DEATH OF G. PILKINGTON.

“All things are passing
God never changeth.”—SANTA TERESA.

“And now, farewell! God grant that in that day
When you and I shall meet at His right hand,
Beyond the shadows of this earthly way,
Amongst His noblest heroes you may stand.”
—EDITH HICKMAN DIVALL.

JULY 18, 1897. (To his sister.) “When the fact of the Lord’s imminent return really caught hold of me, I deliberately loosened my hold on the dear old earthly lodging, and committed myself more entirely to ‘a pilgrim life.’ It made it much easier to go forth when the final wrench came, and I do not much expect now ever to see the dear old earthly lodging ‘Homefield’ again. Our citizenship is *in Heaven*, ‘from whence also we look for the Saviour.’

‘Earth has no resting-place,
Heaven is my home.’

I shall be almost disappointed if our next meeting with one another is not ‘*in the air*.’

I had a little pamphlet on the Lord’s coming consisting wholly of Scripture by this last mail. I send it on to you. It behoves us to search the Word much on its biggest subject.

There are as many references in the New Testament to the Lord’s return as there are chapters. I advise you to take in *The Morning Star*, a prophetic monthly. Mrs. Greaves sends it to me monthly, and there is no magazine which reaches me which I more thoroughly

enjoy. I fancy that Alick has already given you Blackstone's *Jesus is Coming*. It is a valuable, full and sober introduction to prophetic study.

G. H. Pember's books (you will find two of them in my study) are amongst the best on what is called the *Futurist* view of Daniel's prophecies, and those in Revelation (personally I lean to the future fulfilment of Revelation from Chapter iv. 1, to end of xix., i.e., I believe that these chapters are principally and finally to be fulfilled after Christ has come in the air and taken His Church to Himself). For the other, the 'historical' side of interpretation, Grattan Guinness' *Approaching End of the Age* is the best book. If you read either, read both, and the Holy Spirit will guide you into all truth. . . .

I just throw out these suggestions, as this subject has been engaging my heart and mind for eight years now at least, and they may be of some use to you. . .

I am so grieved to hear of dear Mr. Wigram's death. I have lost in him a true friend. His tenderness, courtesy and tact, both towards Mother and myself in the earlier days of the question of my going to 'the regions beyond' were such as neither Mother nor I are likely ever to forget.

The R. T. S. are sending me a monthly copy of their new magazine *Sunday Hours*, to which, at their request, I am a missionary contributor at £1 1s. per article. Fancy your scribbling brother earning money by his pen! Hitherto all my literary work has been unpaid: but a guinea a month will come in useful for the Lord's work in this or some other land."

"Friday, July 9. Kidsi to Bumange. This is the second anniversary of my landing at Mombasa. Two years of real joy and definite blessing. There is nothing like being in the place of God's appointing for enjoying the reality of God's anointing. '*I being in the way, the Lord led me.*'

I spent a wretched night, visited by a whole stable-

ful of nightmares, owing to a violent attack of indigestion. Pulling myself together, I crept slowly on for about two miles to Bumange, the place of the French R. C. Fathers. Nothing could exceed their kindness. Père Bayard, the one whom I met at Bugaba last November, brought me medicine, etc., and insisted on my spending the night here. So here I fixed myself up, staunch Protestant though I am, glad to drink 'the milk of human kindness,' from any vessel, whatever label it bear, knowing the hand of the Father had sent it.

Our communications at the dinner-table were a very amusing mixture. The Fathers spoke in French with one another and sometimes to me. The Dutch Frère knew a little English, but could only reply in very lame Luganda. I knew a little French, but could only reply to French remarks in Luganda. I don't know what our boys thought of Luganda spoken with a French, Dutch and English accent respectively, or which accent they preferred. . . . I had an excellent night's rest, and felt much better when the church drums awoke me at six o'clock on Saturday, July 10. My boy got me some tea, and I managed some biscuits, and took it very quietly until lunch, to which I did full justice after a practical fast of twenty-four hours. I left my kind hosts at about 1.30, and a walk of about two miles brought me to my camp, where I got a hearty welcome from my crew and from the natives of the place. I examined seven candidates for baptism of whom five were quite satisfactory, and the other two were not."

"Wednesday, July 14. Buvu to Lulamba. My trusted teacher, Daudi, who has been travelling with me, has been summoned to Entebe to surrender his gun, as all arms in the country are being called in. Evidently a revolution is considered a possible contingency."

"Monday, July 19. Bukasa. Letters from Mengo and Nassa were awaiting me on my return. Walker

writes that all round the capital people are in a very excited state about the King's flight. He is heading a rebellion in Buvu, and is gathering up all the malcontents there. The commissioner has returned from Kavirondo with a large force of Nubians and is going down to guard the Buvu coast to prevent the King's escape by water; Walker has recalled to Mengo the two ladies from Gayaza, and asks me to cease itinerating at present (happily I had just finished) and remain with our Christians here."

"Tuesday, July 20. I went to the morning prayers, but found very few people present, all able-bodied men having gone to Baganda to fight, should it come to that."

"Tuesday, July 27. I was taken ill at breakfast and had a very bad day. I have not been so utterly limp and washed out as to-day since coming to Africa, though happily I had no fever. My three boys are the most idiotic three that I have been afflicted with yet. If anything is calculated to make one feel foolish, it is to be lying in bed in much pain, too limp to get anything for oneself and to find that two out of the three boys have gone on the spree and mean no work to-day. I ask for my invalid cup with a spout, as I am not sure of my powers of assuming the perpendicular; my boy, after much delay, brings me an enamelled iron filter which holds about a gallon, his idea of an invalid cup!"

"Monday, August 2. A big canoe put in just after breakfast, bringing news from the fighting in Budu. The Germans have captured King Mwanga for us, his forces are scattered, and the war ended, and the Katikiro Appolo has gone in pursuit of the disbanded rebels. Thus happily has ended what might have been a serious civil war. Praise God!"

"Wednesday, August 4. I had a good many callers after my morning class, with the usual miscellaneous wants, e.g. ink, pens, paper, books, medicine, advice,

work (only women, as a rule, apply for this last) and so I was busy until lunch."

"Friday, August 6. Bukasa. I had a searching time over Col. iv., with my class, and touched them heavily at their weak point, which underlies so much of the shallowness and backsliding which daily grieves one here, viz.: their almost entire neglect of private prayer and reading of the Word in their own homes. Of course their collective habits of life do not lend themselves to solitary prayer, but a very little earnestness on the point would take them into the field or gardens to pray. We shall never have a strong type of Christianity here, so long as it is all fed 'in church.' They have family prayers in most Christian houses, but often of the most formal sort."

"Friday, August 13, 1897. The Bubambe teacher came for books and brought word that many on that island are giving up beer drinking, although the chief is a great drinker. Is this the beginning of a revival that my heart is aching to see amongst our island churches? 'Oh, that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down!'"

"Friday, August 20. Bukasa. I heard to-day of a brutal case of persecution. A woman was reading for baptism, in the face of great opposition from her husband, who met her coming from her class the other day. He seized her and dragged her to their hut, beat and jumped on her, and finally took her outside and pounded her with a heavy stone as she lay upon the ground, but she remains firm in her determination to be baptised. I am going to take his case up, if possible, and send it to Kampala for trial."

"Thursday, August 26. Coming back from a stroll I heard the chief's drum on the Lake, and going down to the shore, soon met the good fellow and his wife. He brings important news from Mengo. The new king has been appointed, viz. Daudi, the son (eight months old) of Mwanga, and the only Protestant heir.

There will be a Regency, Appolo, the Katikiro, probably acting as Regent, as he has charge of the child-king."

"Tuesday, August 30. Just a year since I began my residence on the islands. A year of searchings and blessings and mercies. My love of the islands deepens with the lengthening of my stay amongst them, though by no means all men would care for such a sphere. It is such a mercy that I have several 'hobbies.' A man without a hobby ought never to come to such a place as this, he would soon grow morbid. But with music (I have two harmoniums and a flute, and a cornet coming), boatbuilding, fishing, swimming and carpentering, I am in no danger of ennui at present."

"Tuesday, November 9. Bukasa. At 9.30 we met in the church for a missionary meeting. . . . After a hymn, Jonasani gave us an interesting account of his journey to about ten islands. His beginning was a nice contrast to the formalities of Exeter Hall speeches. He began, 'I am your friend Jonasani, a bondservant of Jesus Christ, and I have been journeying amongst these islands on behalf of my Lord Jesus Christ, and I will now tell you what we did and where we went.' I closed with a word on giving, and offerings were brought as we sang the hymn 'Not my own.' In all they amounted to about 1,150 shells, a very good sum for our poor islanders."

"Friday, November 12, 1897. I reached the headquarters of the R. C. Mission at about two o'clock, and was kindly received by the French Bishop who has recently arrived on a tour of inspection. He had only just come from Mengo, and gave me much war intelligence which was new to me. Amongst other things, I had my fears about Major Thurston confirmed only too sadly. He went to Busoga to negotiate with the rebels, but they would listen to no proposals, seized Major Thurston and Mr. Wilson, the Government agent at Luba's, and put them in

chains. They sighted the steel boat (our C. M. S. one, loaned to the Government, I fancy), and turned the Maxim gun on it, killing the European in charge. Then the Government steel launch hove in sight, and the Nubians on board, seeing their fellow-countrymen in mutiny, followed suit, seized poor Scott, the engineer, put him also in chains and placed him in the fort at Luba's with the other two English prisoners. Poor fellows! Their fate was very terrible. They were stripped and led out into the square of the fort and mercilessly flogged on three successive days, and at last were denied even a military execution with a rifle bullet, but were brutally speared to death. Poor fellows! It is all very sad and vivid to oneself, for I had tea with Major T. at Entebe, two hours before he set out for Busoga to walk into the jaws of this horrible and lingering death. His perfectly quiet decision to undertake the perilous task of negotiating with the rebels, of the gravity of which he was perfectly aware, struck me much at the time. A fine example of what *our* spirit and action as Christian soldiers should be. I only saw him about an hour, but was struck by the unusually kind and sympathetic way in which he spoke of missionary work in Buganda. . . The same evening at Entebe I dined with Scott, the engineer of the launch, Major T.'s companion in torture and death. He had only narrowly escaped death by drowning ten days before I saw him, his canoe having upset just above the Ripon Falls, which he had gone to see. He could not swim and was with difficulty rescued by a Swahili porter, a good swimmer, but, alas! only to die within three weeks a far more horrible death than drowning. I feel much upset at the thought of these brave fellows being tortured to death. . . Pilkington is still in Busoga, Entebe is evacuated, and the Nubians disbanded. Major Macdonald has a force of 300 whites and thirty sikhs, and Mr. Berkeley is reported as being on the road from the coast with eight other Europeans

and 300 Indian troops. These ought to settle the mutiny promptly on their arrival. . . . It is a solemn coincidence that those three poor fellows were taken prisoners and speared to death within three or four miles of the spot where Bishop Hannington met with the same fate twelve years ago."

"Friday, November 19. One of the most physically wretched days I ever spent in my life! Violent sickness was followed by something dangerously like dysentery. I did not feel equal to moving; but I soon so completely collapsed that I felt my only course was to be carried to the R. C. Priests at Bumange, where at least I could obtain milk and medicine, neither of which I had with me here. I had no fever or delirium, so was able to give directions for my removal. . . . I lay down inside my sleeping sack and six men lifted the bed on their shoulders and began (for me) the most miserable and comfortless journey I have ever made. For four hours I was jolted up hill and down dale, sometimes head upwards, quite as often head downwards, stifled with heat, consumed with thirst, racked with pain, drenched with perspiration. I at last reached the Lake, where they put the bed into a canoe, and for about two hours paddled me across the bay. We landed at a point not far from Bumange and another half hour of agony saw me deposited more dead than alive in the verandah. The Fathers received me most kindly, but hastened to inform me that a new party of Europeans had arrived and that in all they were twelve in number, but Père L. most kindly gave up his room to me, gave me a much needed dose of laudanum, and some time afterwards, a cup of milk. They promised some more, but having three other invalids, forgot to bring it until 10.30, when they found me a limp and exhausted heap on the floor. I had tasted no food for twenty-five hours and was thoroughly exhausted."

"Saturday, November 20. A listless day—more than

ever I would recommend no person to wait until they are ill to 'think upon God.' It is an effort even after years of holy intercourse with Him as Father and Friend, what it must be to strangers to such intercourse, I dare not say."

"Monday, November 22. Bumange to Kidzi. I was up early, but had a long wait for some milk. However, I got a plate of porridge and some tea, after which my paddlers arrived to fetch me. . . After lunch I crept slowly down to the Lake and found my boy had made me a nice couch in the canoe. I lay down under my umbrella and had a very comfortable passage for two and a half hours to Kidzi."

"Tuesday, November 23. Kidzi to Bukasa. Having got my boy to rig up a good awning of double green baize (the ceiling of my tent) in the canoe, I lay down under it and had a wonderfully comfortable voyage to Bukasa in four and a half hours. I was too weak to mount our huge hill, so my crew took it in turns to carry me up. Jonasani Kaidzi met me and was most kind and sympathetic. I declined to see anybody else and went straight to my room. My cowherd had gone off two miles away, so I had to wait long for some fresh milk. . . . Eventually, I cooked some Benger's food (oh, priceless boon!) on my spirit lamp, and I had a splendid night's rest."

"Wednesday, November 24. Bukasa. Not good for much all day, nor could I eat much, but felt so rested and thankful at being in my cosy cottage once more. I saw no visitors, nor did I leave my room all day. A little reading, a good deal of resting, a good time with the Lord in meditation and prayer—such was my day."

"Thursday, November 25. . . . I am mending, but 'a poor stick' as yet. Did a little letter writing. There was a heavy storm in the night, during which my cowhouse sat down on the cows, goats, calves and boys, but nobody seems to have been hurt."

"Tuesday, December 7. Bukasa. I gave an Advent

Bible Reading at our morning service. I also examined five very stupid baptism candidates from Bunyuru. The following is an answer that one lad gave to my question, 'What first led you to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour?' (He had already said that he believed truly.) He replied with the usual pious air on such occasions, 'When I began to learn to read, I saw the letter "e" and I believed.' Not sure whether I could have understood rightly his answer, I asked him to repeat it. After deep reflection he reconsidered the beginning of his spiritual history, and assured me that it was the letter 'o' not 'e' that illumined his soul and led him to believe!"

"Wednesday, December 8, 1897 . . . After my afternoon class I was just starting to see a sick woman when I sighted my canoe in the bay. Soon Henry Mukasa, my faithful colleague, and I were locked in close embrace, running our salutations each over the shoulder of the other. This is the usual way of salutation between intimate friends who have not seen each other for a long time. . . . Henry having gone to the war for ten days during his term at Ngogwe was able to bring a good deal of fresh news. There are about twenty Europeans at the front, Government men, traders and four missionaries. . . . It is, as I feared, the losses on our side in the fight of November 24, were very heavy, 104 killed outright and 174 wounded, of whom fifty have subsequently died. . . . I expect news any day to tell of victory or defeat."

(From a letter to his sister.)

"December 19, 1897. My heart is sorely stricken, and I am much cast down. I naturally turn to you to unburden myself, my first and best of *human* sympathisers. I have been to 'the Brother born for adversity' first, need I say? . . . But to come to the point (and a very sharp point it is) of my present sorrow. Yesterday a mail man came from Mengo

bringing no letters—but to take back any of mine that might be ready. I casually asked him just as he was leaving, ‘What news from the war in Busoga?’ And then came crushing news that dear Pilkington had been killed in the last battle. The fact that he had been speared to death shows that he must have been at hand-to-hand quarters with the enemy, as most of them are well armed with rifles. I was too crushed by the news to ask further particulars. The loss is awful! indisputably the heaviest that could possibly have befallen this Mission.

The most capable mind, the most commanding personality, and yet one of the most loveable men (to those who were admitted as I was ten years ago to his intimate friendship, when we were associated in the work of the C.S.S.M. in 1887) has gone from amongst us.

For the Mission the loss is irreparable, literally nobody can take Pilkington’s place. The whole Bible (except three Gospels), the Prayer Book, a hymn book, and a book on Christian doctrine, all in Luganda, were his sole work—a noble memorial of a noble worker. . . . For myself, his oldest friend up here, the loss is deeper than I can yet realize. I stayed with him on both my last visits to the capital, and there was probably nobody with whom he discussed every question more unreservedly than with myself. . . . It was such an intellectual as well as a spiritual treat to be with him. He was such a strong, independent thinker, and yet so invariably loyal to Scripture. No mind can ever give me back so much again in interchange of thought as he could. And now he is ‘gone before,’ leaving the biggest gap in our little community here that could have been made. . . .”

“January 2, 1898. A fortnight has gone by since I wrote the above and much has happened during that time. I arrived here (Mengo) on December 23. . . . Everything here serves to emphasize our loss, and one misses

Pilkington's strong and charming personality at every turn. I have now learned the full particulars of his death. He was going down with some English officers and a small force of Buganda to cut down some plantains which were furnishing the rebels with food, when suddenly an ambush opened fire upon them at about fifteen yards off, from some long grass. Pilkington saw one man deliberately aim at him, fire and miss four times; he fired in reply, but did not hit the man, as he was lying hidden in the grass. The rebel's fifth bullet found its mark in poor Pilkington's side, severing a main artery in its passage. They at once carried him to the rear and towards the English fort, but he soon became unconscious, and when he reached Lloyd (another of our men at the front) he was practically dead, not more than fifteen minutes after he was hit. It would be a comparatively painless end, chiefly from shock and loss of blood. They are going to bring his remains up here to be buried next to Bishop Hannington's, at the earnest request of the native Christians, who want in after years to be able to point their children to the grave of the man who, after doing more for the evangelization of Buganda than any one man, was found willing to lay down his life for their safety. He went to the war at the request of the Acting Commissioner, to act as interpreter between our Buganda allies and the English officers whose orders had all to be translated, as none of them knew Luganda.

Major Macdonald, (the Commandant) lost his brother almost at the same moment as Pilkington fell. Lieut. Macdonald was rallying his men, who were wavering under the heavy fire, when he was shot through the back and killed instantly. It is almost a question whether Major Macdonald does not feel the death of both equally, as he had the greatest admiration and affection for Pilkington.

Mr. A. B. Lloyd gives a simple, touching account

of the last moments, when Mr. Pilkington's boy, Aloni, knelt down by his side and said, 'Sebo bakuku-bye?' ('Sir, have they shot you?') Pilkington replied, 'Wewao omwana wange bank ubeye' ('Yes, my child, they have shot me'); then he seemed to get suddenly very weak, and Aloni said to him, 'My master, you are dying, death has come,' to which he replied, 'Yes, my child, it is as you say.'

Then Aloni said, 'Sebo, he that believeth in Christ, although he die, yet shall he live.'

To this Pilkington replied, 'Yes, my child, it is as you say, shall *never* die.' Then they carried him some little distance to the rear of the battle which was now raging most furiously. When they had put him down again he turned to those who carried him and said, 'Thank you, my friends, you have done well to take me off the battlefield; and now give me rest,' and almost immediately he became insensible and rested from his pain.

One of the officers of the Royal Horse Guards who was out in Uganda thus bears testimony to his work: 'It is owing to the attachment of the Protestant Waganda to men like Mr. Pilkington, that we have been able to hold Uganda so easily up to the present time. In Mr. Pilkington's death the cause of civilization in Africa has received a severe blow, and England has lost a most devoted servant.' "

(Extract from a letter.)

(ISLAND OF KOME), UGANDA,

January 13, 1898.

"I have just come from a happy Christmas holiday of a fortnight, spent in Mengo, which I greatly enjoyed, despite three serious drawbacks.

(1) My two first attacks of fever, both slight, but both uncomfortable.

(2) Constant disquieting rumours from both Busoga and Budu, culminating in the return of Mwanga to

his country, having escaped from the Germans in Usukuma. He is now in Ankoli, a province in the extreme south-west of Buganda, raising a rebel army in the hope of regaining his kingdom. He is said to have turned Mohammedan in the hope of winning over to his side our Nubian soldiers in Budu who are on the edge of mutiny. If he joins them our outlook will be most serious, as we have already withdrawn more troops from the war in Busoga than we can really afford, and 200 Swahilis have gone down to Budu under Major Macdonald to quash and if possible to catch Mwanga, but as they are Mohammedans and cowards they cannot be depended on, should the Nubians revolt. The remainder of them are left to protect Kampala in case of a siege, though they would be 'a broken reed' in such a case; the real fighting would fall into the hands of the thirty odd Europeans resident in Mengo. Our Indian reinforcements are still on the road and nobody knows when they will reach us, so our only hopeful outlook at present is upwards, for 'vain is the help of man.' (Later) 150 Indians have reached Busoga and dislodged the Nubian rebels there.

(3) Dear Pilkington's death has been a sore blow to me, the oldest of his friends, and perhaps the most intimate of any up here. It has been like losing a brother. He was very reserved with some, but always open and affectionate with me. How often has God had to untwine my affections from loved human friends! How slow I have been to finding everything in Himself alone! It is a hand of *love* which loosens one's grasp of these objects of earthly love, but yet it hurts. It ought not to be so, perhaps, but I am only a man, after all, and poor at that! Pray for me that I may want and love nothing outside of God, that every human love and friendship—and they are very precious to me—may be included and embraced in His Love which changes not, fails not, disappoints not."

“January 31. Bukasa. Since my return here I have been overwhelmingly busy with arrears of work, which necessarily have accumulated during my month’s absence. Now, however, things are more in order, and I am alone, as Mr. Weatherhead, my visitor, has gone itinerating in the islands for me. He is not yet very familiar with Luganda, as he has been in Busoga until the war broke out there and was learning Lusoga. I have sent Henry Mukasa, my curate, with him, to help him with the preaching, etc.

Thank you so much for the box of toilet requisites which came from you by last mail. Mrs. R. is quite right. These small niceties (luxuries—if you will) are very welcome, when all one’s efforts to keep one’s surroundings clean and sweet are vain, owing to the filthy ways of our boys. All one can hope for is to keep one’s own person sweet and tidy, and towards that good work your parcel is a valuable contribution. You may smile, but I think you will approve, when I tell you, though I live all alone, I always dress for dinner in my best Sunday suit, with black socks and evening dress shoes every evening. Too many men up here degenerate into most slovenly ways, but I consider that being ‘the temple of the Holy Ghost’ one’s body ought to be as clean and tidily habited here as in England. Slovenliness in a consecrated Christian is inexcusable, I consider.”

“Monday, February 7. Bukasa. I set various people to work, amongst others my exceedingly fat and lazy woman cook and gardener, who says she can’t cook my food because she must cultivate my garden, and in the same breath tells me that she can’t look after my garden as she has to cook my food—Africay logic! As a matter of fact she does neither, and my food is usually utterly uneatable and my garden a wilderness. I then took gun and boy and rambled off to Mpata, an effort, as I did not feel very bright or energetic. . . I strolled home about 2.30. A cup of

tea, a siesta followed by a tub and change, led gently up to dinner, which I ordered a little earlier, being hungry (last meal 8.30 a.m.). My gay cook had reached the climax. She had left my food not even a quarter cooked (I generally put up with it half cooked) and had gone off paying calls. I sent her little girl who sleeps with her to fetch the gentle Damali's bedding, packed it up, sent the child to sleep at Mrs. Henry Mukasa's and awaited the truant's return. At about 7.30 she appeared, when I was just finishing my very frugal dinner. She produced about the usual amount of equivocations and explanations. I was brief and pointed. I merely gave her her bedding and—her final discharge—rather a shock to her stolid soul, I fear."

"Thursday, February 10. I was up very early and, with my two loads only, got off after breakfast to Mpata by land, about two and a half miles, and was afloat in a small, old and horribly leaky canoe by 8.30. All went well until we were about halfway to Jana, when a storm which had been brewing broke on us with a fury exceeding anything I have yet experienced on this lake. Blinding lightning, deafening thunder, huge seas, black as ink, but capped with foam and spray flying in sheets, formed a grand sight, but our chances of getting to shore alive were the smallest I ever remember having in any craft. For a moment my crew lost their heads and as nearly as possible allowed the boat to broach to, which in such a sea would have been fatal. I quietly but firmly ordered them to paddle on, and they pulled themselves together; we ran before the gale in a mountainous sea and blinding rain and only just made a narrow passage between two formidable rocks, after which we soon got into more sheltered water and landed on Bubeki. I waded to our teacher's house, where, as soon as my bag came, I got a dry change, brewed some soup and tea, and was given emere (mashed plantains) by my native friends,



1. GRANT BAY, VICTORIA NYANZA.
2. HOUSE AT BUKASA.

1. FISHING ON VICTORIA NYANZA.
2. HUREKI CHIEF'S HOUSE.

Sketches by Martin J. Hall.

with whom I sat on the floor and shared my soup and salt. Apart from the fear of fever as a result of my wetting, I felt that it would be madness to go on in so small and crazy a canoe with my heavy luggage, so I sent on the crew with my letters to Buganda and arranged to return to Bukasa myself . . . I got back home just before five o'clock and found Weatherhead and Henry back from their tour, the former looking wonderfully stronger for the trip. I settled into my study, though the floor was not quite dry yet, feeling very thankful to God for so lovingly preserving me in great peril; for undoubtedly to-day's was the nearest shave I have yet had of making my grave beneath the Victoria Nyanza, and that is saying a good deal."

"Tuesday, March 1. Bukasa. I had a wedding after morning service, and then saw the Katikiro about my runaway boy and demanded that he should either enforce the law and bring back my boy and punish him, or else send me another in his place. He seems inclined now to throw the case up, reducing thereby himself and me to laughing-stocks before everybody! I was busy seeing teachers, labourers etc., until lunch, a very frugal one, viz., a tin of sardines fried in oil, as no eggs, no fowls, were procurable. A famine seems threatening, both of food and boys to cook it. So I went and pleaded in the 'Secret Place of the Most High'—'Give us this day our daily bread.' Of course it came true, and when I came away from my afternoon class, a huge leg of *beef* (!) was *brought to the door* for sale, and soon afterwards twenty-two fresh eggs. 'Our Father is rich—I shall not want.' I may note that roast beef is a luxury that I have only had about four times since coming to Africa in 1895. God provides *well* for His children, praise Him! Again we had a good time over the Word. It is a great joy to have some Christian fellowship again."

"Saturday, March 5. At daybreak, W.'s boy came to announce that his other two boys and one of mine had run away during the night taking some of my shells and a belt of W.'s. This unwelcome news made it necessary for me to cook our breakfast, so we took refuge in my speciality, an omelette. In the afternoon the Musagire (or steward) called to say that he had been busy all day collecting every gun on the islands to send to Buganda, as Kaganda had written to say that every big chief was under orders to go to the war in Bunyoro. He had, however, sent orders that nobody was to lend canoes to our runaways, and if they had already reached Bubeki or Jana, they were to be arrested and brought back here. He said that in these days it was becoming impossible even for himself and other chiefs to keep their boys, or to make them do even their tiny modicum of work, and Walker says that it is increasingly difficult, especially in the capital, to get or to keep boys, as there is a growing feeling against discipline or restraint of every kind. No doubt this independence is the reaction from the old slavery, the abolition of which is just beginning to tell on the social life of the country and especially on the rising generation. This spirit as it grows will fast undermine the old feudal system, and our Government will have to face the problem of organizing some new and effective form of government.

At dinner a messenger arrived from Mengo with letters from Walker and Roscoe, and bringing a boy (at our neediest moment !) whom I had been endeavouring to procure some months, but had given up all hopes of getting him. He is an ex-boy of Crabtree's, and so knows English ways and can fall into his place at once. This was a real token of 'Fatherly Goodness' and W. and I gave Him thanks. Roscoe sent a well-arranged new scheme for the training and testing of teachers, who will now be his special charge. Walker enclosed a copy of Major Macdonald's official

letter from the front to the Acting-Commissioner, dated Nakanyonyi, February, 25, 1898."

(Copy.)

"SIR,

I have the honour to inform you that my plans have even been more successful than could have been expected, as Captain Harrison had gained a decisive victory over the enemy at Kabagambe on the 23rd inst. Leaving his baggage under guard at his entrenched camp at Herima (?) he advanced to Kabagambe on the morning of the 23rd, found the enemy holding two bomas (fenced enclosures) one inside the other. Captain Harrison attacked, and after one and a half hours' very severe fighting, captured both bomas together with 200 (Later, 350 Soudanese and 200 Wasoga women, have been taken and all their staff. R. H. W.) The enemy left on the field Effendi and 50 or 60 dead. The remainder and the wounded took refuge in the swamps of the Lake Kioga, and Captain Harrison has halted at Kabagambe.

The enemy's total loss in killed and wounded must be nearly 150, and their ammunition must be exhausted, and this victory will, I trust, be decisive. Our exact loss is not known, but is apparently about 30 killed and wounded. Captain Maloney is severely but not dangerously wounded. (He has since died. R. H. W.) One Sikh and 4 or 5 each of the Indian contingent and the East African Rifles were killed, 10 Indians have been killed. Ham Nsabwa, the Katikiro's brother and some ten or twelve of the Baganda were killed and about 20 wounded. I need hardly point out to you that Captain Harrison has amply justified my confidence in him and carried out the pursuit with which he was intrusted in the most admirable way. I will report more fully later on.

I have etc.,

(Signed) J. R. L. MACDONALD, Major."

“Evidently the Buganda chiefs are being gathered for a grand *coup-de-grace*.”

In a letter to his sister we see some of the shadows which sometimes fell upon his solitary life.

EMULABANA, SESSE ISLANDS,

Sunday, March 27, 1898.

“. . . . I am in the furnace, and it is very hot just now, ‘manifold temptations’ within and without, disappointments all; round, and myself the greatest of them all; and if so to myself, what must I be to the patient Lord who has taken such pains with my spiritual education? The little church here which promised so well a year ago or less, is, I fear, languishing. All is orthodox and earnest outside, but from what I have learned in interviews with baptism candidates last week I fear that there is a cooling of their first love. . . . Then I have been bitterly disappointed in one of my boys to-day, a baptised Christian and a communicant, who has told me a pack of lies and run away, though I forgave him yesterday for doing so, and he professed himself grateful and promised amends, saying that I had treated him kindly and that he had really no cause for running away. I feel that when these small boys come to me there are external lessons, at any rate, that I must teach them whilst they are with me, truthfulness, cleanliness, and prompt obedience, all qualities entirely foreign to the character of the Buganda. The spirit of revolution has reached even the boys of this country now, especially since the civil war began last July, and which is hardly yet over. All the Europeans are finding the same thing, that if these boys are subjected to the most gentle restraints or necessary punishments, they simply pack up and go; and some indeed without any reason at all except

their innate love of idleness. One of them expressed to me in a nutshell the creed of hundreds of these so-called Christians when I asked him what he was going to do on leaving me. 'Oh, just idle all day,' he replied. 'Do you think that idleness pleases God?' I asked. 'Oh,' said he, 'we serve God with our spirits, not with our hands.'"

Wednesday, March 30. Things are brighter now; those three days of last week strong temptation and deep disappointment were the dark hour before the dawn. I was cheered and gladdened on Monday evening by the most unexpected arrival here of Archdeacon Walker and Mr. Force-Jones, one of the new men from Nassa. Walker is going there on a visit to cheer up the two men there; especially needful, as Mr. Hubbard, who was on his way back there, died a week or two ago in Mengo. He was the last survivor (in Africa) of dear Peter Greaves' party of 1891, and was the last of them to see him alive at Zanzibar. He gave dear Peter a parting kiss the morning before he died; and so another link on earth with that halloved friendship has been snapped by Hubbard's death. It has been a solemn year for us, Callis, Pilkington and Hubbard all taken from us in less than twelve months. Who'll be the next?

I cannot well put down all the processes of my spiritual conflict and deliverance of these last few days: but as I was thinking over them during my 'Morning Watch' to-day, my heart and mind almost unconsciously beat out the thoughts to a measure, so I send you this bit of my spiritual history in versical form. The refrain was suggested by the closing line of that lovely hymn of Charlotte Elliot's.

"O holy Saviour, Friend unseen,"

and I unconsciously fell into the same metrical form, so the lines will go to the same tune.

“MASTER, I CLING TO THEE.”

“And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him (Matt. xiv. 31).

“I will not let Thee go” (Gen. xxii. 26).

In days of joy, in hours of song,
In days of pain when time seems long,
Ever to use Thy Grace so strong,
Master, I cling to Thee.

In days of faith, but not of sight,
In twilight hours of failing light,
Ever to feel that all is right,
Master, I cling to Thee.

In storm or sunshine, foul or fair,
When fiery darts becloud the air,
Ever to know that Thou art there,
Master, I cling to Thee.

In the dark hour before the dawn,
In the dim light that leads the morn,
Ever to stay where hope is born,
Master, I cling to Thee.

As branch to vine, as babe to breast,
For comfort, nourishment and rest,
Ever to prove Thy will is best,
Master, I cling to Thee.

M. J. H.

EMULABANA, SESSE ISLANDS,
VICTORIA NYANZA, B.E. AFRICA.
March 30, 1898.

It was just *clinging* in the dark for two or three days. I am through the valley now, thank God, and ‘in a large place,’ thirsting for deeper visions of God, and deeper filling of the Holy Spirit. You dear Christians at home little know the force of the powers of darkness in a land like this where paganism and superstition and sin have not yet been shaken from their throne. You in England have a Christian tradition and public opinion centuries old. ‘The devil is at home here,’ as my friend Douglas Hooper once said of Africa. Good-night again.”

(March 14 to April 11 was spent in itinerating among the islands.)

“April 11. I got away at eleven o’clock from Bubembe and had a quick and delightful passage of just over three hours to Bukasa, which looked homely and cosy after weeks on short commons and under canvas. Weatherhead was out shooting when I arrived, but returned soon afterwards. He had been experiencing a little of the famine days which not unfrequently come on the islands, when you cannot get even a fowl to eat for love or money, and when you must shoot your dinner or go hungry.

Home mails were waiting for me, having arrived yesterday, and so I devoured them eagerly. Many letters from children friends, thanking me for my little book on Uganda. (*Through my spectacles in Uganda.*) Henry Mukasa called to welcome me, and soon afterwards Damali, his wife, with her mother Roda, and her daughter, who have come here from Mengo to help with the teaching of the women. She was Pilkington’s cook and an excellent Christian woman. I want to build her a house in my garden here, so that she can help to cook for me and have a good influence over my two present cook-gardeners.”

“Wednesday, April 13. I had an interview with my cowherd to inquire into the fate of my two calves, both of which have died whilst I have been away, which means that neither of my cows are giving any milk. I find that these youths went off for a spree to another island for three or four days and absolutely abandoned my calves, in fact starved them to death. Such are housekeeping cares in Africa! I felt angry, so did not finish the case then, but went out for a little walk instead and prayed for ‘a quiet mind.’ I came back feeling better in spirit, but with fever creeping over my body. My temperature soon ran up, my head seemed to ‘swell visibly,’ dinner was out of the question, so was thinking, writing, or even praying;

one must lie down and let it run its course, helped only by copious draughts of tea, weak and hot. Relief came about midnight and I got a little sleep after that."

"Thursday, April 14. I woke up tired and limp and sick, so, after a cup of tea, turned in again. I got up at 10.30, not good for much. Read and wrote quietly in the afternoon. . . . It seems rather a wasted day, but was, I doubt not, a needed rest on the stairs of life."

"Friday, April 15, 1898. Got to church for Morning Prayers and then had a good class over the Epistle to the Hebrews, after which I examined six candidates for the Lord's Table. This brought me to lunch, after which came 'God's half hour.' How one needs it with the chill of heathenism all around one, the care of all the churches, as well as those more mundane, but more wearying, cares incident to African house-keeping!"

"Saturday, April 16. . . . Roda called to tell me of her visit to the Mandwa, or ancient heathen prophetess, who visited King Mtesa when ill many years ago, and influenced him to restore the old heathen worship, and to persecute the Christians. She still lives here, and flees at the sight of a European, though Gordon once succeeded in getting a few words with her. Not knowing Roda's errand at first, and Roda being a lady of distinguished bearing, the old witch welcomed her warmly, but when Roda declared to her the message of life, a sudden change passed over her, she was seized with a paroxysm of rage and drove her from the house, she herself rushing off into the plantation. I consider that this sudden rage at the name of Jesus, which she can scarcely ever have heard before, is a proof of the directly Satanic origin and inspiration of the ancient worship of this and other pagan lands."

"Sunday, April 24, 1898. . . . To my great joy Roda is going to undertake a daily class for little children. This is most thankworthy, as they will not come near the white man, and nobody else cares for them."



MISSION HOUSE, BUKASA.



MUWOMIA AND HIS FAMILY.

CHAPTER XVII

A HOLIDAY—FORESHADOWINGS—AT WORK AGAIN

“God has many ways of speaking
To the soul that longs to hear,
And in one way or another
He will make His meaning clear.”

“Speak, Lord ; for Thy servant heareth.”—1 SAM. iii. 10.

“**M**ONDAY, May 9. Bukasa. . . . I was just settling down to a spell of letter writing when ‘a white man’ was announced, who proved to be Dr. Cook, with orders from Walker, etc., to fetch me away at once, as they seem to have taken alarm at my mentioning that I had been having frequent attacks of fever lately. Cook is extremely anxious to go to Busoga and Ngogwe and to start at once, which is very awkward, as my good curate Henry Mukasa is still away and not at all likely to be back before Sunday. However, Cook is imperative, so I must go, I suppose. After dinner and prayers with the boys, we had some prayers together in English (!) such a refreshment !”

“Wednesday, May 11. Bukasa to Bubeki. After breakfast I packed and we got off about 3.30, and had a delightful passage to Bubeki.”

“Saturday, May 14. Kome to Ngogwe. Our voyage to Masakati on the Kyagwe coast took six hours, instead of about four and a half, and by the time that we had made a hasty lunch and sorted our loads it was nearly four o’clock. We stepped out quickly for Ngogwe, so as to reach there before dark, about a ten mile march. . . . We reached the mission soon after seven, and to our astonishment found the Bishop and Millar there. It was a delightful surprise, and the

ladies hastened to put before us, dirty and travel-stained as we were, an excellent dinner. We were in all nine Europeans, viz. the Bishop, Millar, Baskerville, Borup, Cook, Misses Bird and Pilgrim, and a transport agent named Wallace, who has come up with the Bishop's caravan from Kikuyu."

"Sunday, May 15. Ngogwe. Cook and I breakfasted with the ladies at 7.30. The Morning Prayer was shortened and the Bishop held a confirmation Service and laid his hands on about 130 candidates. Cook and I retired after two and three quarter hours, as I was very tired with the long service and feared an attack of fever if I remained longer. . . . We had afternoon tea at Baskerville's, after which the Bishop, Baskerville, Borup, the ladies and I went for a stroll, after first calling on Julia, the widow of the late Sekibobo. We had a vigorous discussion on the mistake of keeping a large number of Missionaries in Mengo at the expense of the out stations, at which it is the exception, rather than the rule, to put more than one man."

"Monday, May 16. Baskerville, Borup and I saw the Bishop and Millar on their way to Mengo, for a little distance along the road."

"Tuesday, May 17. Ngogwe to Luba's. . . . We ran up to the pier at Luba's at about eight o'clock and at once went up to the Fort, where Mr. Grant, the Government officer, most kindly put us up and gave us an excellent dinner."

"Wednesday, May 18. Luba's Fort to the Mission. We were up at 5 a.m. meaning to breakfast at the Mission with Weatherhead, but Grant had an early (and excellent) breakfast ready, so we stayed and ate with him. We climbed the steep hill and visited the old Fort and battlefield, where dear Pilkington spent the last few days of his earthly course, and Cook explained everything as it had been during the war. He took several photos of the scene. We had a grand

view of Mount Elgon, thirty miles away. We went on to the Mission and found Weatherhead down with neuralgia. He gave us a hearty welcome, and we had a restful day."

"Thursday, May 19, 1898. Mission House, Luba's, Busoga."

To-day begins my fourth year in this country, which has become so dear to me. There years of 'tender mercies' and 'loving-kindnesses of the Lord,' of the discipline of pain and sickness, of the joys of solitary intercourse with the Divine Master, of the new experience of months of isolation and of brightening hopes of my dear Lord's return. God be praised for the joys, lessons, blessings and discipline of my first three years in Africa! Only to be more worthy of such a calling as mine!"

"Friday, May 20. Ripon Falls. We were up soon after five o'clock and got an early breakfast, made our way (with all the requisites for a picnic) over the hill to the Fort, where we found that Mr. Grant had procured us a magnificent canoe with thirty-two paddles, and eight reserve men. . . . A storm was fast coming up, so we hurried along the shore to the Ripon Falls, a superb and impressive sight. The river was higher than when I saw the Falls at the end of the dry season in 1896, and consequently a larger force of water than ever thundered over the rocks and started for Egypt, when in about two months' time it would flow under my brother Alick's window at Cairo, more than 3,500 miles away. . . . At three o'clock we were obliged to leave the entrancing scene, which forms the birth-place of the Nile. On the voyage back we passed two huge hippos, at about twenty yards. . . . We hurried home in the hopes of a good dinner, in which, however, we were to be disappointed, as another hungry man, Wilson, had reached here before us and eaten nearly all our dinner at six o'clock. He had come in from North Busoga, where he had been itinerat-

ing. He was as cheery as ever, and despite our very scanty dinner, managed to make us forget our hunger."

"Saturday, May 21. Wilson and I went down hill and called on Luba, a fine old man. He is the chief who carried out King Mwanga's orders to kill Bishop Hannington, an act of which he is now thoroughly ashamed. He received us very kindly and gave me a goat as a guest present."

"Saturday, May 28. Ngogwe. I took Miss Pilgrim's children's class at nine o'clock: eighty delightful black lambs! They listened so attentively and answered so brightly that I greatly enjoyed my half-hour with them, and could have wished it longer. It is cheering to see such a result of my small beginning last October. After the class five wee boys helped me up the hill, three pushing behind and two pulling in front. When I reached the top, I found quite a crowd of little ones waiting for me, who seized me by every available finger and ran beside me calling me 'Hol Wafe' ('our own Hall'). All this was very refreshing to me after the shyness of the island children, whom I cannot get to know."

"Wednesday. Kazi to Mengo. . . . After lunch came heavy rain which lasted all the afternoon and reduced all the roads to a compound of tenacious red mud, which is a characteristic evil of Mengo; we do things better on the Islands! I paid off my crew and then unpacked a load which had come from England. It contained boots, books, clothing and a 'sweet reminder' of home in the shape of a big box of 'Congleton Gingerbread,' which we sampled at afternoon tea. . . . Cook had to leave early after dinner to go to the Hospital, so I had a long tête-à-tête with the Bishop, who was very kind and sympathetic. We had some prayer together before I left at ten o'clock."

"Friday, June 3. Mengo. . . . Had afternoon tea to which Walker and Purvis came in, after which we

all four went up to Mengo Hill to visit the little king, who has had an attack of bronchitis and is still very ill. . . . Cook made an examination, but is anxious about him. The dear little chap insisted on each of us shaking his hand as we went out. Ham Mukasa is one of his guardians, and was there. . . . We met Mika Sematimba on his way up to take care of the little king, who has to be most jealously guarded to prevent any attempt on his life by the many malcontents who still wish Mwanga back on the throne."

"Monday, June 6, 1898. . . . I had a letter from Tegart, saying that he would be glad to join me on the islands for three months, reading for his Bishop's examination."

"Saturday, June 25. Bukasa. Had a nice warm prayer meeting, after which we had a rather long Church Council, at which we heard the evidence against a teacher against whom a serious charge of immorality has been brought. He admitted his guilt, and we were obliged to suspend him from teaching and also from the Lord's Table. It is a sad business for us, for him, and for the work. . . . About five o'clock I was rejoiced to receive my home mails: news came that my sailing boat¹ is at last finished building (two years after I began to ask for it!), so that it *may* be up by the autumn caravan, but I shall expect it when I see it now."

"Thursday, June 30. Bubembe. A busy, happy day. I gave an address at the morning service, after which I took a Confirmation class. Then came a sale of books at my tent door until lunch time. After lunch four tiny girls came and made friends with me. Two climbed on my knees and were greatly interested in the contents of my pockets, which we thoroughly ransacked. The favourite item was a whistle, from which they all in turn evolved fearful shrieks. This bit of child love and confidence was so refreshing, but alas! so rare out here. After my 'holy parenthesis,'

¹ A gift from friends in England.

I took a class in the Epistle to the Ephesians, and then examined seven Confirmation candidates. . . . I close another year of my life this evening. Will the Lord tarry through another? I hope not, for my own sake at any rate."

I give here an interesting extract from a letter to his sister at this date.

SESSE ISLANDS, VICTORIA NYANZA, B.E.A.,

July 3, 1898.

"‘To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,’ and having been thoroughly packed up to go home ever since May, 1895, to pass into ‘the City’ would only be an unmixed joy, even though life down here is so happy. It seems to be in the Lord’s thoughts towards me that something like this should be lying not far in front for me, and I am glad that He is making the same thought known to you, as it will save you any shock should it come to pass. Of course I should like to see you and mother and C. in the body again, but it is not essential to my happiness that I should do so."

"Friday, July 1. Bubembe. My thirty-fourth birthday opened boisterously, as I had to turn out of bed at about four o’clock to secure my tent ropes, as a gale was blowing which threatened to carry my little tent away bodily. . . .

My four dear little children again came to see me and one took her seat as a matter of course on my knee, blew my whistle and inspected my watch, etc. . . . The more I see of this island the more does it seem to be the most suitable place on which to build the central station. Bukasa is too far out to sea to be a really good centre, though of course, in 1895, when Gordon first came to the islands, that was the only place where he could have settled."

"Monday, Julyth 4. Reports came of two hippos off the shore, just below the hill, so I could not resist the

temptation to go down and try for one. I got a near shot and hit one, I fancy, in the neck, and soon afterwards gave another one a nasty knock on the head at about forty yards. It bellowed with pain and I am in hopes that to-morrow morning I may find it floating in the bay upside down, which will mean unlimited meat for myself and all my friends, unstinted dripping and a little ivory. . . . In the course of our rambles to-day Ena (the teacher) showed me the actual ruins of the old spirit-house of Mukasa, the heathen god of the Lake, whose headquarters were supposed to be on this island. When the present chief inherited his chieftainship, his first act was to burn Mukasa's house to the ground, and now there is scarcely any island where a more hopeful work for God is going on than here. My heart was full of thankfulness as I saw the house of the Christian teacher, standing almost on the very spot where Mukasa's house had stood in the old dark days."

"Wednesday, July 6. Bunyama to Nulaje. A rather exciting day. I gave an address at the morning service, and then we made our way to the shore accompanied by a crowd of women and children. We had only just got under weigh when we sighted a whole school of no less than nine hippos, gambolling in the water. With some difficulty I induced my crew to paddle me within about forty yards of them, when I stood up in the canoe and got a fairly steady shot at a big fellow. I hit him badly in the face or neck, and he made a huge commotion, leaping out of the water and plunging about with an activity which was marvellous in so huge and bulky a creature. I next selected a huge cow whose entire head was above water and got a good shot at the vital spot between the eye and ear. I hit her somewhat obliquely, but after tremendous struggles for about three minutes, she settled down at the bottom for the last time. On paddling to the spot I found the water not six feet deep, and clear, and

there lay the huge carcase on the bottom. We put back and found two fishermen with a good canoe and their strong net ropes. We enlisted their help, and having previously marked the spot returned to our prize. Putting a boy overboard to slip nooses over the hippo's feet, we slung it between the two canoes and soon towed it to shore. Getting the enormous carcase on shore was another matter, and eventually it took thirty men to move the huge bulk a few feet; and after cutting off the head it took eight men to lift it a few yards up the beach. I sent word up to the gardens, and soon a young army of men, women and children were on the scene with knives, bill-hooks, baskets and much jubilation. After getting the head and some of the valuable fat as my portion, I left the natives to divide the rest, a good portion being secured for my own crew first. Then began a disgusting brawl, each man fighting for all that he could get, covered with blood, grease and mud, yelling themselves hoarse, hacking furiously at the enormous mass of flesh, around which they crowded and jostled knee-deep in the blood-stained water; they presented a disgusting sight which I, being powerless to control, was glad to leave. . . . I left the head and teeth in charge of the teacher, as the teeth are too tight for extraction until the gums are highly decomposed. . . . I dined off hippo soup, which is most rich and really delicious, and hippo cheek roasted, a most *recherché* dinner, even if rather an unusual 'menu.'"

"Saturday, July 9. Fumve. Three years ago to-day since I set foot on the African mainland at Frere Town. Strange, solitary, happy years, and heaven feels nearer now than then in every way. I had almost hoped to have reached there before now, but must serve and wait awhile longer, it seems. An address at the Prayer Meeting, then a Titus class, the examination of four candidates and a final interview with the three who are to be baptised to-morrow,

then lunch, and a welcome lull. After a chat with two teachers, I took gun and boy and dogs and went for a long ramble of three and a half hours to the far end of this lovely island. It was a lovely walk, but very much 'up hill and down dale,' but *such* views ! . . . This is an enchantingly beautiful spot ! I thank God for this ministry to one's spirit through the eye."

(We add here a letter written to his sister at this time.)

FUMVE, SESSE ISLANDS, UGANDA,

July 9, 1898.

"On this the third anniversary of my landing in Africa, I feel that I should like to have a little chat with you. . . . At the close of a very happy day, on this the loveliest of all these lovely islands, in excellent health, I find myself indulging in a quiet retrospect of these first three years in Africa.

The period—three years—has a sacred interest of its own. 'Our Lord Jesus' had begun and finished His work on earth in three years at an age one year short of my own. And what have I to show for three years in Africa ? Nearly nothing outwardly, but they have been years of deep personal spiritual training and discipline, with the great withholding running like a minor chord (not a discord) through them. I am thankful indeed for them ; I believe, under God, they have deepened and steadied my character, and certainly they have revealed myself to myself in a very humbling way. . . . Home is dearer, if farther off ; Heaven is nearer—if earthly surroundings are less comfortable than they used to be. So far as 'that Great Shepherd of the sheep' has been concerned, every remembrance of His tenderness, patience and grace through these three years is a separate cause for praise.

The truest aspect of our life on earth 'in Him' and for Him is that it is our training time for higher service in glory. One likes to think even of dear George Pilkington's strenuous and monumental work

and purposes moving on unerringly to their divinely ordered end; our character is trained and formed in relation to our harmony (or want of it) with these Divine purposes.

There is a right place for each of us. It concerns us to find out where it is and to occupy it only in relation to Him who put us there. If we are right with Him, all other relationships will be right too. He sent me here, He must move me hence in His way and time. How and when?

I cling to the 'blessed hope' of His appearing very soon to solve all these questions.

The end of my second year in charge of the work on the island has almost come; and I have been allowed to see the work here growing steadily, hopefully and even widely. It was so good of 'the Chief Shepherd' to place me in surroundings so specially pleasing to me as these islands.

There! Good-night! I have said enough for the present."

"Tuesday, July 12. Fumve to Bukasa. . . . I got into Bukasa soon after five o'clock and got things snug before dark. Sat up very late chatting with Tegart."

"Friday, July 15. Tegart and I went for a stroll and met our friend of the R.C. Mission coming to dinner with us. Poor fellow! he didn't enjoy our good things much, for we, forgetting that it was Friday, his fast day, had opened some tasty English stew. To satisfy his scruples, we found him some sardines, but he was unable to enjoy anything, for he was seized with violent sickness, and at last became so collapsed that I insisted on his spending the night here. We put him to bed in my room and I shared Tegart's room. Our invalid slept well, and so did we."

"Saturday, July 16, 1898. I was up early and got a cup of strong Bovril and some biscuits for our R.C. friend and soon afterwards a cup of tea. He was very grateful and went back to his camp about 7.30. I

have enjoyed this opportunity of making some small return for their great kindness to me when I was ill on their island last November. Our guest told us that one of their Fathers had died at Bumange on the big island last Tuesday."

"Tuesday, September 6. Kome. A very full day. I gave an exposition at the morning service, and then held a Confirmation class, after which I examined six Confirmation candidates. I bought about twenty-three crocodile eggs to send home. Having an empty larder, I boiled two of them for lunch and ate them. They were rather strong in flavour, but once divested of the sentiment of crocodile, which clings to them, were by no means uneatable. The yolk is very pale primrose colour when boiled. I am on short commons now, both tea and cocoa having come to an end to-day. However I am happy in having plenty of milk every day. I went for a walk before dinner, and enjoyed a lovely view over the South Bay. I met an old man in the gardens loading his pipe, so I offered him a light. He smiled incredulously, but was thunderstruck when I produced a wax vesta and struck it and lit his pipe."

KOME, UGANDA,

September 1898.

"I have thought of a happy use for my crocodile's eggs.

I propose to start a Crocodile Prayer Circle for the work on these Islands.

Instead of a card of membership, each member will be given a crocodile's egg to be hung on the wall as a reminder, where it can be seen every morning.

The rules of membership would be—

1st. Definite prayer once a day for the work on the Island of the Victoria Nyanza.

2nd. For all God's work in Uganda.

3rd. Pray for me!

When a member feels no longer able to continue thus in prayer, the egg can be broken."

BUKALEBA, LUBA'S, USOGA,
June 1899.

"I have now posted thirteen eggs to you, and shall be so glad if you can act as Hon. Sec. of the 'Crocodile Prayer Circle.' The duties would be very light, viz.—to keep a register of members, who agree to pray for the work in Buganda, especially in the Sesse Islands, and Busoga. Also for me by name every day.

To send each member a crocodile's egg.

The cost of printing, postage, etc., would be defrayed by a voluntary subscription of 1s. per annum.

Then I should like to have the names and addresses of the members, so that I may in turn pray for them."

"The above are extracts from letters I have received from the Rev. Martin Hall, C.M.S., and in consequence it has been decided to start this 'Crocodile Prayer Circle,' and if any of Mr. Martin Hall's friends would like to have the privilege of helping together by prayer, and will write to me, I will have great pleasure in forwarding an egg.

MISS E. DOUGLAS-JONES,
Hon. Sec.

ENNERDALE, WIMBLEDON,
November 1899."

(The diary continues). "Tuesday, September 13. Kome to Nsazi. At an early hour I heard a small voice outside my tent calling out, 'White man, how are you?' It was the chief's little boy of about three, a great chum of mine. He had some breakfast with me later on, sitting on the tent floor and eating 'Emere' *off a plate*, for the first time in his life probably. . . . I baptised eight

persons, and gave an address. I am much pleased with the teacher here; he is evidently an exceptional man, judging from the clear and intelligent answers that most of the candidates which he presented gave me."

"Monday, September 19. Bukasa. . . . I heard that there was a grey heron on a tree close by, so I took up my rook rifle and bagged it, the bullet cutting its throat like a knife; so I have meat now for to-morrow after all. I had two big fish brought to the door for sale this morning, a most unusual thing. I bought both, and sent one to Henry Mukasa and his wife, for which they were very grateful.

My hair being uncomfortably long and my clippers out of order, I decided to follow the Uganda fashion and have a complete shave. But who was to conduct so delicate an operation? None of my boys knew how. I sent to call Henry to my aid, but he was out visiting, so at last I called in my old lady Roda, who shaves all my boys' heads very cleverly. Armed with my best razors, she performed the operation with great skill and gentleness, amid much fun, as my boys all came to watch. When my pate was robbed of its last hair, and was smooth and shiny as an egg, my boys and Roda were much impressed by my distinguished appearance, and kept exclaiming, 'A distinguished-looking head, upon my word!' The process is rather painful, but the result is most pleasant and cooling (if I don't catch a cold in my head)."

"Wednesday, September 21. Bukasa. Yonah Gugu, the chief of Bubembe, came to see me. He has finished his big church there, and is justly proud of it. . . . After prayers Roda gave me some of her early reminiscences, and said that she remembered meeting Wilson and Mackay on their road from the lake when Mackay first arrived in Uganda. I showed her a letter from C. T. Wilson which I received a few months ago from Jerusalem, and she was much interested to find that I met him there in 1894."

From October 25 to November 24 was spent with the Bishop on a voyage to Nassa in the *Ruwenzori*.

(The diary continues.) "Thursday, November 24, 1898. I parted from the Bishop, and had an excellent passage to Bukasa, which I reached at eleven a.m. I found Weatherhead well and comfortably settled in his new quarters. He has brought twenty goats and twenty hens from Busoga, so that our days of hunger are over for some time to come. Crowds of friends came to welcome me back. I hear that the poor old Sorceress on this island is dead. She was the moving factor in the first persecution of Christians under Mtesa, having been called in to advise about a severe illness of his. It is touching to think that she was spared to hear the Gospel story more than once from the lips of good old Roda, and that at R.'s last visit the poor old thing was much more friendly and attentive than she had ever been before."

"Tuesday, November 29. Bukasa. I gave an address at morning service and adjourned to see Henry Mukasa and Damali off to Buganda. I shall miss my dear curate Henry very much, as his help and advice are so valuable in deciding all native questions; for even if one knew the language perfectly, one would always be a foreigner amongst these people."

"Sunday, December 4. Bukasa. I had an extra busy day, as I was alone, Henry and Weatherhead both being away. I preached from Mark xiii. 33, 34. I am reminding our people with great and constant insistence of the imminent return of our beloved Master. Oh! that they might be stirred to greater zeal and holiness of walk! . . . The little one which I baptised on Friday died early this morning, and I buried it before the afternoon service to-day, before a large congregation. There is nothing sad about the burial of such a tiny baby. One can only thank God that it has never had, and never will have, to buffet with 'the waves of this troublesome world' but

reaches Home almost ere it has started. Most of the graves in God's acre here are those of tiny children, so I appealed to the children, in my sermon, to make the little graveyard their special care and to keep it neat and clear of weeds. It is a tiny work which they can do for Christ's sake, and that of the little sleepers there."

"Monday, December 5. One of my boys brought me in a dear baby (knowing me to be fond of such things) whilst I was at breakfast, so it sat on my knee and shared my food, but would insist on pouring the milk *outside* its fat, brown body instead of inside, which seemed to me an extravagant and unsatisfying habit. However it had no clothes to spoil (except mine, on which the milk dripped), so it did not matter much. My little chum Anderea was ill, so I put him to sleep on my bed and left the baby there to cheer him, which it did by falling asleep beside him."

"Tuesday, December 6. . . . I had a sad parting with my little chum Anderea, who is returning to his home to-morrow. We had some prayer together, and I was much touched by his prayer for me. I shall miss him sorely ; he has called out some of the tenderness in me that was in danger of growing rusty from want of exercise in this land of dirt and provocations and vexations, human and insect. His love has done me good and called out mine in the old way. God keep him pure and true, dear little chap !"

A letter written at this time is worth recording, in the light of subsequent events.

SESSE ISLANDS, UGANDA, B.E.A.,
December 20, 1898.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,

I had such a wonderful dream last night, so vivid and so blessed that I can only wish it may come true. I dreamed that I had consulted Dr. Cook about certain suspicious symptoms in my health and that he told

me that I was undoubtedly suffering from an incurable disease, and that seeing that he had no facilities for alleviating the disease, or of arresting its progress, that he could give me no hope of living for more than six months longer. On hearing this I literally shouted for joy, wrung his hands and thanked him as a herald of the best of news. I rushed up the hill to the Bishop and told him. He seemed much upset and urged my starting for Europe at once. Of course I would not hear of this, as the chances of my reaching England alive were very small, the expense of sending me there needless and great, and so I decided to settle up my affairs, arrange a few bequests to be carried into effect on my death, with some good-bye letters, and then to join the Gordons on Bukasa and work and wait until the end came ; and arranged that I should be laid to rest amongst my dear islanders here, and not in Mengo, where I am scarcely known. . . .

I woke up, and it was all so strangely vivid that I could hardly look upon it as a dream. One thing in it has gladdened me, the feeling of exultant joy at the thought of entering the Master's Presence. There was no tinge of fear nor even of disappointment at not seeing you all once more in the body. I wonder whether it will come true ; I almost hope so ; the feeling of just serving and waiting a few weeks for it, as for a certainty, was so calmly happy, quite indescribable on paper, but I have walked in the hallowed flavour and fragrance of it all to-day, and thought I would just tell you of it before going to bed.

Good-night, dearest sister."

CHAPTER XVIII

LEAVING THE ISLANDS—A SNAKE STORY—NEW ARRIVALS

“Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

* * * *

Let us then, be up and doing,,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

—LONGFELLOW.

(*From a letter.*)

MENGO, *January 13, 1899.*

“ I HAVE been up here for a few days to meet Mr. Gordon and his wife on their arrival, and to consult with them and the Bishop about the future of the islands. Mrs. Gordon bore the journey wonderfully well, and on the whole looks none the worse for it. And now I am returning to the beloved islands—but for the last time, for the Bishop has asked me to go elsewhere, as the Gordons are going there. And so, alas ! I am to leave my dear Basese flock, a sore wrench for me *personally* (but in the Lord’s work one is called to be impersonal), and I have been asked to go to Luba’s and to take charge of the work in Busoga, where ‘a great door and effectual’ has been recently opened. Luba himself, the chief who, under Mwanga’s orders, carried out the capture and murder of Bishop Hannington in 1885, is now learning to read, and is urging his women to do so too, and has built a church in his own enclosure, to which a most encouraging number come every Sunday. This movement must

not necessarily be mistaken for spiritual anxiety, it is not that yet, but may become so through the operation of the Holy Spirit. My new station will be on the hill on which Hannington was most likely seized to be made prisoner, and at the foot of it dear Pilkington laid down his life not much more than a year ago. It was my friendship with Hannington fourteen years ago that first awakened my interest in this field, and Pilkington was my oldest and most intimate friend of the missionaries up here ; so there is a certain fitness in my going there. But you and I can see a deeper reason than that, and we cannot forget that our beloved George was located to Busoga nearly eight years ago, and in this call to that country I see one more indication that I was called out here in his place."

BUKASA, SESSE ISLANDS,
Sunday, January 29, 1899.

"DEAREST SISTER,

I am all topsy-turvy within and without just now, in the agonies of 'fitting' from my beloved island home to go to Busoga. . . . I am sadly human. I shrink from being left alone in Busoga, as the Bishop proposes to leave me, and to take Weatherhead elsewhere. I shall not have there (as I have here) the companionship and fellowship in the Gospel of a crowd of dear Christian friends, for the work is only just beginning there, and the atmosphere is densely, darkly heathen all round; no crowded congregations of eager listeners, no Teachers' Training Classes yet, a new language to learn and an immense amount of prejudice to overcome. 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Certainly not I! . . . The dear souls here come and weep over my going, and upset me. I shall be thankful to get the wrench over. The Lord goes before, which is all that I *know* about this move. . . . I am refreshing myself in a message

that Mrs. Evered Poole gave me when I first came out. 'But when morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore.' Whilst writing, I have just had a letter from the Bishop, saying that he will not now remove Weatherhead from Busoga, so I am no longer in danger of being left without a companion again, and the crying needs of Busoga will be more adequately met."

(From the diary.) "February 15, 1889. Luba's, Busoga. After breakfast came crowds of noisy Busoga to build the new house, which is not very far advanced (although it has been already seven months in building), being in the hands of a sub-chief of Luba's, who does things in true African style and speed."

"Friday, February 17, 1899. A slack day so far as building was concerned, as the men did not turn up all day. I made a window frame and shutter and fitted them in my tiny room, which will eventually be the store."

"Sunday, February 19. Bukaleba. We had small congregations in the dilapidated shed which does duty for a church; however, seventeen gathered round the Lord's Table. I preached from Matthew xxvii. 22 and enjoyed much liberty. In the afternoon we went to Luba's enclosure for a service, at which Luba was present, and many of his wives. One of our teachers preached in the afternoon a good and earnest sermon."

"Monday, February 20. Bukaleba. At nine o'clock we had a conference of teachers, at which eight were present from their various spheres in South Busoga. We learned all that they could tell us of their work, and there was much that was very interesting and cheering. There are no less than seven islands off this coast asking for teachers, and five chiefs on the mainland."

"Wednesday, February 22. After morning service W. and I went down to the Fort with our home

mails. . . . We learnt that all our letters were over-stamped, as the postage has now been reduced to a penny per half ounce. We were weighed, and I was exactly ten stone, or nearly a stone heavier than when I left England in 1895, so that Africa evidently agrees with me, in spite of few comforts and poor food."

"Thursday, February 23. After lunch I had an interesting Genesis class. Yesterday, Nua said, 'You have quite struck us with thorns and thistles,' a native proverb meaning, 'you have made me unable to rest,' i.e. 'in our thirst to hear more of the wonders of the Divine Word,' because the sting of a thistle is so irritating that one cannot let it alone nor rest."

"Friday, February 24. I had an interesting Genesis class, but one has to know so much to teach Genesis i. Already we have dealt with astronomy, meteorology, botany, ethnology, in reading the first few verses."

"Sunday, February 26. Bukaleba. . . . Nua, our good curate, preached a thoughtful and very interesting sermon, though it dealt rather with the whole subject of the Epistle than with the text which he chose at the outset, 1 Thessalonians i. 1. He is a most earnest, intelligent and interesting man. He was one of those who was with Mackay at Usambiro, and accompanied Stanley's expedition from there to the coast, where he spent a year at Frere Town and returned to Buganda with the Bishop, Pilkington, Baskerville, etc., in 1890. He was Pilkington's instructor in Luganda on the road up. I went down to Luba's embuga (enclosure) in the afternoon and held a service in the Church which he has built there quite on his own initiative. Not a very large congregation turned up, but it was touching to find the murderer of one whom I had known and loved, Bishop Hannington, sitting next to me in church, listening humbly to the Gospel which Hannington came to bring here fourteen years ago. Poor old man! I wonder how

far he loves and understands the Divine message of forgiveness and love. I called on him after service, and four dear little people sidled up to me and stroked my clothes and hands lovingly and soon became quite friendly. Luba gave me a parrot on leaving, and the dear little children escorted me some distance on my way."

"Monday, February 27. Immediately after breakfast I took my gun, two boys, and two dogs, and went off in search of some guinea-fowl; but though I wandered about the plain for more than four hours, we saw not a bird that was edible. We then went down to the market on the lake shore to make friends with the people. We passed on the way a grove for spirit-worship. There was a small fence, and under each of three large trees was a little thatched place like a toy hut, in the doors of which were small offerings of native beer, grain, etc. My guide told me that it is customary, on the birth of twins, for the father and mother and a crowd of their friends to resort with large jars of beer and drums to this spot, and for the father and mother of the twins to dance furiously until they are quite exhausted, the friends meanwhile sitting round singing, drinking and beating the drums. The wizard who manages the place lives near by, but was not at home, or else I would have called, and made his acquaintance."

"Tuesday, February 28. Bukaleba. . . . A load from England arrived, containing some clothes and, still better, a lot of new and good books, e.g. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Keats' Poems, Sir. R. Ball's *Starland*, Anderson's two books on Daniel, etc. I profoundly believe in having and reading plenty of really good books out here. The monotony of the climate, the food and the people would produce a kind of mental atrophy, if one did not get into contact with great minds and thoughts in good books. Books are the one luxury in which I

indulge here, and would do so even more, if I could afford it."

"Wednesday, March 1. After a very interesting teachers' class, and a cup of tea, W. and I went down to the Fort and called on Captain S., who was busy making bread. He is a most versatile man, never idle. He was much interested in some yachting magazines which I have lent him."

"Wednesday, March 8. Iganga to Bukaleba. I was up at 4.15, had an early breakfast, and was on the road early and marched steadily for four hours. . . . I got in soon after 11.30 and found Weatherhead well and busy. . . . Captain S. and his Indian Company have been suddenly ordered off on an expedition to Bunyoro to make a final smash up of the Nubian ranks. We shall miss Captain S. very much at the Fort, as he was a man of varied tastes and very pleasant manners. News has come that Gordon is ill on Bukasa, and that Mrs. Gordon is much alarmed, and has sent for Dr. Cook, who went off at once, but would not get there within five days of the message starting. . . . On my way back I was passing a fence, and heard loud tones as in prayer. I turned aside and entered the fence, and there saw an awfully sad sight. The enclosure was full of small huts—spirit houses—and a small tree near was thickly hung with rush baskets in which votive offerings had been brought. In front of the principal hut knelt two men, one of whom was praying in a loud monotone. They were praying to Kintu, the supposed forefather of the race, asking a prosperous journey and a safe return for the huge caravan of nearly 3,000 Basoga which started down country yesterday. I never knew before that in the ancient paganism of these parts there was any idea of intercessory prayer, but on inquiry from Nua, our curate here, I found it was the case."

"Thursday, April 27. . . . Weatherhead's cows arrived from Bukasa, and with them letters from Gor-

don and several of my native friends. The work on the islands is steadily growing, and is evidently quite beyond the power of one man to compass, and I fear that Gordon will over-work himself in attempting too much."

"Friday, April 28. I was busy picture-hanging, and cooking in the morning; I made a loaf and a sponge cake, but the latter came to grief as it leaked through the bottom of the cake tin into the oven. . . . I had a nice Genesis class in the afternoon. Before breakfast, W. and I went up the hill and enjoyed a fine view of Mount Elgon, which was visible to its summit, a wonderful sight! I mended a lock after dinner and fixed it satisfactorily on our front door. We dissected W.'s concertina in the evening, in order to tune it, and found several of the steel reeds very rusty."

The 5th to the 13th May was spent on an itinerating tour. From the island of Dolwe the diary continues:—

"At about 12.45, we were again under weigh, and the men paddled well, making the island just at sunset. Being the first white man to land here, I was an object of much interest. This island seems a wild, weird spot, huge masses of granite with deep-cut, narrow paths between, and dense tropical foliage overhead. The chief being away, and the hour too late for putting up my tent, I borrowed the chief's house (large and dirty), and I shared it with my boys and teacher and dog. After long waiting, I got a fairly comfortable dinner and had a good sleep on the chief's bedstead. Needless to say, I discarded his thickly populated bedding in favour of my own trusty Jaegar sack, the friend of many wanderings."

"Thursday, May 11. Dolwe to Kigulu. I was up fairly early, and as soon as the rain had cleared went outside for my breakfast, as it was too dark to see indoors. A large group of spectators gathered to

see the white man feed, and 'through my spectacles' I in turn took stock of them. They were uniformly ugly, especially the women, who were laden with iron and lead ornaments, but certainly were not laden with clothing, the married women wearing short grass kilts, the unmarried ones having only a six inch fringe in front, and an eighteen inch tail of grass behind. Many of them wore a chain of iron beads round the waist, and also had iron anklets and armlets and bracelets, also necklets of beads, glass and iron, and some of them a chain of iron from the lobe of the ear (in every case bored) to the necklace. They were all friendly, though I am the first European to stay here. After breakfast a considerable crowd of men came, and with the help of my companion, Petero, I put before them in all simplicity the Gospel of God's grace. They listened eagerly, and asked many questions. We once had a teacher on the other side of this island, which is a large one, but his message had never reached this side. I left three reading books with them, on their promising to learn from some of the former readers, who are still to be found here. I climbed a tall group of rocks, followed by a crowd of boys and made some observations, finding myself quite close to the Kavirondo coast. I found a great many native fruits, among them tamarinds, of which I collected a good many. A kind of melon is grown in the sandy plains and they gave us some for seed. We finally got away at 12.30, and made our way across to the hilly island of Kigulu. The men went far beyond the proper landing place, and when darkness came on we were still wandering about in search of it. The snort of a hippo galvanized my lazy paddlers into activity and soon after they ran us on rock, and nearly capsized us. At length they put ashore, nobody knew where, but we discovered a hut with two men in it, put to drive away hippos from their scanty crops. We enlisted one of them as guide, a thin



From a Drawing by Bishop Tucker.

THE MISSION STATION, ISLAND OF BUKASA.



From a Drawing by Bishop Tucker.

THE CHURCH ON THE ISLAND OF BUSSI.

gentleman, innocent of all wear, save some iron bracelets and a bland smile. He proceeded to show us the way, armed with an enormous torch, which he waved in dangerous proximity to my beard and eyebrows at intervals. He spoke a language entirely unknown to any of us, and it soon became evident that he did not know the way to anywhere. He led us into a dense forest at length, and then conspired to bolt and leave us in the lurch. 'I smelt a rat,' and seizing his leather necklace which was dangling behind, I ordered him to proceed to a house of some kind, as it was 9.30 and rain was on its way. He took us up a steep hill to some huts and then I released him, and he disappeared. The first hut we tried had a sick old man in it, and many goats; he looked so very diseased when he did at length open the door that we preferred to sleep elsewhere. Our next venture was more successful. After much persuasion a small girl opened the door of her hut, took one look at the ghastly apparition of a white man with spectacles, gave a yell, and disappeared into the night, leaving her hut to us. Picking our way between the prostrate forms of two naked children asleep on the floor, and thirteen goats and a hen, we sat down in the choking atmosphere to view our night's quarters. I extinguished the fire, threw back the door, and tried to breathe; it was not easy. The goats came and sniffed round me, and the only creatures who seemed undisturbed were the two sleeping children, who did not wake up until the unusual amount of fresh air awoke them at midnight, and they discovered themselves invaded by two men, three boys, a white man and his dog. They expostulated with one of my boys, but it was too late. I had rescued my provision box and kettle, and got a cup of hot cocoa, but there was nothing to eat, so with my lumpy haversack (containing soap-box, books, prismatic compass and other downy articles)

as a pillow, and my mackintosh for bed-clothes, I lay down on the hard floor and got snatches of sleep now and then. An inquisitive kid (of the goats) *would* come and sniff me all over and try and nibble my beard as fodder, but my dog Ginger came to my rescue at last and shared my bricky bed (and the numerous inhabitants) until the morning. It was a strange night in strange quarters, but I was not a little thankful for a watertight roof over my tired head, as it rained all night."

"Friday, May 12. The morning opened very wet, and at daybreak the owner of the hut turned up cold and wet through (if such a thing can be true of a man without any clothes) having been out fishing all night. We lit a fire for his benefit, and I got a cup of cocoa, but there was still nothing to eat. As the rain continued I cooked some Lazenby's soup in the kettle and felt better after about a pint of hot soup. I gave our host a few beads as a mark of gratitude for his hospitality, but with an honourable pride and generous feeling not to be excelled in civilized England, this naked savage went into the house, and came out with two large fish, the sole result of his hard night's toil, and insisted on presenting them to me. Nature hides some of her gentlemen in strange guises. We made our way down to the canoe, and found that the crew had taken all their own things and plenty of food round a big fire, but that they had left all my loads in the rain at the bottom of the canoe all night. We got under weigh at nine o'clock and paddled hard until 1.15, when my cravings for some food drove me to land, and I enjoyed with the appetite of a wolf my first proper meal for twenty-four hours. One has felt the real pinch of hunger oftener out here in three and a half years than in all one's previous life."

"Saturday, May 13. We got ashore in heavy rain at about 3.15 and made a short cut over-land to Buka-leba. It was a wet walk, but I reached home before

five o'clock and got a dry change, some hot tea, and my home mails, all alike 'grateful and comforting.' One of W.'s boys in our absence carelessly set fire to the new boy's house, and burnt it down. The African boy is worse even than his English brother, and that says much ! "

"Tuesday, May 16. My class in the afternoon clamoured for more light on astronomical questions, arising out of Genesis i., so we gave up our time to that point."

"Wednesday, May 17. Again my class insisted on astronomical teaching, which I endeavoured to give them, as nothing impresses one more with the infinite greatness of God, and the littleness of man before Him.

After tea W. and I took our letters down to the Fort, where we found quite a crowd of Europeans. . . . We hear with disappointment that Captain Swayne with half a company of Indian soldiers, has gone down to the coast in charge of the prisoners, Mwanga and Kaberega, and may not again be stationed here. Two English (only they are both Dutchmen !) R. C. Fathers arrived to-day to settle on their new station on the hill about half a mile north of us. They rarely occupy a place until we have been there some time first."

"Saturday, May 20. We had a good Prayer Meeting, followed by our monthly Teachers' Meeting. From the reports of the teachers we gathered that at most places the work is as yet on a very small scale, but some places have encouraging features. I found an old man, a brother of one of our teachers, who is quite an antiquarian. He clearly remembers seeing Speke in 1862, and was born in Suna's reign (or earlier), the grandfather of Mwanga, who was notorious for his reckless cruelty. He is said, during a progress through Kyagwe, to have paused at every swamp in the road (and they are many) to kill a sufficient number of men to form a causeway of their bodies, on which he crossed the swamps !

The old man gave me a complete list of the thirty-six kings of Uganda, another of those of Bunyoro, both lines having sprung from a common forefather, Kayingo, a great conqueror who came from some country east or north-east of Mount Elgon, and crossing the Nile near the Karuma Falls, conquered Bunyoro, and subsequently Buganda, putting his two sons Wanyi and Maganda as his viceroys over Bunyoro and Buganda respectively, these two sons being the progenitors, one of the kings of Bunyoro (of whom there have been eight from Wanyi to Kaberega) and the other of the kings of Bugando (thirty-six in number). The grandfather of Kaberega conquered Toro and placed one of his sons on that throne, and he became the forefather of Kasagama, the present king of Toro. I got much more information of deep interest from this old man, and am hoping to see more of him in Buganda, when I visit Mengo."

A letter to a little godson gives an interesting account of his late itinerating tour in the Islands.

C.M.S. LUBA'S, BUSOGA, B. E. AFRICA,

May 24, 1899.

"MY DEAR LITTLE BINFORD,

I quite meant to write you a letter on your birthday, but I was too busy, so I thought that I would write to you on father's birthday instead. I never forget my little godson and speak to our Lord Jesus¹⁸⁹⁹ about him every morning. How glad I shall be to¹⁸⁹⁹ see you once more, perhaps next year! I expect that at first we shall hardly know one another. I shall say, 'That big fellow my little godson! Oh! no, it must be some other boy who is trying to make-believe.' And you will say 'That man my godfather, Mr. Hall! Oh! no, my Mr. Hall had not a brown beard and a brown face and wrinkles and grey hairs. It must be somebody else.' And then we shall ask each other questions, heaps of questions, and we

shall find out that we really are Binford Sellwood and Mr. Hall.

I dare say you would like to ask me questions about how I have hunted and killed hippos and crocodiles and snakes. Well, let it be a snake story, (quite a true one, remember) this time. About a fortnight ago I was journeying amongst the Islands which lie off this coast, and near Kavirondo, and on some I was the first white men they had ever seen, so they came in crowds to my tent door, and made such funny remarks. 'It's alive,' they said, when they heard my watch ticking. 'Do those things grow on his nose?' they asked, meaning my spectacles. And when I took off my boots they said, 'His feet are black, and he has no toes!' for I was wearing a pair of dark stockings. But I must tell you about the big snake. One day I was going for a very long paddle in my big canoe to an island called Dolwe, near Kavirondo. About midday we called at a tiny rocky island, far out to sea, to rest and have some food. A few fishermen came here for a short time, but there are no trees and no food, only patches of grass amongst the hot bare rocks, and two or three small grass huts for the fishermen to sleep in. I saw a big pelican on a rock and tried to shoot him, but missed. As we wandered over the hot rocks, hundreds of black lizards ran over them, I have never seen so many in one place before.

Suddenly the teacher who was with me gave a shout, saying that he saw a huge snake in the crevices of the rocks. I went to see, and there I was able to make out an immense snake, the body as thick as my thigh. I got my gun and fired and wounded it badly about two feet from the tail, the only part of it that I could see. It crawled off slowly into another crevice so I seized its wounded tail in my hands and held on till the men brought a wet rope and tied it round the body, in the wound, so that it should not slip. We

made the rope fast to a tuft of grass, as everybody but myself was afraid to hold it, and I wanted to use my gun. I hunted about, and at last caught sight of its wicked-looking head, which I tried to smash with my iron-tipped stick, but I could not reach it properly, so I got my gun and shot it in the head, and it died at once. I dragged it out of the hole and over the rocks, and threw it into the lake. It was nearly twelve feet long, and very thick and could have crushed and swallowed whole a boy like you or Frankie. The fishermen didn't seem a bit glad that it was dead, and afterward I found out that they worshipped it as their god, and at the beginning of each fishing season they offered it a young goat which it crushed in its coils and then swallowed whole. They thought that I should be certainly drowned or be taken ill and die for my conduct.

Poor fellows! fancy only having a python to worship; they had never heard of Jesus until I told them. Now I must stop.

Best love to Frankie and yourself and little Constance.

I am ever,
Your loving godfather,
MARTIN HALL."

"May 30. After tea I went down to the Fort to take a parcel to the Post Office, and hoping to see Colonel Martyr who is coming through. I found, however, that he had been taken ill on the road and will be delayed for a day or two yet. I met, however, Lieutenant Playfair in command of the new Soudanese Company. He seems a bright, pleasant, energetic fellow, and says he hopes to come up the hill and see us often."

"Monday, June 5. Iganga. Lazalo, the steward of Miro, told us of the murder of a man some four or five days ago, whose corpse he had discovered in a

swamp not far from our house. Wilson and I went off to view the body, which was in an advanced stage of decomposition, but had not yet been found by the hyenas. It bore marks of violence, and had a rope still round the neck. The story of the murder shows how strong are the superstitions in this country. A woman in giving birth to a child died, as also the child, and a chief near here accused the man who has been murdered of bewitching the woman, and ordered one of his men to murder him secretly, which order was duly carried out. This sort of thing is not uncommon in this country, and I hope that this case will be brought to justice at the Fort, and be made an example.

An enormous red monkey belonging to Lazalo spent most of the day in our verandah, and was most friendly with me, a most charming creature."

"Thursday, ¹June 8. After tea, W. and I went for a tour of inspection round our quite extensive estate, which is in all about seventy acres; we also surveyed for a new road which we hope soon to complete. I left the case of my prismatic compass by mistake on a stone near the road, and sent my boy to look for it. He brought it, and said that he had seen some woman take a frightened look at the uncanny thing, and then flee full speed down the hill believing it to be part of the European sorcery to which they attribute all our superior wisdom. In this connection I heard a rather amusing story. When Fisher came through here last January, he had several things stolen, amongst others a valuable musical-box. The thieves made off without being detected, but on putting down the musical box, on the ground it started playing, and they fled in terror, leaving all their spoils, fearing the vengeance of the European devil in the box.

Next day they returned quaking to the spot, bringing fowls, food and huge quantities of dried coffee

berries, as a propitiatory offering to the offended spirit !
The things were afterwards recovered in a damaged condition and forwarded to Fisher. Moral—carry a musical box with you as a protection against thieves ! ”

“ Saturday, June 17. We had our monthly teachers’ meeting, which was one of quite unique interest. Apart from the hopeful reports of openings on all hands, Erisa told us of the visit of Father K. to N. He left a teacher and distributed forty medals; but on his departure next morning twenty were returned to the teacher, the people saying that they wanted books, not medals, and were going to be taught by us. . . . He then went to Kajaya’s and endeavoured to entice our people here to popery, but under the leadership of Erisa they refused to receive a single medal. . . . Another testimony to the work at Kajaya’s is that two of his sub-chiefs, both heathen, complained that their old worship was being undermined, their old customs being abandoned, and new names being given (in baptism) to their people. They therefore conspired to assassinate good old Erisa in his own church during service, and sent a man three Sundays ago to do it. He came to church with a knife concealed in his back cloth, and took a place near Erisa. He made a good deal of disturbance during the service, and at length Erisa turned abruptly on him and rebuked him. He, suspecting that his plot was discovered, escaped from the church without doing any harm. When the devil gets to violence, he is evidently in fear for his interests. The chief at N. is again asking for teachers, and promises to build us a church at his place, but no teachers are to be found to send there, alas !

The mortality in the Government Caravan (just come up) has been fearful. To-day we heard of one of Miro’s sub-chiefs taking down ninety men, and only forty returning; of another man of Miro’s taking down fifty men and bringing back only four ! and

of another taking down thirty, and bringing back ten and so on."

On Wednesday, June 21, Martin Hall and other missionaries went up to Mengo for a Church conference, he writes :

"June 28, Mengo. We began our conference with the Holy Communion at eight o'clock, when the Bishop gave us a most helpful and interesting address. At 9.30 we began our conference proper. After a preliminary speech from the Bishop, in which we learned that he had abandoned his original Draft Constitution and repudiated our amended one, we adopted for present working rules for the Native Church organization compiled from the amended Draft Constitution.

We discussed, later, organization and development of children's work."

"Thursday, June 29. The conference occupied us all the morning and Educational and Evangelistic work amongst children was a subject of deep interest to us all. It was determined to start schools throughout the country, and that at all main centres special training of native schoolmasters should be given.

Baskerville, Blackledge and I dined with the Bishop, who showed us some of his wonderful sketches of the Victoria Nile, Semlik valley, etc."

"Friday, June 30. The conference occupied us all the morning; the Bishop afterwards had a consultation with us all as to the locations of the new party now coming up. . . . As far as they affected me, the locations mean the removal of Weatherhead to Mengo for the work of training teachers and their place being taken at Bukaleba by Mr. and Mrs. Innes and baby! . . . After tea I went with Baskerville and Blackledge to call on Mr. G. Wilson at Kampala. He told us a good deal that was interesting about his efforts to develop the growth of wheat and rice crops by the natives; we afterwards did some shopping at the German and Indian Stores."

“Saturday, July 1. My thirty-fifth birthday. How the years slip by ! and how happily !

I went and helped Crabtree with some suggestions for the new Almanac and Manual for private prayer, which it has been decided to issue for the use of our native Christians. In the afternoon we had a Finance Committee meeting, being the most representative one that I have ever attended, nine out of the total membership of ten, being present.”

“Sunday, July 2. Had a large congregation at the big church in the morning. Baskerville preached a good sermon. I officiated at the Holy Communion with Samwili Mukasa ; there were 286 communicants.”

(From a letter to his mother.)

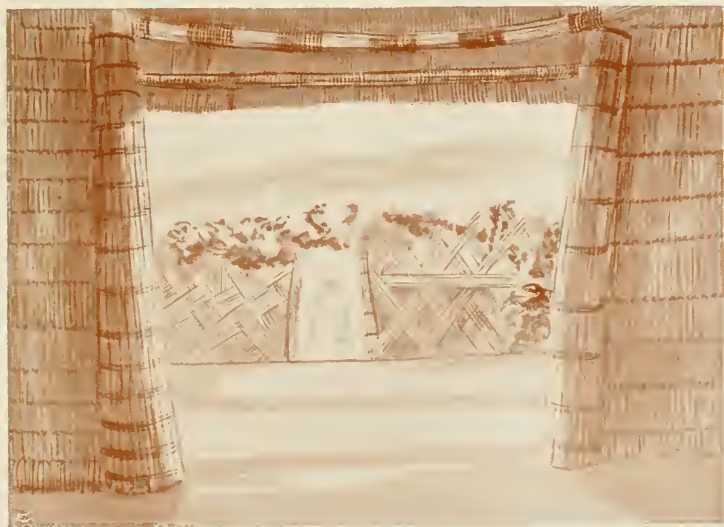
PORT ALICE, ENTEBE, UGANDA,

July 5, 1899.

“I have just concluded a very pleasant visit to Mengo, whither I had gone for a Diocesan Conference, at which we got through a good deal of useful work. The bulk of the missionaries were present. The Gordons came in from the Islands both looking well and happy. I stayed with Dr. Cook and so did Mr. Clayton, of Budu, another Cambridge man. He is with me now, and is coming with me for a short visit to the Sesse Islands, as they are more or less on his way to Budu, and I am going there to fetch away my books, etc., which I left there in February. I shall be delighted too to see my dear islanders once more, and to spend a quiet Sunday on the island of Bubembe. At present we are weather-bound by a gale and are staying with the officer in charge here, Mr. Pordage, a most hospitable and kindly man, who is feeding us like princes, and giving us a house to ourselves. This place is the Government headquarters, and a lovely spot, overlooking the lake, right away to the Sesse Islands. We are expecting a new party of twelve missionaries up here next month. Mr. Weatherhead is to be removed



LUBA AND CHIEFS WITH LEATHERHEAD.



VIEW FROM MARTIN J. HALL'S TENT.

to Mengo to train teachers, a work for which he is peculiarly fitted; I am to have Mr. and Mrs. Innes and their baby in his place. This will be pleasant for me, though I shall be sorry to lose Mr. Weatherhead, as we have always got on so well together. However, it will be an enormous advantage to the work to have a lady there to work among the Basoga women, who are almost as inaccessible as though they were in the zenanas of India, so far as we men are concerned. . . .”

“Busoga, July 24, 1899. . . . You ask me about the probable date of my arrival home next year. It is difficult to say with any certainty; but if my health keeps as good as it is at present, I shall probably not start home before August or September, and shall come leisurely through Egypt to Cairo, where I should like you and S. to meet me at the end of November, 1900, that we might spend Christmas with Alick and Eva, and then we could go gently home by France. As I write, Bishop Tucker is sitting by, being on a visit to Busoga. To-morrow (D.V.) we start on an eight days’ tour through my district (South Busoga) and propose visiting every out-station.”

“September 6, 1899. There has been some serious fighting in Budu and Koki, I hear. Clayton, one of our men, has been burnt out once more (the third time in less than two and a half years). He has no longer anything of value to lose, as he is living like a native, travelling with one bundle, and scorning such things as bedstead, chair, table, knives and forks, spoons and plates. He sleeps in a native house, as he has no tent now. He is a most devoted fellow; but I fear all these privations will tell on him in time. He and I went to the Sesse Islands together in July on our way back from Mengo, and I got to know him well.”

“Thursday, September 21. I called on Hourì, a Greek merchant, on my way home, as he is to bring my boat when it comes up, and also the boat fittings, which I have here; he is building a big dhow.

Dr. Macpherson came in to see Playfair (who is ill here) and came to see me about him afterwards. We put a hot plantain poultice on him before dinner."

"Friday, September 22. Sergeant Thomson marched his men up the hill before breakfast, and called to see Captain Playfair; his dog 'Tinker' also called to see his master and was greatly delighted to hear his voice once more."

"Sunday, September 25. Bukaleba. Just as we were sitting down to lunch the Innes were announced, and we gave them a hearty welcome after their long march. The baby looked wonderfully well, considering his long journey, and was very cheerful. I begged to have it in to dinner in its cradle, that I might look at it, the first white baby that I have seen for more than four years. . . ."

"Monday, September 26. Whilst we were seated at breakfast in came the first instalment of the new party, viz. Farthing. He was soon followed by Purser, Mr. and Mrs. Leahey, and three ladies. It was an especial pleasure to welcome Dr. J. A. Cook and his wife, a sister of Maddox of Toro. . . ."

Dr. M., at Captain Playfair's request, had a consultation with Dr. Cook, who gave an opinion which was a great relief to Playfair's mind. . . . Mrs. Innes having kindly undertaken to nurse him, I cheerfully handed over my patient to her more tender and skilful hands, as she has had a considerable training in nursing in London hospitals."

"Saturday, September 30. We had a nice prayer meeting (native), where, amongst other requests, they prayed for Captain P. and also for the little one of the Innes. . . ."

CHAPTER XIX

RETROSPECT—AT KOKI—ITINERATING—SMALL-POX
AMONGST “THE BOYS”

“Good things in possession.”—PROV. xxviii. 10.

“If we could but keep alive a spiritual meaning in every little action, we shall have no need to write poetry—our life will be a real poem.”—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

“WEDNESDAY, October 4. The fourth anniversary of my arrival in Mengo in 1895. Four strange and interesting years, full of mercies! What will my fifth year bring, one cannot help wondering? Weatherhead started early for a ten days’ itineration, as he will not be able to leave the Innes again for some time after my going from here, until they get some knowledge of the language.” (Martin Hall was being moved to Koki.)

“Friday, October 6. Dr. Macpherson starts for Iganga to-morrow to build the new Fort. Playfair is a good deal better to-day and practically free from pain. I got through some more packing to-day, though it was melancholy to be saying farewell to my books probably for several months.”

“Sunday, October 15, 1899. In the afternoon Borup and I went down to Luba’s village and had a service there with a very good attendance. There were many lamentations, especially on the part of my children friends, when they heard I was leaving so soon. The little ones escorted me on my way home for the last time, and I parted from them with real regret. These partings every few months are most trying to any one

with feelings. I could wish myself more callous at such times."

"Monday, October 20. To Mengo. I was up at 4.30 and we got under weigh at 6 o'clock. I had to wait for my two canoes at the port for some time and then rode up to Mengo in an hour on Innes' bicycle, and went straight to the Cooks' house, where Mrs. J. Cook gave me some lunch and a kind welcome."

"Sunday, October 22. Mengo. I gave an address at a large children's service in the morning, my first real Sunday service for children for more than four years: I did enjoy it!"

"Monday, October 23. After breakfast I went over to Kampala and did a good amount of shopping at the two German Stores, as I hear that Budu is rather famine-stricken at the present time."

"October 24. To Kazi . . . Twenty porters or more turned up, and so we laded them and sent them down to the Lake at two o'clock. I had a cup of tea with the Bishop and some prayer, and got away for Munnyonyo at 3.30. I got in at 5.45 and found a canoe waiting in which I crossed to Kazi . . . My dear boy chief Anderea met me on the beach and spent all the evening with me. He is as nice and affectionate as ever . . . Several of my island friends called to see me, amongst them Katanda, the island chief, whom I baptised just before leaving there in February."

(From a letter to his sister.)

KOKI, UGANDA,

November 19, 1899.

"I was unwell all last week with incessant and very painful headaches and with some fever. . . . I expect the change to a new climate (and Koki possesses a characteristic climate of its own, which upsets all new comers) is chiefly to blame for this attack, as I have hardly had a day's illness this year up till now. However on Friday the headaches left me and yesterday



C.M.S. MISSION HOUSE, KOKI.



MARTIN J. HALL'S ROOM AT KAJUNA.

and to-day I have felt quite myself again and have got back to my work of teaching and carpentering, etc.

Our house is primitive; the centre room in which we dine, read, write, and generally live, can no more be called 'our room' than the reading-room at the Conservative Club (Congleton) could be called Mr. Besant's study because he reads the papers there every morning.

'Our room' has a huge front door, always wide open, through which stream 'all sorts and conditions of men,' women and children, all day long, and seat themselves on the grass-strewn floor, and talk and romp and laugh, whilst the imperturbable Clayton 'pursues the even tenor of his way' with sweet complacency. How I envy such a temperament! But alas! I am not made that way, and so in silent despair I have made me a table and fitted up half my bedroom as a 'Sanctum Sanctorum' with at any rate a reed partition between me and the peaceful surroundings of our sitting-room, and thither I retire to read and write. Evening prayers, however, and a really enjoyable dinner over, the front door is opened and in stream a motley crowd of twenty-five or thirty people with their hymn-books and New Testaments, and we begin with a hymn, and then I expound a chapter of one of the Pauline Epistles; then they all ask questions (and often very sensible ones); then a second hymn, and then the General Confession, an extempore Prayer, the Lord's Prayer, and the Grace. Then a stream of salutations, questions, and lastly 'Good-night,' often at quite a late hour, for they like to share the light of our candles, as long as possible, as they have no such luxury in their own homes. Such are our family prayers."

(The diary continues.) "Monday, November 20. Rakai. I was very busy putting the place in order all day for the Bishop's coming. He and Cook hope to reach us on Wednesday morning. I got two boys to bring earth for my new flower-

bed, and we got new gates put to our fences. We had a native house moved bodily to a place near our fence, which was rebuilt by the evening, and in it we moved our small-pox patient. We took down the house previously occupied by him and burnt all the materials at once. After tea Kamswaga, the king, came down to beat the boundaries of our property with us, as there was some ambiguity about the actual limits. His retinue was headed by the Court flute player, who had three reed flutes and two horns hung round his neck, which he played in turns, dancing solemnly to his own accompaniment."

"Wednesday, November 22. After breakfast we all turned out to meet the Bishop and Cook. We escorted them in and they reached our house about 8.30. In the afternoon we all went to call on the King, who was very affable. We then went for a walk as far as his fortified wall of nearly a mile long."

"Thursday, November 23. At nine o'clock we had a congregation of some 150 persons gathered in the new Church and the Bishop a Confirmation of forty-seven candidates, amongst them my boy Eria. We had over seventy present at the Lord's Table. In the afternoon Cook received patients and I assisted him. We saw 237 patients, many of them shams, of course."

"Friday, November 24. It was a specially cold and raw morning, and it rather affected the attendance at the missionary meeting, which was, however, a most interesting gathering. Dr. Cook gave us a very interesting account of the work in Mengo, and his address was followed by two fervent prayers by members of the congregation. I followed with an appeal for funds and told them of the generosity of the Basese Christians, in order to stimulate their liberality. They responded well, and during the singing of the hymn 'Not my own' brought contributions amounting to 11,800 shells, which more than liquidated the existing debt of 10,000 shells on the Church fund. Clayton made

an appeal for more teachers, and we dismissed to their work, with special prayer, two teachers for Ankole, who will be going there with the Bishop and Cook (D.V.) next week.

In the afternoon Cook performed nine operations, at which I assisted: three were for cataract, and four were under chloroform. The King was very curious to see an operation under chloroform, and so Cook admitted him as a spectator."

"Saturday, December 2. (Itinerating) Kasenyi, Kizoba. A prolonged and furious thunderstorm opened the day, and quite prevented my getting out or any visitors getting to see me, except a tiny boy, who, having no clothes to spoil found his way to my tent through the storm, and kept himself warm on the floor between my two dogs. Later on the chief called and I got him to promise me food enough to last till Monday, and also to furnish me with two porters, as I must have two more now, to carry by boy, Kalanja, who is sick. I am in a tight corner, in fact, and have to lean hard on God, for here I am, in an unfriendly country, unable to procure food, and with no means of buying it, my boy down with small-pox and a second boy sickening for it, my porters in a blue funk of catching it, and four good marches from home (Koki). I have bribed the chief with a promise of one of my shirts to give me food and porters and hope to start back in Monday evening. Once across the Kagera River, we must make forced marches to Koki, carrying the sick boy in a litter."

"Sunday, December 3. Kasenyi. I had a further examination of Kata (he had been the Rev. R. P. Ashe's boy) after breakfast, and decided to baptise him this afternoon. It was somewhat disturbing to hear at midday that my second boy had developed unmistakable small-pox, but I was comforted by to-day's message in 'Daily Light' and felt no further anxiety. I at once wrote the chief to ask for four extra porters for

to-morrow, and he sent his deputy at once to fetch them. The little children here regard my tent as their nursery, and run in and out all day long. When food was very scarce on Friday they brought me some grass-hoppers which they had caught and which I had stewed as an 'entrée,' at my midday meal . . . I had a trying evening. My third and last boy Eria, my cook, is sickening for small-pox, so my porters came to my rescue and cooked and served my dinner for me. The chief's messenger came over here about sunset, and began to get me the four porters, but suddenly came to the conclusion that the shells which I offered as their pay were not enough, and made a demand for 2,500 shells. As I only possessed 300, having heard that they were not currency in Kiziba, these were clearly useless, although I offered to supplement them with candles and matches, the only available wealth left to me. And so he left me in the lurch and returned to his place. I must get my own men to take the loads down to the Kagera River, leave one there in charge, return for my sick boys, with whom I must push on with one load of clothes and bedding, and send back my men for the others on Tuesday. To get out of this inhospitable country is my first care, as I cannot get food or porters 'nor nothing' here."

"Monday, December 4. I was up at 4.15 and packed my own things and struck the tent. My men and I made a litter of my tent-poles to carry the invalids. The boys were all very ill, but Eria plucked up strength to walk down to the Kagera River . . . After many delays I at last got my five loads down to the Kagera, and I waited with my sick boys for the men's return . . . By strenuous exertions I got four men from the small chief, under the promise of one of my Jaegar shirts. We made our way down to the Kagera and got one small canoe, into which one porter, two sick boys, two dogs and three paddlers found a place, and we made our way across the bay, past the mouth of the Kagera, and landed on

a sandy beach . . . We found some huts on the shore in which I and my men slept, the invalids having one to themselves. Calling at another hut to buy some food, I found a most kindly old man, who gave me some fish and plantains and later on even sent round some potatoes for my dogs. Thus closed a day full of unusual difficulties, but full also of the usual mercies which one expects from such a God as ours, and many added and quite unlooked-for bits of tender kindness."

"Tuesday, December 5. To Sango. We packed early . . . and got the two smaller boys, now very ill, into one boat on litters, and I covered them over with a waterproof ground sheet, as it was beginning to rain. The porters and dogs went on foot along the shore and my loads and the other sick boy in a second canoe. We got on well at first, but rain come on and then high wind and heavy seas, which increased so much that we were obliged to land to avoid being swamped . . . The storm raged for nearly three hours. At last we got under weigh again, sending the porters over the hill with the loads to meet us at Sango landing-place, which we reached in twenty minutes. Here I was on familiar ground, having spent two nights here with the Bishop in the *Ruwenzori* last year. I got my men to shoulder the two litters and carry the sick boys to Kinyiga, about one hour away, and afterwards to return to the Lake to bring up the loads, which arrived at about 5.30. Full of thankfulness at having got all safely back there, I had an excellent night's rest. Finding that two of the invalids were too ill to be moved any further at present, we have decided to leave all the three here until they are recovered, one of my men nobly volunteering to stay and nurse them throughout. He is a Christian named Yohana (John), and has been most resourceful and helpful throughout these recent difficulties of our journey."

"Wednesday, December 6, 1899. The invalids had a fairly good night, but found that there are many more

mosquitoes in a tent than in a native hut. I defy any mosquitoes to stand for long the amount of smoke that I got into my throat and eyes last night in a native hut ! We went and chose a spot for the isolated hut, which we were going to build and my porters were soon busily engaged on it. . . . I must myself push on to Koki to-morrow, as I must be back for Sunday ; and now that my invalids are in good hands, I can leave them, and indeed I could do them no good by staying . . . In the course of my walk I discovered a new island, lying far out to sea almost due east of Sango. To make sure that my eyes did not deceive me, for I had never heard of such an island, I went to fetch my field glasses and made out quite clearly a wooded island. I learned from our teacher, who has met a boy who has been there, that it is counted as one of the Sesse group and belongs to Bufumira. It is called Butamale—(slaughter-place of male)—from the immense quantity of the big silarns (or male) caught there. It is even reported that the inhabitants, who speak Luese, use the bones of this fish for fuel. I am moved with a great desire to visit this distant spot. I think that it is probably the long-lost island discovered by Mackay in 1877, and lost sight of ever since."

"Thursday, December 7. . . . Having said good-bye to my poor boys, I started off at two o'clock. I was sad at heart at leaving the poor lads so ill and dismal and disfigured, but am hoping to be able to send them back some ointment, and shells, to buy a few comforts, as fish, fowls, etc."

"Friday, December 8. To Sanje. I was able to get off without any delays. . . . The chief gave me an escort of about ten guns through the forest, which is infested with rebels, who commit awful outrages on all unarmed travellers, a fact of which we had one grim reminder in the forest, viz., a pair of rudely built triangles on which they had quite recently strapped some unfortunate travellers whom they had caught, and

after mercilessly flogging and torturing them, had given them a 'coup-de-grace' with a rifle bullet. When one thought of what might very well have been one's own fate, one looked upon the escort with more respect, and to God with more thankfulness.

I pushed on to Sanje, where I was most kindly received at the Fort by Lieut. Keen, who put me up in his own room (my tent being still infectious), and fed me more sumptuously than I had been for a long time. I had a stroll with Keen after lunch, and we called on our teacher, with whom K. is on most friendly terms. We had a very pleasant evening together."

"Saturday, December 9. To Rakai, Koki. As the day opened wet, K. insisted on my delaying my start until after lunch, which I not unwillingly agreed to. I left at 2.30, Keen coming with me for about the first half hour. I got in at 5.45, after a hot march. I was met about two miles out by one of Clayton's boys and an old boy of mine, who has come down to see me, most providentially as it proves, as I find that my fourth and last boy, Sabakaki, is down with small-pox, though not seriously ill, as is one of Clayton's boys. My old boy is quite willing to stay and help me for the present; as he has had small-pox before there is not much likelihood of his lying by."

"Sunday, December 10. In the course of the night Clayton's senior boy here, who has been so ill with small-pox, passed away."

"Wednesday, December 13. Koki. I had the Litany, after which I took Kamswaga (the King) privately in St. John, which he is reading for baptism. He is an intelligent man, and asks some very thoughtful questions arising out of our reading, some of them seeming to show his conscience as well as his mind is being reached. God grant that it is so!"

"Friday, December 15, 1899. I heard that the messengers had started with the comforts for my sick boys at Sango."

December 16. In the evening I called on the French R.C. Fathers and took them some illustrated papers, which Keen has asked me to pass on when read. They told me the astonishing news that the rebel chief, Gabrieli, finding disaffection amongst his own people, has surrendered himself to the Germans, and is now a prisoner at Bukoba. I only hope that it is true, for then we shall at length have quiet."

"Wednesday, December 20. Sad news awaited me on my return, viz., a note from my sick boys at Sango, brought by the man whom I had sent there with ointment, etc. My little lad Kaluja has died of the small-pox. Poor little chap! I feel so sorry I was not with him, for with all my faults he clung to me, and with all his faults I loved him. It seems so sad for him to have died so far from his own land (Kikiyu) and amongst strangers. My heart is very sore about him; I shall miss his little face and quaint speech in broken Luganda so much, and his gentle ways. My other boys are recovering."

"Thursday, December 21. Clayton and I were startled at 11 p.m. by a volley of shots and the war-cry which spread from garden to garden and from hill to hill with extraordinary rapidity, till in a few minutes the whole country side was aroused. Going outside we saw the glare of a big fire in the direction of the King's Lake. We then walked to the hill and from there we saw that the treasure houses of the king on the small island, which I visited last Monday (when I happily brought away the last of Clayton's loads, which had been stored there), were a mass of flames, and the volleys were occasioned by some sixty loaded guns exploding as the fire reached them and the large number of cartridges stored there. Finding that the alarm about the enemy was groundless, we went back, and to bed at midnight, though it was long before the excited people quieted down again."

"Sunday, December 24, 1899. I took the service

and preached in the King's private chapel, attended only by the Court ladies. They were very attentive, and four of them (recently confirmed) gathered at the Holy Communion. As they were not very familiar with the Communion Office, they kept crawling to me on their knees to have their places found for them. Being unable to do this for them all, I kept them behind after the service and gave them a lesson about it."

"Monday, December 25, Christmas Day. We fed in distinguished style all day, sausages, roast beef and plum pudding. We had a good congregation in the morning in the big unfinished church and fifty communicants afterwards.

In the eagerness to cut up the beef for the Christmas feast one of C.'s boys gashed his thumb very badly, necessitating three stitches. I had surgical needles but no sutures, but one is never long at a loss in Africa, and I made three fine sutures from the sinews of our Christmas bullock, which we killed yesterday. I rendered them aseptic in strong carbolic lotion and put in three successful stitches and bandaged him up. Later in the day I had another surgical case, a small boy had been playing with gunpowder which exploded in his face and burnt all the skin off the cheeks and nose and scorched his eyes. I dressed it for him. It was curious that where his outer skin had been burnt off the under skin was as white as mine. Evidently the black pigment is in the epidermis or outer skin only, a fact which I did not know before.

In the afternoon eighty-six of our friends came to a feast of boiled plantains and boiled beef and soup, and sat in four groups in our compound, teachers only in one group, women only in another group, and two groups of men and boys. Fifteen minutes of strenuous silence sufficed to demolish everything except baskets, plates and knives, and then the whole company hurried off to the King's big feast, which was just about to begin. At 9 p.m. our boys were just attacking their

sixth big meal of the day. Clayton wisely served out medicine after prayers."

"Tuesday, December 26. Rakai. Discussing the situation Clayton and I concluded that it would be better that I should remain here until the end of January, and that he should go to Mengo, etc., on January 7, for his second language examination. On his return to Kagima I hope to pay a visit to the islands to visit the churches there."

"Sunday, December 31, 1899. . . . I made a horrifying discovery at midday, viz., that the same women that are nursing and dressing the sores of two small-pox patients are preparing and cooking my food three times a day ! It is well that I am not nervous about infection. I called for our head woman cook and expostulated with her in warm and expressive terms, and threatened that if she did not improve upon her precautions against infection I would burn down all her houses and ensure a good purification myself. This appealed to her forcibly, and she retired with fair promises of amendment."



REV. H. CLAYTON AND HIS BOYS AT KOKI.



C.M.S. MISSION HOUSE, KAJUNA.

CHAPTER XX

THE DAWN OF THE LAST YEAR—CALLED TO IMPORTANT WORK AT MENGŌ—ARRIVAL OF THE BERTHON BOAT

“I dimly guess from blessings past
Of greater, out of sight,
And with the chastened Psalmist own
His judgments too are right.

* * * *

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel, or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.”—J. G. WHITTIER.

“He will know that I meant to please Him, and if
sometimes I blundered, is there not room for our blunders,
as well as our sins, at the foot of the Cross of Calvary?”

—E. S. HOLT.

THE new year 1900 found Martin Hall at Rakai,
and in his journal on January 1 he wrote :

“I observed my usual and helpful custom of
spending the last hours of the old year in ‘sitting
down before the Lord’ for self-examination, reviewing
of the past year and re-dedication. It was a solemn,
holy hour. I got a short and broken night, for in
the small hours of the morning a leopard came roaming
round, and both my dogs turned out and barked for
about half an hour, chasing all sleep to the winds.
It was a very cold and raw day, but a good number
came to church for our New Year’s service and prayer
meeting, and we had a good time. I afterwards
examined the queen and two of her ladies in the first
catechism, as they wish to read for baptism ; they

answered remarkably well. I called on the king, and he complained that the watch which I gave him yesterday will not go (it went all right until yesterday), so I am sending it up to Clayton to take to Mengo to be put right, if Borup can find time to do it. In the afternoon I went down to the lake with a native carpenter, and we did some good work on the dug-out canoe, which I hope to make into a sailing boat. The king has had a nice little shed built for me to work in, and the boat drawn up into it.

The leopard was heard very close to the house to-night just after prayers. A black goat and its newly-born kids have taken up their quarters in my dining-room, and I have not the heart to kick them out, they are so small and helpless."

"Tuesday, January 2. Rakai. By special request I have started a large general class in the Acts immediately after the morning service, and I am to have the king for private instruction later.

I saw some patients before lunch. In the afternoon I had my ladies' class in the Lubiri Church. A dear wee girl of about five or six came and sat on my skin-mat throughout the class, though she does not know how to read and could not understand much. After the class was over and we had gone outside she climbed on to my knee, and we soon became great friends. After tea my cook Eria turned up from Kajuna with Yohana, the faithful fellow whom I had left at Sango to nurse my three sick boys.

Asanasio (Athanasius) had sore feet and could not walk any further, so Clayton is keeping him at Kajuna until I go up there.

Zabuloni Kiride, our lay reader also came with them, only to pack up and leave us, alas! as Mrs. Kiride has 'cut up rough' and declines to come back here. Z. will be a great loss to the work here, as all have such a thorough love and respect for him, from the king downwards."

“Wednesday, January 3. I had a sweet little two-year-old caller during my breakfast, whom her father had brought over from his place about three miles away to see me. Wee Elizabeth fell in love with me (it was mutual ‘love at first sight’) when I met her as a patient when Dr. Cook was here, and every day she has charged her father with a message for me when he comes in for his daily classes, so he promised to bring her in to call on me. Her father is a Missalosaló, an important sub-chief of Kamswaga, such a nice young fellow.

I had a very large class after morning service, and sweet Elizabeth sat at my feet on a rug, but finding my teaching rather dry, lay down and went to sleep there until I had finished. I then had a private lesson with the king in his private chapel on ‘Repentance,’ and we had a very ‘straight time’ together. He seemed really touched, and especially when I told him that I had appealed to Christians at home in my letters to pray for him, but the force of his old habits is terribly strong still. I afterwards examined for baptism one of the Court ladies, and it is a very long time since I have examined a so entirely satisfactory candidate. She had a real soul-history of her own and a personal conviction of sin, two rare characteristics, I am sorry to say. In the afternoon I found on my way to my class my little friend of yesterday waiting for me outside, having brought four other little ones, who at once made friends on seeing her confidence in me. I had brought her a little tin box containing some salt, which greatly delighted her. She again came and sat by me through the class, shyly seizing my right hand every now and then to caress it with her own soft little paws. At the close she ran off to fetch her other little friends to say ‘Good-bye,’ and they climbed one on each of my knees and chatted away most happily. Dear little mortals! Zabuloni joined me at afternoon tea,

and we had an interesting chat about Kamswaga and about the work there."

"Thursday, January 4. The home mail came at length during breakfast. It was 'short and sweet.' I again had a large class in the Acts, and afterwards a straight private talk with the king, but fear that he is still far from giving up his old habits. Zabuloni has told him quite plainly that he cannot stand sponsor to him if he does not amend his life, nor will I baptise him as he is . . . In the afternoon I went up to call on the king, but he was still in his class in church, so I went round to the back and found four or five of my dear baby friends, and played with them until his majesty was visible. In the evening I went up and repaired his front door for him. A letter from Clayton tells of two R.C. chiefs who have just come over to read with us in Budu, one a man of considerable influence and importance. This is thank-worthy."

"Friday, January 5. Being the Epiphany we had a special morning service, and I enjoyed much power and liberty in preaching from Matthew ii. 2, 'Where is He?' There must be some friends at home specially interceding for me at this time, as I enjoy so much more power and liberty than formerly in teaching and preaching. What a real though hidden partnership is theirs who pray for those who toil! We shall rejoice together some day over common spoils . . . In the afternoon I went down to the lake and did a good piece of work at the canoe, cutting a slot through the keel (six inches thick) for the centre board to enter. It was heavy work, but gave me a good appetite for dinner."

"Saturday, January 6. Our prayer-day in the Gleaners' cycle! Always a day of special expectation and generally of felt blessing. We had a nice prayer meeting, after which Zabuloni and Ibalaima and I had a talk about the king's wish to be baptised without

delay. We were all agreed that his manner of life quite forbids his baptism at present, and we all went and told him so, kindly but firmly. He was much annoyed and disappointed. I was struck with Zabuloni's courage and plainness of speech to the king. For myself it was different, as the king looks upon any European as his superior; but Zabuloni has no such position, and spoke simply as his sponsor and spiritual adviser.

Two of my dear children stole round into one of the courts to see me, climbed on my knee and hugged me, and stroked my hair, which they especially admired, calling it 'slippery.' Dear little people! They will never know how refreshing their affection has been and is to me, but they are dear to God, and He won't forget their unconscious kindness to His servants. One mite came with me to the king's reception room and fell asleep on my knee there—rather a cool disregard of Court etiquette. Keen wrote over from Sanje reporting three cases (two deaths) of bubonic plague, and asking me to make inquiries as to whether it had appeared in Koki also. The king told me of four places where it has recently appeared, all near here. If it spreads, we shall be worse off than we have been with our epidemic of small-pox, which is now scarcely over. I examined a very dull girl for baptism, but put her back for a time as she was too ignorant.

Zabuloni called just before dinner to have a further talk about the king, and says that his principal anxiety is that if his baptism is delayed he will decline in favour with the Katikoro Apollo, who is very anxious for his baptism. If his motives for baptism are of this semi-political kind, we have made no mistake in delaying his baptism."

"Sunday, January 7. Early in the morning the king sent down to say that the four Court ladies who have been confirmed might attend Holy Communion at

the small church, outside the Lubiri, or Zenana, as it would be called in India. This necessitated our going up there from the big church after our morning service for a separate Communion Service, but I gladly did so, as this concession of the king's is a most remarkable event, and a relaxation of the very rigid confinement of his Court ladies, and looks hopeful as a beginning of larger liberty and usefulness for some of the most earnest Christians that we have here. He had forgotten to tell them that they might go, so we were delayed somewhat by their non-appearance. In the afternoon I baptised my little goat-herd by the name of Paulo. His sponsors did not seem to think him of much account, for only one of the three appeared. I sent and fetched his godmother during the service, as she was not far away.

I called on the king, who told me that he should write to the Elders of the Church at Mengo, appealing against our decision not to admit him to baptism yet. I said that if he felt an injustice was being done him, he should certainly appeal. I shall also write what I know, and shall certainly not take the responsibility of baptising him as he is. Zabuloni came and drank tea with me; he preached his two farewell sermons to-day, as he leaves finally on Tuesday."

"Monday, January 8. . . . I called on the king, who made me a promise never to drink more than one cup of beer a day. I urged the wisdom of *total* abstinence for one like himself, to whom drink is such a temptation, but he would not go as far as that."

"Tuesday, January 9. A letter came from Clayton, in which he tells me that the load containing his camera has been rifled on the road, and most of the contents stolen, and the camera smashed hopelessly. . . . I wrote offering to sell him my photographic outfit complete, which has just come, at cost price, as he has still nearly two years up here, and I am going down in a few months, and can better do without the camera than he can.

The boy Ramasesi, who has been with me about a month, announced that he should leave to-morrow, his only grievance being that his trousers were worn out, and that I had given him no new ones, though he knows that I haven't a yard of cloth with me here. He is always quarrelling with the other boys, so I am not altogether sorry to part with him."

"Thursday, January 11. I had my class for the Lubiri ladies in the afternoon. My four dear children friends came to the church to meet me, and were loath to let me go afterwards, one dear mite following me outside the king's fence into the big forbidden world beyond, and when I took it back and handed it over to the Mugasi (commander-in-chief) to take it home, it clung to me and wept bitterly! Poor little mites! They don't get much love at home."

"Friday, January 12. I got into Sango at about five o'clock, and got a warm welcome from Keen. I went round his kitchen garden of English vegetables, of which he is justly proud."

"Saturday, January 13. To Rakai. Keen decided to come back to Koki and spend Sunday with me. He got threatenings of fever when we had climbed the steep hills which bound Koki on the East and got worse as we got nearer home."

"Sunday, January 14. K. had a fairly good night and awoke without any fever, but took things quietly all day; the king sent him a fine sheep as a guest present. The faithful Johana, the man who volunteered to nurse my small-pox patients at Sango, and did so, begs to come and live with me as my servant. He is of the cow-herd race, who generally make good servants, and is much liked by my boys, so I think I have found a treasure, and shall engage him. In the afternoon I took the service at the Lubiri Church and baptized one of the ladies there by the name of Ludiya. She is the fifth of the Lubiri

ladies now to have been baptised, and some ten more are reading for baptism, including the queen."

"Sunday, January 21. My sweet Elizabeth came early and spent most of the day with me. She is about two and a half feet high, with big, sad black eyes with immensely long silky lashes, and a dear little face; she lives a long way off, so I seldom see her. Our acquaintance began by her father bringing her for treatment when Dr. Cook was here; she was handed over to me for treatment, and we fell deeply in love with one another at first sight; she never fails to send me a message by her father when he comes in to his daily classes, and the other day sent me a present of three eggs. We have no need to disguise our affection for one another, as she has only reached the mature age of two years! She lunched with me, and afterwards went to sleep on the floor."

On January 22, Martin Hall left for the Mission Station of Kajima.

"Friday, January 27. Kajima. I have not begun any class yet, as I have so much to do in getting my house in order. A curious patient was brought for treatment—a young girl over whose body an insect much like a cricket had walked at night, with the result that half round her body is a track of raw sores exactly like a bad burn. I killed one of these creatures the other day; they seem to have some irritant poison in their feet, and are consequently much dreaded by the natives."

"Saturday, February 3. My patient who was damaged by that strange insect was 'discharged cured' to-day, and was very grateful. Two or three other patients came and I gave them very nasty but efficacious medicine, as I do not want to encourage medical cases until I get some drugs, of which I have at present practically none, except a minimum for my own use."

"Thursday, February 15. To Masaka. We had

an early breakfast and started for Masaka at 7.30. Just as we got near the Fort Dr. Jerman came out to meet us, looking much upset, and told us the shocking news that Dr. Jackson, whom I had seen alive and fairly well only five days ago, had died about an hour previous to our arrival. Keen, who had returned from his expedition, had just finished a note to me asking me to come over and take the funeral, and was sending over his mare to fetch me. Jackson died of utter exhaustion following on an attack of blackwater fever. It seems terribly sad that he should have been cut off so suddenly, within a week of reaching his new sphere of work . . . At 5.30 the garrison were paraded with side-arms only, and joined the funeral procession, which I led to the grave. Prendergast, Jerman and Keen were pall-bearers, and helped to lower the coffin into the grave. I had not read our beautiful Burial Service for more than six years, and was never more struck by its solemnity and beauty and dignity than by this African grave of a young Englishman. The Christian Buganda soldiers were evidently struck, too, by the solemn dignity of our funeral usages."

"Tuesday, March 6. At about 6.30, two of the native police and a boy turned up with the mule from the Fort and a note from the Collector, Prendergast, begging me to come over at once, as Lieut. Howard was very ill with fever, and that he was anxious about him, and knew nothing of the proper treatment of such a case. I had a hasty breakfast and rode over, and found Howard with a temperature of $105\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and very weak. I at once administered a strong sudorific dose and induced heavy sweating . . . he got great relief; I stayed the night."

"Wednesday, March 7. Masaka. As Howard was still very ill, I yielded to the request that I should stay on for a day or two and nurse him."

"March 13. Dr. Haig turned up. He examined

Howard and pronounced him out of the wood, but very weak still."

"March 16. I pushed on to Rakai, and reached our station at six o'clock. My things turned up at 10 p.m., but I was too tired to do much unpacking."

"Saturday, April 7. To Entebe. We reached Port Alice about two o'clock, and I went up to the Collector's, Mr. Pordage, who gave me a cup of tea. Lieut. Keen, my friend in Koki, came in, as he is now stationed here; we went for a walk to see the new barracks which they are building here . . . I wrote to Pordage to ask whether the Europeans would like an English service to-morrow evening. He asked the Commissioner (Sir Harry Johnston) who gladly consented."

"Sunday, April 8. Entebe. Port Alice. I spent a quiet afternoon in prayer and meditation, and after a cup of tea went to the service at 4.30 in the Reading Room, which Pordage had done up very nicely; there were eighteen Europeans present, and we had a very hearty service. I enjoyed a sense of power and liberty in preaching, and my audience seemed very interested and attentive. Several of them thanked me warmly afterwards, and asked if they could not have an English service oftener—say once a month—and I promised to try and secure this for them if possible."

"Monday, April 9. Bowring most kindly lent me his bicycle and I had a fast and pleasant ride of twenty-two miles, along a beautiful road, doing the distance in exactly two hours. On reaching Namirembe I called on the Albert Cooks and got some lunch, and after a tub and change at Hattersley's went to a Finance Committee Meeting, where we got through a lot of business."

"Tuesday, April 10. I am staying with the Arch-deacon—i.e. sleeping there, but am feeding anywhere I can get a meal."

"Thursday, April 12. Mengo. The telegraph wire from the coast reached here to-day."

(We give here extracts from a letter to his sister written from Mengo on April 13.)

“Just a week ago to-day I was sitting down to dinner in my tent on the Island of Lulamba, when I received a letter from Bishop Tucker telling me that Archdeacon Walker had been dangerously ill and was ordered home as soon as he should be able to travel, and asking me at once to come up to the capital to take up his work there of training the Ordination Candidates, etc. This was rather startling, but a most generous offer on the Bishop’s part, and couched in the very kindest terms, so I could only accept it at once . . . I found that Mr. Weatherhead had been taking the Archdeacon’s classes since his illness, but he has to return soon to work in Busoga, and I begin the classes, four a day, next Tuesday (D.V.).

It is a work after my own heart, and curiously enough is the very work which the C.M.S. asked me to take seven years ago, the only difficulty being raised by Mr. B——, who said that I was not enough of a theologian for the post, and so I see the hand of God in it.

I have under the circumstances agreed to remain up here till December of this year, and am to occupy Archdeacon Walker’s house, one of the nicest in Mengo, and in a lovely, healthy situation on the top of Namirembe Hill . . . There has been much and serious illness amongst the Government officials, but I am, thank God! in better health than I have ever been since coming out here, and shall have no lack of European society now, as we are thirteen, excluding myself, now in Mengo, to say nothing of Government officials, traders, R.C. Missionaries, etc.”

ISLAND OF BUKASA,
April 23, 1900.

“Though it is scarcely ten days ago since I wrote to you, yet I am beginning another letter so as to

make sure of catching the next mail. I am almost ubiquitous, you will think, when you notice that I am writing this at my dear old island home on Bukasa, for my last letter told you of my being fairly established in Mengo, in Archdeacon Walker's place.

I had scarcely begun my new work, however, when my whole class asked for a fortnight's holiday to go and secure their portions of land, during these days of the subdivision of the country under the new Constitution, and so I suddenly found myself without a class to teach. I at once went to the Bishop and got leave to go back and finish my tour of the islands, which had been interrupted by his summons to the capital a fortnight ago. I came down to the lake on Thursday with Messrs. Walker and Buckley, who were starting for England, and on Friday saw them off on the shore, and myself started for my beloved islands . . . I got a most loving welcome from all my old friends here, from the chief downwards, and was besieged with callers all yesterday. I preached in the fine new church in the afternoon, and Gordon in the morning. His Luganda is almost perfect, and makes one ashamed of one's own poor attainments! The congregations were good, and we had a large attendance at the Holy Communion. It was like coming home again to be once more amongst the old faces and scenes, for no place in Africa will ever have the same hold of my affections as these lovely islands, where I spent two and a half such happy years . . . I am hoping to stay here until to-morrow, and to take several photos of my old friends and haunts before I leave, as this may be my last visit here. I always find a kind of sweet and soothing melancholy stealing over me on these islands; they seem to appeal to me on my tenderest and best side as no other spot does. I love them with a most special affection. Would that I could have been left here!

The remainder of our '95 party (Mr. Buckley has

already gone), except Miss Chadwick and myself, will be starting homewards in about six weeks' time. I confess to a twinge of home-sickness as one after another turns his or her face homewards, but I feel in the present dearth of senior men and because of the immense importance of the work entrusted to me by the Bishop (that of training the Ordination Candidates) I cannot leave before the end of the year unless my health should forbid my staying on, which at present seems unlikely, as I feel actually stronger than when I left England in '95, and have gained a stone in weight since then."

The Diary continues on May 7. (Mengo.)

"It was announced at the F.C. Meeting that every missionary is to take a holiday of one month per year, and the Bishop wanted some senior man to go to Nassa, so I offered, as my Ordination Classes will be over for a time after Trinity Sunday. I can then return with Purser (who is coming up here for Priest's Orders) to Nassa, and I shall be (D.V.) away about a month. I hear that the Bishop is thinking of going home in January, *viâ* the Nile and Khartoum, and as he knows of my wish to return by that route and at that time, I should not be surprised if he asks me to accompany him."

"May 8. . . . After dinner the Bishop came in for a chat, and mentioned that he wanted to go down the Nile and meet Dr. Harpur,¹ at Lado in January, and suggested that as I had long spoken of going home that way I might accompany him ; this would suit me nicely. I lent him a book to read up that route."

"Wednesday, May 16, 1900. Mengo. A caravan came in from the lake, and actually brought my Berthon sailing boat, which has been nearly four

¹ Dr. Harpur returned to Cairo in November of this year (1900), and Martin Hall's brother Alick (Dr. A. C. Hall) went up to the Soudan in his place.

years getting here! The hulls and spars, etc., have all come in good condition, but the sails are missing."

"Friday May 18. I had interesting classes throughout the day, and especially in the afternoon, when I spent the first hour in giving them a practical lesson on voice production and public reading in the big church. They each in turn read a selected passage, and I afterwards read the same passage to them and criticised. They took a great interest in this new part of their training. Our second hour was spent over their sermon outlines, which they had prepared on a selected passage; they were all good, but one was exceptionally so. I afterwards gave them my criticisms and my outline on the subject. They afterwards came round to my house, and with their help I put my Berthon Boat together, and it made a fine boat of twenty feet long. The sails turned up, though they had been lost; if I can get my anchor I shall (D.V.) go down to Usukuma next month in my own boat."

"Sunday, May 20. A local teacher read prayers, I took the Communion Service, and Samwili preached one of the most stirring and faithful sermons that I have ever heard in this country. I afterwards called on him, and he gave me some interesting reminiscences of old days when he was one of Mtesa's pages and learnt reading from R. P. Ashe, of whom he speaks with the deepest affection."

"Monday, May 28. To Kazi and back. I breakfasted early, and then rode over to Kazi on my bicycle. I got a most kind welcome and some tea and biscuits (!) from my old friend Nikodemo Natanda, and then went down to the beach, and we soon put my boat together and rigged her. At about 1.15 we got under weigh for the maiden trip, with Nikodemo, two men and a boy as passengers. We had a stiff breeze and a lumpy sea, but the boat was as steady as a church and behaved splendidly, riding the waves like a bird. We sailed across the Gulf, about six miles, in an hour,

but lost the breeze under the lee of the Kyagwe hills, and made slow propress on the voyage back until we caught the breeze again and made a splendid finish. Despite a very groggy extempore tiller, I managed to furl and stow all the sails single handed and to bring her to shore without any assistance, and found her a most handy boat, beyond my most sanguine expectations, and am quite persuaded that I can take her to Usukuma next month single handed. She behaved splendidly in a heavy sea, and was dry as a board."

"Thursday, May 31, 1900. . . . I had only one lass in the afternoon, as we had to dress up for the great function of opening the new Hospital by the Commissioner, Sir Harry Johnston. A huge crowd were present; the middle room of the fine new hospital was lined with chairs for the Europeans and the big chiefs. The Bishop made a good speech in English and a short speech in Luganda (a very good one); then Dr. Cook made a statement as to the work done by the Medical Mission, and Sir Harry Johnston made a speech chiefly to the Buganda chiefs, which Dr. Cook translated. Sir H. Johnston gave a very handsome present of six milch cows with calves, and the Katikiro gave a cow and thirty R's."

Written for "Mengo Notes"

THE INDUSTRIAL MISSION, BULANGE, MENG0.

"Seeing is believing," says an old adage: but we might justly add, "Seeing is learning" for those who see truly.

Certainly to see the Industrial Mission on an average working day is to learn that we have amongst us a work about which too little has been known hitherto; and a work which is full of promise and possibilities of wide usefulness as a factor in the education of the Buganda.

Any agency that serves to teach our Buganda Christians that we need converted hands and heads as well as converted hearts is praiseworthy, but when such an agency aims at doing this in so thorough a way as is attained at Bulange, it becomes a most civilizing and educative force.

The hill of Nviri Bulange is situated about three-quarters of a mile to the west of Namirembe Hill, and is crowned with the well constructed buildings of the Industrial Mission. At the north end of the levelled summit stands the house of the Superintendent of the industrial work, Mr. K. Borup, to whose untiring industry and mechanical skill much of the success is due.

On either side of the open space runs a long building containing the various workshops, dormitories and class rooms of the apprentices. On the left as you face Mr. Borup's house is a building containing two carpenters' shops, from which excellent work has been turned out : the results of which may be seen throughout the Bishop's new house, the door and window frames as well as the panelled doors and shutters, and not a little of the furniture, having been made by apprentices on Bulange. All the woodwork in the beautiful new hospital is also their handiwork.

There is also a printing office in the building, containing four hand presses, a cutting machine, and a machine for sewing books with wire. Here a good deal of printing is done for the Government, e.g. the whole of the New Constitution, Regimental Orders, Return Forms, etc., is the work of the Bulange boys, who make excellent compositors, even in English, a language of which they know practically nothing.

At the present time they are engaged in printing a native Commentary on St. Matthew's Gospel, and a first reading book in Lutoror—(a second edition). In the past they have printed Reports of the Diocesan Conferences, two editions of the Church Canticles

pointed for singing, and much other useful literature.

A sketch of the routine and methods may prove interesting. The apprentices, of whom there are now eleven, are bound for two years, and are boarded and lodged in the second long building on Bulange. They are somewhat handicapped by the want of tools and printing type, but even so, are practically self-supporting.

A glance at their time table is at once interesting and encouraging.

6.0 a.m. The big drum beats and all hands must turn out of bed, cook their breakfast (and eat it !).

7.30 a.m. They assemble in the class room and have a writing lesson till 8.15 a.m.

8.15 a.m. to 12 noon. Manual work in the work-shops.

12 noon to 1.15 p.m. Interval.

1.15 p.m. Arithmetic classes.

2.0 p.m. to 5 p.m. (except on Saturday, which is a half holiday). Work in the shops.

5.0 p.m. to 7.45 p.m. Interval for cooking and eating the evening meal, etc.

7.45 p.m. to 9.0 p.m. Bible Class.

Enough has been said to show what a busy hive of honourable labour Bulange is, and that it has a very real claim on the prayers and encouragement of all Christian people who have the true uplifting and civilization of the Buganda Christians at heart.

MARTIN HALL."

CHAPTER XXI

CONGENIAL WORK, AND COMPANIONSHIP AT MENO— DEPARTURE OF THE “1895 PARTY” FOR ENGLAND —START IN THE BERTHON BOAT FOR NASSA

“I will not go away from thee.”—DEUT. xv. 16.

“Oh, deepest joy of all earth’s joys
That Thou canst never part from me,
Oh, heav’nliest bliss of all heaven’s bliss,
That I can never part with Thee.
I could from all things parted be
But never, never Lord from Thee.”

—WRITTEN IN THE MARGIN OF M. J. H.’s BIBLE.

“JUNE 1, 1900. Mengo. We walked over to Nakasero Hill and called on Keen, who is still ‘hors de combat.’ Two companies of his regiment have gone under Captain Hornby to arrest Galola in Busoga, the rebel chief, and to settle affairs in the Bukedi country, where Semei Kagungula has suffered a reverse of his men by an English (?) trader named G——, who has more than once previously got into hot water with the Government for harsh usage of the natives.

The Indian force will then proceed eastwards to Mount Elgon and establish a new fort there, and then go on to the Nandi country, where the people (a very truculent lot) have again been giving trouble. They expect to be away nearly three months in all. The monthly Missionary Meeting was held in the big church this morning and Nua Nakiwafu and Yosua Kiwavu (two native pastors) gave accounts of the work in Bunyoro and Busoga respectively.

Nua’s account was very interesting but Yosua’s account of the work of North Busoga can only be described as thrilling, and his final appeal for more

zeal and help on the part of the Christians in Buganda was by far the most stirring and spiritually powerful utterance that I have ever heard at any Missionary Meeting in any country that I have ever visited.

Oh! that his words could have been imported with all their earnestness into one of the Annual Meetings of the C.M.S. at Exeter Hall.

'O, ye Buganda,' he cried, 'that know your Lord's will and do it not, surely ye shall be beaten with many stripes.' If this be true of the Buganda Christians, it is a thousandfold true of the so-called supporters of Missionary work in England. Yosua's appeal was magnificent and must bear fruit in renewed effort here."

"June 2. I attended the Church Council and the testimony was universal that the new partition of the country, and the added taxation under the new Constitution, are unsettling the social and religious life throughout the country and that this will continue to be so for several months to come.

Meanwhile the native church is face to face with the problem of raising 600 Rupees a year to meet the hut tax on the teachers' houses throughout the country, and how they are going to deal with it neither we nor they can see at present. Dr. A. Cook is in bed with fever to-day as a result of his hurried trip to Mityana and back and all the subsequent excitement of the opening of the New Hospital."

"Sunday, June 3. Mengo. We had a good attendance at the morning service when one of the Ordination Candidates preached. After afternoon tea the Bishop, Wilson and I went for a stroll as far as Mengo Hill, our usual 'Sabbath day's journey.' We all went down to the Ladies' house for hymns after dinner, probably the last time that the same party will gather on earth—for we shall soon be widely separated until—when?"

"June 4. I got an early breakfast and started on my

machine for Kazi, which I reached in an hour. I had a short rest and a cup of tea at Nikodemo's and then went down to the Lake and got my boat afloat, and sails set, when Ham Mukasa and his boys and dog appeared. . . . I took Ham and two of his boys and two of mine on board and rowed out gently into the bay in a dead calm. However, we had not to wait long for a breeze and were soon spinning gaily along, tacking out of Murchison Gulf against a strong head wind. I put ashore at M—— as Ham wanted to return to the Capital. I then had a fine run up the Gulf before the wind, but had a long beat back against it, but found the breeze failing me when I got abreast of M——, so I took in all sail and rowed back to Kazi, hard work for unused muscles. We reached Kazi at six o'clock, and I went up to Nikodemo's, where I found an excellent dinner awaiting me, to which I did full justice, and at 6.25 mounted my machine to ride back to Mengo by moonlight. All went well for about three miles when I put on the brake too suddenly going down a steep hill, and the machine turned a complete somersault, landing me unhurt in a soft place two or three yards ahead. My machine seemed hopelessly curled up, but by dint of considerable exertion I straightened it out sufficiently to ride it nearly all the way home. I had had a heavy day's work, what with a mile's heavy row and a twenty mile ride."

"June 5. I went to all my classes as usual, but at 9 a.m. went down to say good-bye to the ladies (who were leaving for England), as Wilson said they would not start before then. I found that they had all gone, and with them the Bishop and all the Europeans in the place, except the Cooks and Hattersley and Borup, all classes being abandoned for the day (except H——'s and mine). I called in to see Cook, who is still down with fever, and sent down a note to Miss Furley by Wilson (who had not yet gone) to say good-bye and to explain matters."

Writing to his sister from Mengo on June 9, Martin says :—

“Again I am under marching orders, this time to Usukuma . . . I had previously planned to spend my holiday of a month in visiting Nassa, but I am likely now to be away for fully two months, so that you must not complain if a hitch occurs in my correspondence, for I don’t know what mail arrangements prevail in German East Africa.

I was born to be a wanderer, it seems, but one must not complain, for it is not every one’s privilege to see so many varied aspects of the work as I have seen in my five years.

My boat is a great success, and I have had the advantage of testing it thoroughly on two occasions, before starting on my 200 miles’ voyage to Nassa. It is a thoroughly handy craft, and I have made alterations which make it perfectly manageable by one experienced man, though I shall be taking a couple of Basese fishermen as a crew and three of my boys. I shall probably return by the east coast as being nearer, and shall thus, I hope, succeed in circumnavigating this great Lake before I come home.

I expect to get some shooting both with camera and rifle, and may yet bag a lion skin for the drawing-room sofa at Homefield, as there are plenty of leopards and lions in Usukuma.

My class was in any case to have a month’s holiday, and during the second month of my absence it will be taken by Mr. Roscoe.

Our party of 1895, under the leadership of Mr. Allen Wilson started down country on Tuesday, June 5. I did not leave my classes to go down to the lake to see them off, but I must confess to a twinge of home longings when they went, for had I chosen I might have been amongst them, but I am too busy and happy in my work to indulge much in such feelings . . . Mr. and Mrs. Gordon turned up unexpectedly on Tuesday evening. We had a long chat over island affairs and I

also discussed the matter of Usukuma and the work there. Yesterday, Mr. Purser, from Nassa turned up, and brings a sad account of the work¹ down there . . . It is very sad after all the faithful work that Gordon and others have done there in the past.

Mr. Savile, one of the last party to arrive up country is to return to Usukuma with Mr. Purser, and I am to wait down there until they come.

I fancy there is to be another Diocesan Conference in the autumn to which the native Church Council will be admitted and which will make it much more useful and interesting than former ones.

You will be interested in our new local paper, *Mengo Notes*, which I hope to send you monthly, so far as I am able. I have just heard to-day that the first letter has come through from Khartum, having evidently come by Major Peek's gunboat which has just finished cutting through the 'sudd' or big obstruction of papyrus growth which has blocked the Upper Nile for so many years. The Bishop's and my road home by that route is therefore practically open, and I hope that by January we shall be on our way to the Nile. I told you in a former letter that we were hoping to return that way (D.V.)."

"Trinity Sunday, June 10. Mengo. We had a most interesting Ordination Service in which, besides the Bishop, Roscoe, Millar, Henry Kitakule, Batolemoyo Musoke and I took part. There were four ordained Priests and four Deacons. Amongst the former was G. H. Casson, one of dear George Greaves' Birmingham Bible Class ten years ago, and whom I used to befriend when G—— left Birmingham. It was touching to notice the hands (black and white) laid on the heads of the candidates for Priest's orders; as I glanced down at them I could not help thinking what a wonderful testimony those hands on those heads were to the unity of the body of Christ in all lands and languages. The service was very long, and I was placed in a deadly

draught and dreaded an attack of fever, but got off with some neuralgia instead. I sat with Purser in the afternoon, and we had some hymns, together with an accompaniment on the baby organ. At four o'clock, Fisher, Casson and I carried Purser off to the Bishop's to afternoon tea where we met most of the brethren and sisters. The accounts of Dr. Cook were more encouraging, as he slept nearly all the afternoon. I went down to say good-bye to him, as I am off to the Lake to-morrow, Borup joined us at dinner, and we afterwards went down to the Ladies' house for hymn singing."

"June 11. To Kazi. I was very busy packing all morning . . . We had a meeting of the Executive Committee at 2 p.m. but I was called away at 2.30 to get my loads sent down to the Lake and after a cup of tea with Hattersley, I got off at 4.30, and by quick walking got into Kazi exactly at seven. I looked in at the Cooks and found poor Mrs. Cook quite broken down, saying that her husband was awfully ill and she was sending off for the Government doctor. I got a kind welcome from Nikodemo at Kazi and he cooked me a nice dinner and sent some fresh milk. I managed to get the letters of my home mail before I came away and read them at Kazi."

"Tuesday, June 12. Kazi. It rained heavily in the early morning but I went down to the boat-house at about 10 a.m. and turning the boat bottom upwards had a thorough over-haul and gave her a good coat of paint inside and out. I got a shot at a hippo, and wounded one but it got away. The rest of my home mail was sent down, but beyond a charming pocket edition of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' (my favourite poem) there was little of special interest. The bulletin of Cook's condition was very sad. Jack Cook has been sent for to return from Toro at once, I got my Sesse crew and overhauled riggings, sails, etc., and got everything ready for a prompt start to-morrow. Nikodemo came in for a cup of tea and a chat after dinner."

“Wednesday, June 13. Kazi to Island of Sowe. I had an early breakfast and got my boat launched and fitted, the loads stowed nicely and my crew of three Basese (one an old boy of mine who is going to cook for me on the voyage) all found places.

At 9.15 we got under weigh and soon got a good breeze, but being from the South it was dead against us and we tacked backwards and forwards across Murchison without making much real progress. One of my small boys varied the monotony by an attack of ‘mal de mer’ as the motion of the boat was lively.

At 2.45 the wind falling light I made for the Island of Sowe off the Kyagwe coast. With four rollers underneath, my crew and boys were easily able to beach the boat without injuring the bottom.

I called on the chief’s wife (a R.C. Christian) and she has promised to cook food for me. I succeeded in buying a basket of potatoes and two fowls. Sala, the chief’s wife, called to see my boat and was much impressed by it. I found a small Government rest house, which I occupied. I hope to start very early by moonlight for Enterbe, as the wind is generally from the north and will be favourable for me.”

“June 14. Up at 3 a.m. Had a good breakfast and we got under weigh in bright moonlight and a fine breeze from the north-east at 4.30. We had a fine run nearly to Enterbe when the wind failed and we took to oars—slow work.

At 11.30 a tremendous squall came from the north, and we ran before it under mainsail only, at a tremendous pace and reached the pier at Port Alice at 12 o’clock. Making fast, I went at once to call on Mr. Pordage, the Collector, and found him at lunch with Mr. Jackson, the Deputy Commissioner. They insisted on my joining them, which I gladly did, as I was very hungry. At 2.30, having got the loan of a small anchor from Mr. Pordage (he has one of mine which he left at Kampala but which I believed to be here), I set out

in search of a breeze but failed to find it. We managed to touch a hidden rock with the centre plate but were going so slowly that we took no harm.

A dhow came in bringing a new civil officer named Leete who is to be placed at the new Civil Station which the Government are forming on the Sesse Islands. At lunch Mr. Jackson consulted me as to the best place to put the Fort, and I advised the big island of Bugala, as the most central, healthy, and important, and I think that they will fix on that one.

Being tired of drifting and roasting I put in shore and anchored and walked up to the Government Station in hope of seeing Mr. Pordage's new dhow launched this evening, but found that I had mistaken the date. I met Colonel Evatt and Captain Rattray out for a stroll and had a chat with them. I then went back to my boat and had some dinner in a hut lent me by a friendly chief, afterwards turned in 'all standing' for a few hours' sleep. At 12.30 a.m. I woke up and at 12.45 we were under weigh with bright moonlight and a fine breeze from N.E. I had very carelessly forgotten to unpack my compass, but steered by the stars for a time; when they clouded over I was in a fix and was misled by one of my crew, who insisted that an island in the distance was Buvu, the next one to Lulamba, my destination. I therefore steered for it; but at daybreak I discovered that it was Nsazi, about fifteen miles out of my way. However, we had still a magnificent breeze and raced down as far as Sermja when the wind failed us. We passed a derelict canoe waterlogged and empty save for one paddle; telling a tragedy of a poor fisherman lost in the storm of yesterday or of last night.

After a long calm, a heavy rain storm came from the S.E. and we sailed on, reaching Lulamba fearfully tired and hungry at midday. I met the Gabunga (supreme chief of the Sesse Islands) on the way to the Lake. I went on to Nikodemo Ntanda's house, fell

on the grassy floor and went off into a profound sleep for three hours, when I had some food and received callers, amongst them Gabunga and my dear old friend Damiera Kaganda. Gabunga gave me a fowl and two loads of dried plantains for my crew when we reached the Southern islands where plantains cannot be had. I turned in early and had seven hours of delicious sleep."

"Saturday June 16. Lulamba to Lwambu. Though I was up at 2.45 it was 5 o'clock before we got under weigh, as my crew and boys were not keen on any more moonlight sailing . . . We lost the breeze about 11 o'clock and had a sea of molten glass and a sun like a furnace. We rowed (a long way) to Namugonja, where we anchored for two hours. I made a snug bower under a fallen tree and had a nice rest and a good lunch and my crew cooked themselves a meal. We were all very comfortable and good-tempered when we set sail in a fine breeze from the S.E. and raced along for three hours, rounding Bugona Point at 6 o'clock. The breeze still held, so taking compass bearings for Lwambu Island I held on. Darkness came on and the breeze fell, so we furled all sail and took to oars. I was fearfully sleepy and fell asleep at the tiller, my crew subsequently rowing in a circle until I woke up and put them right by compass. The moon (much clouded) came up at about ten o'clock and a breeze from the S.E. which, however, soon fell again. Tired out, I furled the sails, lay to, and slept, and woke up about 1 o'clock, with rain falling on my face, and a breeze from the N.E. I got up all sail and steered S.S.W. for Lwambu where we made a good land fall at 2 a.m. close to the chief's main road. Taking two loads only I left two of the crew to guard the boat, and the rest and I made our way for about a mile to the chief's place. We roused him up and I got the loan of a very short bedstead, and after a cup of hot soup I got between the sheets for the first time for twenty-four hours, and slept like the dead until 10 o'clock on Sunday, June 17.

I woke up to find that all my orders had been faithfully carried out, all loads brought up from the Lake, the boat beached, my tent up, and breakfast ready . . . My little deaf and dumb boy friend was amongst the first to meet me, having remembered me from my former visit here. At 12.30 I had morning service and a short sermon on Genesis i. 3, 'Let there be Light,' to which a congregation of twenty-six listened most attentively. I find that we have here twenty-five readers but no settled teacher, the people buy their books from an out-station on the adjoining Budu coast.

After service I shaved—for the first time for nearly four years—I looked and felt curious without my beard . . . my boys were much interested in the transformation. I had a quiet peaceful afternoon (lunching at three o'clock) over my Bible, etc., a real day of rest. My cook is ill, I don't know what I am to do with him. My little mute spent the day in my tent door, quietly happy to be near his 'white man.' In the evening I went for a stroll to the top of a hill near and took bearings for my course to-morrow.

We beat the chief's drum at sunset and a good number came round to my tent for hymns."

"Monday, June 18. Lwambuk to near Bali. Though I was up at 4.30 it was 7 o'clock before we were actually under weigh . . . I laid my course S.E. to a small island (name unknown) far out to sea, which we reached at 10 o'clock. I anchored and went ashore and discovered a fisherman's hut, as the island is visited for a few days at a time by fishermen from the Budu Coast, two of whom we met. I rested and lunched and shaved and sewed a new bolt rope on my mainsail. At 4 o'clock we were again under weigh with a great rattling breeze from the S.E. and we stormed along at a great pace through a tremendous sea, which the humble *Glow-worm*¹ rode like a bird, scarcely shipping any

¹ It appears that the boat was called the *Glow-worm*, and not the *Grace*, as mentioned before.

water. . . . The wind fell about 9 o'clock and we took to oars. I was so intolerably sleepy that I could go on no longer, so we made for the near point (about five miles from Bali) on the Budu Coast, which we reached at about 11 o'clock, a nasty shoal beach with heavy surf. I anchored a little way out and my crew carried the loads ashore on to a sandy beach with coarse grass growing on it, and swarms of mosquitoes frequenting it."

"Tuesday, June 19. To Bali (five miles !). We had a later start than usual as we waited for the breeze, which with its usual persistency was from the South. I tacked about all day (in all sailing about twenty miles), but found myself at sunset only five miles further on my way to Usukuma than when we started this morning. By the bad advice of my crew we made for a Sesse camp on the shore and found ourselves in a vile place, very shallow, rocky and with a huge surf running. We got the anchor out and paid out the whole cable (30 fathoms or so) to keep her head on the waves, but were obliged to slip our whole cable (it being too short) and to send a line ashore. The boat broached to, and her bow section (I was going in stern foremost) filled. We all whipped overboard in the shallow water, and got out all the loads in a trice.

Owing to the steepness of the beach, however, our small party, were unable to beach the boat heavy with water, so I sent off one of my boys to fetch help from the nearest garden. Meanwhile I bethought myself of unfastening two sections of the boat and getting it up piecemeal. We did so, and easily got ashore two sections at a time, before the crowd of helpers turned up. They helped us with our loads to the camp of Sesse huts, of the largest of which I took possession (I could not stand upright in it), I got a frugal dinner and turned in tired. My bedding and clothes mostly got very wet, but my Jaegar sleeping-bag was intact and so I spent a good night in it. My servant has developed

some sort of agony in the chest, possibly bronchitis from constant wettings, and one of my small boys has been seasick for three days. There are distinct advantages in a canvas boat in sections under certain circumstances, for this evening's knocking about would have made an unhallowed mess of a wooden boat, and had it been in one piece we could never have beached it by ourselves."

"Wednesday, June 20. Bali to Dimu. Up at 5.30 and after my 'morning watch' and a cup of cocoa I went down to the beach and we put the boat together and launched her, fished up the missing anchor and made fast to it. I also moored astern with a big stone as my second anchor. I rigged the masts and standing rigging and got some of the loads on board, and then finding my 'dinghey' (a Musese boatman) was not at hand to take me ashore, I filled up the time with a shave—a process of great interest to the crowd on the shore who had come down at an early hour to see the wonderful boat of the white man. I returned to my breakfast and found that the local chief had called and given me four bunches of plantains. I also bought six fowls . . . At about 10 o'clock a strong breeze from the south came up and we set sail. The same tactics as yesterday, a long board on the port tack to S.E. and then about and ran S.W. on the starboard tack until the evening. We made for a small bay on the Dimu Coast and had an agreeable surprise, as we had been able to see no landing place and had expected to have all to sleep on board, instead of which we ran into a little creek amongst some ambatch bushes, and discovered two large huts belonging to some fishermen who were out at the time of our arrival; we took possession of one, and though very fishy, it was really very comfortable. Yohana, my servant, is decidedly ill, but what I can do with him here I don't quite know. I put a poultice of hot plantain food on him, back and front. The owners

of the hut returned at about 8 o'clock, and seemed delighted at the honour of lodging the white man for the night.

African hospitality is delightfully real, and may always be counted on if one displays any ordinary tact and courtesy. Had an excellent night's rest."

"Thursday, June 21. Up at five o'clock and we got under weigh at about 6.30. Numerous visitors came to see us off, and two young fellows brought me a present of seven fresh eggs. It seems the fashion on this bit of the Budu Coast and down as far as Sango, for the bulk of the male population to come down to the lake at daybreak with a fishing rod, and a small basket of bait round the neck, and to stand knee deep in water to fish for 'enkeje,' a small fish like a tiny perch which they dry in the sun (a powerful smell being one part of the process!) and sometimes smoke afterwards over the fire. It reminds one of the motley crowd at the end of the Bournemouth and Ventnor piers fishing for microscopic whiting etc. . . . After cooking a good dinner on my 'Primus' oil stove (an old friend on a former *Glow-worm*) I turned in and had a fairly good night, though the sea was rather jumpy and the two sections on which my bed was resting did not keep time in their movements, a rather weird and earthquaky sensation being the result.

Another disturbing element was one of my crew on shore, who got up at about 1 a.m. to shout to me that there was a magnificent breeze from N.E. (a fact of which I was already painfully aware), and hadn't we better start at once! It was pitch dark and blowing hard!"

"June 22, Friday. Misamya to Kiziba. The unwonted conditions of cooking our breakfast caused some delay, my boy regarding 'the Primus' oil stove with wholesome awe. He cooked the plantains, and I made a very palatable omelet, which, with coffee, biscuits and marmalade was a breakfast which would

have passed muster on any small yacht at home. The canoe men, who were camping on the islet, said that they too were going to Usukuma (to trade); might they accompany me? and enjoy the protection and distinction of my august companionship! I agreed, if they could keep up with us. They said that they could easily do so. I replied by setting all sail to a tremendous breeze from the N.E. and they by retiring to their huts to shelter from the coming rain. It came! and with half a gale, but found us ready, my crew, boys and loads buried under my tent-fly and I in my invaluable 'Gabardine' overall. By careful steering I was able to run under full canvas (for my boat could carry another 100 square feet easily in ordinary weather); with a breeze that would have laid an ordinary boat on her beam ends we tore along and passed Sango in about an hour and a quarter, and stood out for the Kiziba Coast. The breeze held on until 10.30 and then veered round to E.S.E. and later in the day to S.E. and W. and fell altogether at sunset.

We rowed into a lovely sheltered bay on the Kiziba Coast a few miles south of Etabaliro, the usual camp of the Basee. We got a most kind welcome from the Baziba and were all put up in a fine large hut. The Baziba build distinctly better houses than the Buganda peasantry. The Katikiro brought me a present of two bunches of plantains and a fowl and eggs. We have been wonderfully guided in our choice of landing-places, always (save once) finding a hut and a welcome."

"Saturday, June 23. To Mabo, Kiziba. Up at 4.30. We got under weigh exactly at 6 . . . about nine o'clock a tremendous squall and thunderstorm came on. It was not safe to keep all canvas set, so I furled the mizzen and sailed dry and comfortably under the mainsail and jib; after the storm the wind southed a bit, and I had to beat out a south-east course.

Another storm with high wind came up and again I furled the mizzen, then an awkward accident occurred. As my boy was hoisting the mizzen it caught the tiller and (unnoticed by me at the time) unshipped the rudder. I was belaying the halliard at the moment, and on turning round noticed that we had no rudder; it was rather a serious predicament in such a heavy sea, but I lashed an oar on to the stern rope and steered with that after the lost rudder, which we recovered in about ten minutes; I put a line on the rudder to prevent any possibility of the recurrence of the accident. About 2.30 the wind fell to a dead calm; we rowed about three miles and then I decided to give up the idea of spending the Sunday at Bukoba, the German station, and put into Mabo Bay near the spot where the Bishop and I camped for a Sunday in November, 1898, on our way from Usukuma. I had a swim from the boat just as we were coming into port and greatly enjoyed it, though my crew and boys were horribly afraid that I had gone to my death when I jumped overboard. We found an excellent anchorage and two huts near the water, mosquitoes were tremendously busy, but when we had got up the tent and made a grass fire in front, we kept them at bay with the smoke, though from the point of view of one's eyes the remedy was a severe one. Had prayers after nine o'clock dinner, and turned in tired. . . ."

"Sunday (St. John Baptist's day), June 24. Had a good long rest and did not get up until seven o'clock. A lovely view from my tent door. Facing me at one horn of the bay is a high wooded and rocky hill, the bay itself fringed with a beach of dazzling white sand curving deeply round to the point where my tent is pitched. The whole bay is flanked on the west by a fine range of grey cliffs, lying about half a mile back from the shore. After a leisurely breakfast we had morning service, and I gave an address on John the Baptist to my small congregation of six persons.

A quiet day of reading and writing was very welcome, as the long hours at the tiller each day with nobody to relieve me are very tiring . . . My poor hens, released from their cramping quarters, on board are having a great day ashore. My boy killed, plucked and cleaned one on board yesterday evening, and, when all ready for cooking let it fall overboard, and so had to kill another. A crew of Baziba put in for a few hours. They are taking food from Kaseniji to Gabrieli, the rebel chief who has taken refuge with the Germans at Bukoba. . . . The Baziba were very timid of coming near me at first, but when I assured them that I was not 'a German' they gained courage and brought me food in plenty, a fowl and eggs, and I gave them a present of cloth in return. It is significant that if they think you are a German they flee from one as a matter of course. They rule with 'a rod of iron.' I discovered a fine rock overhanging deep water, so I had a delightful bathe, and then went for a walk of about a mile to our camp of November 1898—a pretty spot, but not equal to my present camp in beauty or as an anchorage. . . . I enjoyed a Spurgeon's sermon in the evening and after dinner we sang Luganda hymns round the camp fire. It has been such a peaceful, happy Sunday, a time of refreshment for spirit and body."

"Monday, June 25. A disappointing day, wind dead ahead all day and a heavy sea making any progress impossible for my small boat. I was obliged to return and anchor in a small bay and pitch my tent there, hoping for a change of wind during the night when I shall (D.V.) sail, whatever the hour, having got my bearings all right for Bukoba. The bay where I have anchored is dotted with small protruding rocks on which are perched groups of naked Baziba lads fishing with long rods and lines. They vary the monotony of their task by loud songs and shouts and every now and then one of them executes a war dance

on the top of his rock. Notwithstanding all the row, they do catch fish, for I saw one lad with two nice half pounders. When their fishing is over they tie their lines round their necks and any fish that they have caught round one ankle and swim to shore, towing their rods behind them. I took a photo of my anchorage with the *Glow-worm* and a group of these amphibious Baziba on their rock fishing. I shot a cormorant for my crew, as a meat supper will put them in a good humour for their midnight voyage. . . .”

“At 4 a.m. on Tuesday, June 26, I got up and in spite of threatenings (which never came) of a heavy thunderstorm we got under weigh in the dark at 5.15. We rowed for one and a half hours, as there was no wind, when a breeze and rain came from the south-west, and blew with increasing strength for two and a half hours. We stood out on the port tack with a tremendous sea running, and when Bukoba came abreast went about on the other tack, a very ticklish manoeuvre, as our bow section was nearly full of water, having too much cargo forward. I sent a boy forward to shift the cargo and to bale out the water, and meanwhile ran under mainsail and jib only. We had a tremendous struggle to round the point into Bukoba, and only succeeded on the third attempt, arriving hungry and tired at the German Government pier at four o'clock, where we found a big German dhow anchored. We moored to the other side of the pier, and just as I was getting some much needed refreshment two German officers came down to the pier. They knew neither English nor Luganda and I knew neither German nor Kiswahili, so we found a common language in French, but I found mine very rusty and kept supplementing it with Luganda words. They were much interested in my boat and shewed me over the D.O.A.G. dhow, a fine schooner of fifteen tons or thereabouts; being almost without ballast, she rolls fearfully; one item in her cargo consisted of two

European pigs which they are going to introduce into Buganda to breed. The German Commandant gave me permission to call on Gabrieli, the notorious outlaw Muganda chief, who kept Budu in a state of ferment ever since July, 1897 (Mwanga's flight), until this spring, when he surrendered to the Germans, who hold him a prisoner pending their Government's decision as to whether to extradite him to British territory or not."

"Wednesday, June 27. Bukoba. A leisurely 'morning watch' no hurry, a good time. Breakfast at 8.30, and then set my boys washing clothes. I went off with one man and my camera to call on Gabrieli, but went to Köther's store (in charge of an old Arab) and bought some biscuits, etc., as I am running low through being so long on my way south. The Arab hesitated about taking my cheque, so we went to the Commandant, who assured the old man of my entire respectability and gave me pen, ink and paper, and I signed the cheque in his presence. The Commandant then kindly escorted me personally to Gabrieli's and talked to me in French. I could understand him perfectly, especially as his French was rather lame, but my replies were brief and difficult. However by deliberately banishing Luganda from my mind I was able to recall a little French and we got on passably well. I must really rub up some French when I come home, as I have often felt the want of it out here in conversing with the R. C. Priests, German officers, etc. I used to know some once, and can still read fluently, but my tongue is very rusty now.

Arrived at Gabrieli's small village (for he had 400 followers with him here) that notorious villain came out to meet us. He was surprised to meet a European knowing Luganda fluently, but not when I explained that I came from Namirembe. He looks fat and mild, and one would hardly have associated him with all the fearful stories of his raids in Budu. He was well up in Buganda news but eagerly asked me many

questions about affairs there. I told him he had wearied us long in Budu, and we were glad to get rid of him at last. When I told him of my visit to Kanabalemu and Sango in December, when he and his men were at large, one of his men said he remembered my passing through Kanabalema Forest, and said that they had watched my every movement, and that at one point he was lying in ambush so close to me that he could have touched me with his spear, but was only restrained from making me a prisoner or shooting me by the presence of my escort of ten rifles which a big chief gave me through the forest. Gabrieli consented to sit for his portrait, so I took a group of which he was the central figure. He was well dressed and still wore his rosary and scapular, for which I reproached him, as I said he was putting the Roman Catholics to shame calling himself one of them. When he heard of how the big chiefs in Buganda were getting large grants of land he seemed troubled, for if he had not rebelled he too would have come in for a big share (for he was formerly Mujasi, one of the biggest chiefs). . . . He asked me what had become of those who left him and went back to their homes, as he had heard that they had all been killed. I told him that nothing of the kind had been done, which surprised him.

After lunch I read and rested, and enjoyed 'a holy parenthesis.' We then beached the *Glow-worm* and gave her a thorough cleaning inside. . . . I sent my boys foraging for food, and they managed to buy a fair sized he-goat, but the prices here are most prohibitive. I dared not take a rampageous goat as an additional passenger in our boat to-morrow, so it was killed at once. . . . In the evening I went over to the D.O.A.G. Store, and bought two iron cooking pots for my crew and boys, as they are always breaking their clay ones. Dined off the toughest hen I ever remember to have eaten—even in Africa."

(*Extract from a letter to M. J. H's sister.*)

“*En route* for Nassa, Bukoba, G. E. Africa, June 28, 1900. “After all I am able to send you a letter, for though I reached here the day before yesterday, I am still weatherbound by high wind and impossible seas for my small boat. I got up at 3.45 this morning and weighed anchor at 5.30 but after shipping some dangerously heavy seas, I was obliged to put back into port and await better weather ; so an ‘ill wind’ will at least blow you a letter from me. The German Officer is not authorized to forward my letters, so I don’t know when you may get this, but I am beginning it while I have a chance and can at any rate hope to post it at Nassa, *when* I get there ! . . . Yesterday I called on Gabrieli, the rebel outlaw. He lives in a little village of his own near the German Fort, and under constant guard.” (Referring to the rebels dogging his steps on his way to Kiziba in December, he adds) :

“How many preservations from wholly unknown dangers God has granted me in Africa ! I have been girt about with the prayers of dear friends at home. . . for I have certainly been in more dangers and changes than almost any other man here in the last five years. . . I have been carefully studying the Minor Prophets during this year, and have gained a lot of extra light on them and enjoyed them greatly. I have now begun a course of systematic study of the Psalms, in some respects the most difficult book in the Bible to fathom, it is so deep. How I look forward to studying the Divine Word with you daily on my return home.

I have mislaid my Scripture Union card for some time, and so have been studying other portions, but don’t strike me off your register as I still hope to resume those portions.”

CHAPTER XXII

THE VOYAGE TO NASSA—A ROUGH AND STORMY WAY

“O let Thy sacred will
All Thy delight in me fulfil!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as Thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill.”

—G. HERBERT.

“SUNDAY, July 1. Bumbide. (My 36th birthday and the third that I have spent on an island of this great lake.) We had to cross the end of the bay to reach the garden where we intended camping.

In the process of transferring the loads from the boat to the shore the old boatman dropped my bath (containing my camera, books and all my valuables) into the water, but I caught it just in time to save it going under and spoiling all my things. . . . At 10.30 we had a morning service in my tent door. At first the Baziba came round to watch, but soon they became so noisy and derisive that I was obliged to move them off until we had finished our worship. I was sorry, as they are densely heathen, and not knowing their language, this service was my only possible testimony to the ‘Unknown God.’ The men here wear only a goat skin cloak which barely covers their knees, and the women a grass petticoat and a skin over it in front, and many charms suspended from their neck. Both men and women largely wear a band of dried plantain fibre round the head.”

(Extract from a letter of July 1.)

“I have reached another stage on my journey south and am spending a quiet restful Sunday on this beauti-

ful island, which I have visited twice before, on my voyage to and from Usukuma in 1898 with the Bishop. I have had some very heavy weather the last two days, but my little ship has behaved splendidly and her seagoing qualities are a continual surprise to me. *When* I shall reach Usukuma at the present rate I don't know, but I have been more than a fortnight and have only had a fair wind for two days of the fourteen. Perhaps the new moon will bring a change of wind. My only fear is of running short of provisions. I have already had to buy more biscuits at Bukoba. To-day I have been thinking of all these eventful years since I spent the last birthday at home, in 1894. Strange years ! but full of God's patient goodness and tender kindnesses of a kind only possible in Central Africa. In the evening I went with a native guide to the top of one of the lofty hills at the back of my camp, and got a most extensive view and took some necessary bearings for to-morrow's course. I then dismissed my guide, and finding a comfortable seat on a rock I sang praises and worshipped. A large canoe was coming into our bay as I came down the hill and the weird chant of the Baziba paddlers sounded very fine as it echoed amongst the surrounding hills.

"July 7. Soswa to Kome. . . . At 12.30 a.m. we weighed anchor. . . . Made for a small island about two hours short of Kome. . . . I could find no anchorage, and in an evil moment I determined to go on to Kome. At four o'clock a.m. I became frightfully sleepy, and curling myself up 'in the hinder parts of the ship,' fell asleep, tired out."

"Saturday, July 8. I woke at 5.30 to find a dangerous sea running, a tremendous south wind blowing, and we about ten miles out of our course for Kome, having passed it in the night, I set all sail, but the seas were so tremendous that the boat was practically unmanageable for several hours and we shipped a lot of water, all of us being wet through, except the

small boys, who sheltered under the tent fly. About eleven o'clock it became somewhat calmer, and I was able to steer for Kome, and at about 1.30 it became possible to light the stove and cook myself some soup, being very cold, wet and exhausted with my long spell at the tiller.

At two o'clock we got a beautiful breeze from the east which carried us right into our landing place on Kome. Some natives met us on the shore, and we at once sent them off to bring us food and meat for sale. Soon afterwards came a stream of women and children laden with sweet potatoes, of which I bought large quantities, but no meat was forthcoming.

I had a vegetarian dinner and went to bed soon after eight o'clock. At 8.30 down came the local chief bringing a present of a goat, to my intense relief, as we were in sore need of meat."

"Sunday, July 9. Kome. I was down with fever all day, but managed with sudorifics to throw it off about 8 p.m. and had a fairly good night."

"Monday, July 10. Kome to——? I did not feel very energetic after my attack of fever, but determined to make a move, and we got under weigh at seven o'clock. . . . We steered for Juma, an island near Mwanza. . . . At seven o'clock p.m., however, the wind failed us and so we anchored off a promontory on the mainland. I got up my tent and some hot water for a tub and felt better."

"Tuesday, July 11. To Mwanza. We got away about eight o'clock for the island of Juma. We landed there to collect firewood, knowing it to be scarce at Mwanza. We sailed again at about 3.30, but the fever which had been threatening me all day grew higher and I had a wretched time steering on for Mwanza, which we reached at 7.30, by moonlight, my temperature being at that time 104.2°! As soon as they could get my tent up I crawled into bed, feeling utterly exhausted and very ill. Took Phenacetin

and lots of hot tea, but with small effect, and I had a very bad night and woke up with a temperature still high."

"Wednesday, July 12. Mwanza. In bed all day with strong fever; Dr. Hildebrande, the German Government Doctor, called, and was most kind, sending me two bottles of fresh water and lots of fresh milk. I had met him here in 1898 when I came down with the Bishop, he advised my moving my tent nearer the Fort. I was carried across in my bed, and my tent was pitched under a fine eucalyptus tree. Had a restless night."

"Tuesday, July 13. Mwanza. I woke up with a temperature at normal and at once took a heavy dose of quinine. Felt alive once more, though still very limp. The Doctor called and invited me to lunch with their mess, of which he is, at present, the only member who is not ill or away, six other officers being down with fever. The last to succumb was the Paymaster (a fine-looking man with those wonderful blue eyes which are only 'made in Germany' who came into the mess-room chattering and blue with ague to report himself 'hors de combat' also. I did some writing in the afternoon and after tea took a photo of the Flag Rock from the ground behind the Fort.

I then went on to Köther's, the trader, to make some purchases, but found the Agent very ill in bed with fever and jaundice. I met young Muxworthy, of Uganda, staying there; he has joined Chambers and Ormsby the traders, and has come down here to see about a dhow which they want to build. He has been down, however, with bad fever almost ever since his arrival, and is thinking of returning to Uganda at once. I dined and turned in early, but not to sleep, for I lay awake nearly all night, my brain working at a hundred miles an hour, an effect of the malarial poisoning."

(*Extract from a letter to Mrs. Greaves, written July 13.*)

"Yesterday was the only anniversary of our dear George's Home Call on which I have not written to express my affectionate and lasting sympathy with you and yours. . . . His memory is still a fragrant treasure and an abiding inspiration to me, and I shall ever feel it a singular privilege that one of God's 'picked men' crossed my path and chose me for his friend. . . . As Tennyson so beautifully puts it in his 'In Memoriam' (a poem with a new meaning in it for me since our great loss—

'Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own
The footsteps of his life in mine ;
And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.'

But perhaps I should explain why I did not write yesterday. I was ill in bed, racked with fever and a separate ache in every limb and bone in my body. For twenty-four hours my temperature never went below 102, and I have never had so severe an attack since I came to Africa. It was brought on without doubt through long exposure to wet and cold and hunger a few days ago on my voyage down here from Uganda, in my own little sailing boat. Though I have a crew of three Basese and three boys on board, they are all quite incapable of managing the boat, and so I have to sit at the tiller for the whole way from one anchorage to another. Sometimes it has been eighteen to twenty-two hours without relief, the strain has been enormous, as you may imagine, and I am very tired. I am on my way to Nassa to visit and report on the work there. I am still weak and limp as this untidy letter will show."

"Friday, July 14. Mwanza to Kagei. I again called at Köther's, but found the Agent still worse, black-water fever having set in, and he was fearfully ill. I could, of course, transact no business, so I went over to the D.O.A.G. Stores (Muxworthy coming with me), where I made extensive purchases of biscuits, jams, etc., and barter cloth. The German was fearfully slow, and it was eventually twelve o'clock when I sailed with a magnificent breeze from the south. I was soon round the point and out of sight of Mwanza. Had some lunch as we tore along, but about three o'clock the wind suddenly changed to north-west and soon afterwards fell to a dead calm. . . . I dined and rested by the camp fire until about nine o'clock, when a nice breeze came from the south and the moon was well up. We got under weigh without delay, and made good progress until midnight, when the wind came ahead and a big sea got up. At one point I lowered all sail, and we rowed about looking for an anchorage, but in vain, for the coast was hopelessly rocky, so I decided to push on; sea and wind against us we beat on till dawn, when we found ourselves just off Kagei Point, but with such a wind and sea it would have taken two or three hours to get in, and I was too exhausted by hunger and want of sleep to attempt it then; so we put into a sandy cove, anchored, and I went ashore. A Musukuma met us on the beach and guided us to a village close by, brought some clean straw, and after a cup of tea I lay down on my cork mattress in my Jaeger bag and fell asleep for several hours and then got up and had some lunch, by which time a favourable breeze was blowing.

I hired three porters to carry three heavier loads round to Kagei by land, and we set sail at 3 p.m., had a fair wind on rounding the Point, and made Kagei in a little over half an hour. I was met on the shore by Fundi Uledi, a Swahili trader who has long been settled here. He was one of Mackay's trained

workmen for years at Usambiro, but on his death came here. He has built several dhows with which he does transport work across the lake. He is building a very fine dhow now to carry a cargo of 1,000 loads. He is always most kind to C.M.S. folk for Mackay's sake. He gave me a lot of fresh milk at once and I sat down to a cup of delicious tea, for I was fearfully thirsty. An old Malagasy, acting as Manager of the O.D.A.G., came in and began chatting in bad French, as he knew no English and I knew no Swahili. He was a well informed old fellow with nice manners. I had an excellent dinner in a little round house which Chambers built here in 1898, and which I was actually the first to occupy a day or two after it was finished when the Bishop and I came through here in 1898. At nine p.m. I turned in and for ten-and-a-half hours slept a sweet and dreamless sleep such as I have not enjoyed for many a day."

"Sunday, July 15. Kagei. This is the place where Speke, Mackay, Stanley, Hannington, etc., first reached this great lake. Here lies buried Dr. John Smith, one of the first party of Missionaries for Uganda. There is little to see here but much to remember. . . . I had morning service with a congregation of five, one of my boys being ill. Fundi Uledi sent me a large portion of fresh milk and an invitation to eat with him, which my boy forgot to deliver until it was too late to go, so Uledi sent me a great bowl of beautiful uncooked rice as a consolation. When I sent to thank him, I sent him a small box of cigarettes as a present, with which he was so charmed that he gave me a sheep.

I walked over to see Dr. John Smith's grave, which I found in fair condition, though the inscription is growing faint with the long exposure to the weather.

On my way I passed a great tribal dance. Under a huge big tree were hundreds of men, women and children, the former being armed with rattles and bells

strapped on a kind of legging on their calves. A chorus leader stood on a small stone pillar and gave the song and time to the dance, an ever widening circle of men and women danced and sang round the pillar in exact time. The chorus leader got more and more excited and began to gash his cheeks and scalp with a spear until the blood streamed out, he then butted his head against the stone pillar with a sickening thud. He turned somersaults in the dust, and soon became a most disgusting object covered with a mixture of blood and sweat and dust. The noise and dust were tremendous, but at a distance not wholly unmusical, as they have good voices and sing in perfect time and tune with one another."

"Monday, July 16. Kagei to Magu. Just as we were about to sail. I discovered that one of our oars was missing, though I had seen it taken down to the boat; I sent one of the crew to look for it and waited for an hour, but he did not turn up, so I sailed without him, with orders for him to follow me to Nassa overland when he had found the oar. We kept a strong breeze until mid-day and found ourselves not far from the Majita coast. Then the wind fell for an hour or two, but afterwards came up from the north-west and we began to steer for the Nassa hills, which were just visible on the horizon. At sunset, however, the wind fell, so after a frugal supper. . . . I rigged up a rude bed and turned in for a sleep until the moon should rise. It rose at ten o'clock, and with it a strong breeze from the south-east, so I hoisted all sail and sailed right across to Magu Bay (over twenty miles).

On entering the more sheltered waters of the bay at 1.30 a.m. I furled all sail and put a bucket over the stern with about five fathoms of rope, to act as a slight drag and keep her head to the wind, and to prevent drifting, and again turned in for some sleep very tired and feverish."

"Tuesday, July 17. To Nassa. Turned out at 5.30,

got some cold mutton and potatoes, and at six a.m. was under weigh with a good S.S.E. breeze. We had to steer again for the Majita Coast and at eleven a.m. found ourselves near that coast. Then came a dead calm, with a sun like a furnace for nearly three hours, and I got out my stove and cooked some soup, which was very reviving. At about two o'clock the wind fell, when we were still about a mile from the shore, so we rowed in and cast anchor at 5.30, full of thankfulness that our long and dangerous voyage was now over for a time, as I sorely need rest from the continual strain of looking after the boat day and night. I got a local man to carry my load of bedding, etc., and to pilot me to the Mission, about one and half miles away. . . . I got there just before sunset and took Whitehouse very much by surprise by shouting his name. He was very glad to see me and gave me a warm welcome, a warm bath and a good dinner. We had much to talk over after dinner and turned in very tired. Whitehouse sent down porters and brought up all my loads and boys before night."

"Wednesday, July 18. Nassa. Whitehouse had much to tell me of the history and present condition of the work here, which is at present very discouraging, more than eighty per cent. of the baptised Christians having gone back to their heathen ways. We took life very quietly all day, but had a little cricket with the boys in the evening, but I discovered that I had a strong fever coming on, a temperature of $103^{\circ}2'$, so I went to bed at once and spent an awful night."

"Thursday, July 19. Nassa. The temperature steadily refused to come down all day until about two o'clock, when I had a tremendous perspiration, and by 3.30 the fever had gone, but had left me very limp."

"Friday, July 20. Nassa. I did not feel very energetic all day, but went down to see my boat in the evening, and had it rowed round to the proper Mission landing place and we beached it."

"Saturday, July 21. Nassa. On Thursday my man turned up from Kagei with the missing oar, which he had found washed ashore two or three miles from where he had dropped it. After afternoon tea, Whitehouse and I went down to the Lake, and I got my crew to help, and took the Berthon entirely to pieces and made a thorough overhaul; there has been astonishingly little wear and tear, and nothing that a good coat or two of paint will not put right."

"Sunday, July 22. Nassa. The King, Kapongo, called during breakfast. At 10.30 we went to Church and found it crammed full, perhaps three hundred and fifty or four hundred present. I gave a short address, which Whitehouse interpreted. The singing was very good, these people being much more musical than the Buganda.

There was no afternoon service, as most of the people come long distances and cannot attend twice a day.

After tea Whitehouse and I went for a good walk along the plain at the back of the Mission and enjoyed the lovely sunset."

"Monday, July 23. Nassa. Before breakfast a crowd of nearly two hundred natives came with spears, bows, bangles, etc., etc., having heard that Whitehouse wanted a few curios to take to the coast; we made a selection, Whitehouse getting some particularly good spears, and I securing a few nice things also, and all at most modest prices.

After lunch we went down to the Lake to paint my boat, a monotonous job which we varied with a little rifle practice with Whitehouse's Lee Metford rifle . . . After dinner, as we sat reading the home papers, there was suddenly a tremendous hubbub, cattle lowing, men, women, and children yelling, etc. We at once concluded that a lion had got into the cattle kraal, so we got a lantern and loaded our rifles, and started out, but were met by a boy who said that all the row merely meant that some calves were missing and that

they had turned the cows loose to find them, and they accompanied them yelling loudly to keep off the lions, and certainly it would have been a bold lion which would face the pandemonium which we heard. We returned to our reading in peace."

"Wednesday, July 25. Nassa. Spent the morning down at the Lake painting my boat, and went down again after lunch and finished it, as well as my paint. A disagreeable job over! . . . As we were sitting chatting in Whitehouse's room at about 9.30 p.m. we were startled by a terrific roar just under the window, followed by the dying yell of a dog. 'Lions!' exclaimed Whitehouse much excited. We lit my lantern and Whitehouse got his rifle, and we went into the verandah and garden, but were too late; but, on examining the ground, found the tracks of a lion within one foot of our verandah. It had evidently tracked down a dog right through the Mission compound, and had seized it just under our windows and carried it off. This is a most lively neighbourhood, and it is never safe to venture off the verandah after dark without a light. N.B. Our boys subsequently reported it to be a large leopard and not a lion."

"Friday, July 27. Nassa. I was very busy all the morning, bending and stretching the sails of my boat, etc., and after lunch went down to the Lake and put the boat together, got it afloat and rigged it all ready for our start to-morrow; she looks very trim and nice with all her fresh paint, etc. In the afternoon I was about to write some letters for the home mail when the stool on which I was sitting gave way, and landed me on the ground, giving my spine a nasty jar, and a severe shaking. I hope it will not interfere with our start to-morrow, though it was very painful all the evening."

"Saturday, July 28. Up early, my back quite rested, and I made haste to pack up.¹"

¹ This was the last journal received in England.

(From a letter to his sister written on the same date.)

C.M.S., NASSA, G.E. AFRICA.

“My adventurous voyage (of which you will see an account in my last journals) came to an end here on July 17, but when the rest succeeded the tremendous strain of the previous three weeks, I had a bad attack of fever on reaching here. However, I am now quite myself again, and Mr. Whitehouse and I are starting this morning across Speke Gulf in my boat. . . . to visit some of the out-stations over there. We expect to be there about eight days and may get some good shooting over there, as there are swarms of big game, i.e. lions, zebra, rhino, elephant and every kind of antelope, so I may yet fulfil my ambition of placing a lion skin of my own shooting on the drawing-room sofa at Homefield.

Now, as I am making preparations for my voyage down the Nile in January (D.V.) I am going to ask your help in one or two little things which will contribute much to my personal comfort and health on such a voyage.

1. Will you please get some green gauze such as is used for butterfly nets and make a net for my face and neck against the myriads of mosquitoes on the Upper Nile. It should be confined by a running string to fasten like the mouth of a bag round the brim of the helmet and should be long enough to tuck in round my neck.

2. Half a yard of green silk for the inside lining of the brim of my helmet, as this greatly modifies the fearful glare from the water. The ladies at Mengo will no doubt sew it for me.

3. A pair of thick white woollen gloves, size seven and a half, to protect the hands from mosquitoes.

I am much pressed for time, so cannot add more now.”

C.M.S. NASSA, G.E.A.A.

July 28, 1900.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I am sending you another journal, which brings events down to my arrival here. God has wonderfully preserved me in my dangerous and difficult voyage down here.

I am now well and happy, and Mr. Whitehouse and I are hoping to start to-day for the other side of the Speke Gulf. In about a fortnight's time I expect to be starting back for Uganda by the East Coast of this Lake, and probably Mr. Whitehouse will accompany me in canoes as far as Ugogwe Bay, as he is hoping to start home on furlough as soon as Mr. Purser and Mr. Savile come down from Buganda. It will be nice having a companion, and there is every chance of our having favourable winds going back, and I shall be able to take things much more easily than I did coming down. I have little news beyond what my journals give, and must finish this at once, as they are waiting to do up the mails.

Love to C. and V.

Ever your loving son,
MARTIN HALL.”

CHAPTER XXIII

THE END OF THE VOYAGE

“He bringeth them to their desired haven.”

“O think ! to step on shore—and that shore Heaven—
To take hold of a hand—and that God’s Hand !
To breathe a new air—and feel it Celestial air—
To feel invigorated—and know it immortality.
O think ! to pass from the storm and the tempest
To one unbroken smile ;
To wake up . . . and find it Glory.”

IT was in the autumn, October 8, 1900, that a brief cablegram from Zanzibar reached the Church Missionary Society ; it contained these sorrowful tidings.

“Martin Hall drowned Lake, August fifteenth,” and after this great blow had fallen upon those who loved him and had watched so long for his return to the homeland, followed a tense silence, when they yearned for, yet dreaded to hear the particulars of his last moments on earth. Some few remembered that it was the death he desired, for in a recent private letter he had written about his new boat :—

“Should the *Grace* (as I propose to call her) fall upon the same fate as Dr. Paton’s *Dayspring* I hope that I may be in her, for I can conceive of no more appropriate way for me (always three parts a sailor) to be translated to my ‘desired haven’ than in a boat. . . . Somehow Heaven seems nearer to the Equator than to other places—like the sun—and one has come to think as naturally of going to the one as of looking at the other.”

It is pathetic and beautiful that the widowed mother who was so joyfully looking forward to welcoming her

loved son, and on whom the sudden calamity fell the most heavily, found her comfort in tending her first little grandchild, born only a fortnight before, and called Iris, for surely she came as "a messenger from Heaven to earth" sent by God to console the bereaved family.

Mr. Hugh O. Savile, C.M.S. Missionary, writing from Nassa on August 29, gives the following account of the accident: "On Friday, August 24, at noon, a man had arrived at Kabita bringing very sad news; he said that a man had come across the Gulf (Speke Gulf) the evening before, from the teacher at Kilebello, saying that the Rev. Martin Hall's two Basese boatmen had arrived there, saying that the canvas boat in which they had started had been wrecked, and that Mr. Martin Hall and his two boys had been drowned. We therefore held a consultation as to what should be done, and decided to send a canoe to fetch the boatmen, and to send to the German officers at Mwanza to ask them to investigate the matter. On Sunday afternoon the canoe returned, bringing two pairs of oars and two stretchers belonging to the boat, and a waterproof sack bag which unfortunately only contained a few clothes, a pillow, and a few tent fittings, but no diary or log-book or anything to give any further clue; the two men had started to walk round the Gulf before the canoe reached Kilebello.

On Monday the two men arrived about mid-day, bringing with them Mr. Hall's coat, hat and belt; so with the assistance of one of the teachers who understands Luganda, as interpreter, we held an inquiry, and gathered something to this effect.

On Thursday the 9th inst., when they started from here, they got nearly across the Gulf, but were driven back, and landed a few miles west of Nassa, and so failed to meet Mr. Whitehouse who started the same day in a canoe, the idea being that they should camp

together each night. On Friday they got across the Gulf, and on Saturday they coasted along the north shore westward, and on Monday they reached the Island of Ukewere; there Mr. Hall's Mwima servant ran away and refused to go on in the boat.

On Tuesday they sailed to Majita on the mainland, and started off again at daybreak on Wednesday, the 15th. When they had got some little way from the shore a tremendous gale arose, with terrible waves, and filled the two stern sections of the boat, which was made in four separate and complete sections, and they got safely into the two forward sections, which carried the mainsail. The men baled out with bucket and saucepans, but to no purpose. Finally Hall took up his tent and table to lighten the boat, and apparently the doing this capsized it, and long before a canoe could arrive from the shore Mr. Hall, who was fully dressed, and his two boys had gone down, but as he went down his hat and coat rose, so evidently he was trying to undress, but was probably exhausted from trying to manage the boat. Eventually the natives rescued the two boatmen, and picked up the few things which they had brought. The men then stayed there in the hope of finding something from the boat, and on Saturday they recovered Mr. Hall's body and buried it with the assistance of a German native soldier, who landed there on his way from Mwanza to Sukaya; they took off his belt with a knife attached and also his watch, a silver half-hunter, and the hour hand broken off rather short, but the time by it was 8.15 (a.m.), and this corresponds with what the men said as to time.

Another account adds that they all five climbed up and sat on the keel of the upturned boat for some time, Martin Hall helping up his boys, but the wind and the force of the waves probably broke up the airtight compartments, for the boat sank. The two Basese managed to cling to the floating table. One

boy sank almost at once, and very soon Martin Hall, who was trying to undress, being a strong swimmer, sank too.

He was only half a mile from the shore. The accounts given by the Basese survivors varied and were not straightforward; what really happened must remain a mystery till the last Great Day.

The Rev. E. C. Gordon had on good authority an account which differed somewhat from the others. It was that Martin Hall left the boat to go and rescue one of his boys and was not able to reach the boat again. The probability is that in the heavy sea the lad had drifted some distance, or he may have clung to his would-be rescuer in such a way that both sank together. So it appears that in attempting to save another life Martin lost his own.

Could those who loved him most have desired a nobler death for him or a more fitting deed of sacrifice for one of the natives whom he loved! We recall his last words at the special farewell meeting before he sailed from England in 1895. "It is useless to deny the fact that we carry our lives in our hands. But let no one say, even if some of us should never reach Uganda, that their lives have been lost. I know of four men now in the field who are out there as the direct result of one life laid down on the shores of Africa, almost before his work was begun."

Messrs. Purser and Savile shortly after visited Majita to make further inquiries as to the wreck of Martin Hall's boat and his untimely end. They put the grave in order, erecting a pile of stones over it, and surmounting it by a cross of hard wood on which Mr. Savile had carved

MARTIN J. HALL, C.M.S.

Drowned 15, 8, 1900,

surrounding the whole by a living fence of euphorbia.



From a Drawing by Bishop Tucker.

MARTIN J. HALL'S GRAVE.

They recovered a few more of his effects, some from the natives who had hidden them in their houses, but unfortunately nothing at all in the way of papers or journals could be found. There is a pathetic interest in the account given in *Mengo Notes* October 1900, of the distribution of War Medals to the Uganda Missionaries of 1897, conferred by the Government on such of the Missionaries as were in Uganda during that somewhat troublous period. Thirty-two medals for the C.M.S. Missionaries reached Mengo in October 1900; "the natives also received some, which was a source of great gratification, and indeed they had well deserved them." The medals are silvered bronze, the obverse having a figure of Her Majesty with "Victoria Regina et Imperatrix" in raised letters, the reverse being Britannia: underneath is engraved "East and Central Africa." Round the margin is engraved the recipient's name. On the clasp is printed in clear letters "Uganda 1897-1898."

"Two of our number, Mr. Pilkington and the Rev. Martin J. Hall were, alas, not here. They had received already the crown of glory which fadeth not away."

The C.M.S. Committee wrote "We are profoundly grieved at the loss of that devoted Missionary, Martin Hall. Few of our younger men had a larger circle of warm friends, made in the course of an unusually varied, though brief, career; and deeply and widely will he be lamented. He had done admirable work in the Children's Special Service Mission; he was highly acceptable as a visitor of our Gleaners' Union Branches; he won hearts in India as a wise as well as an earnest 'Missioner'; his writings for young people were most attractive. He had many of the qualities of a leader, and we looked to his being one in reality some day. But the Lord whom he served has had other purposes for him, and he goes to an early reward, leaving our Missions the poorer."

Can we more fittingly close this memoir than with

Martin Hall's own parting words to an old friend on her deathbed, May 1895? After giving her the text "I am thy companion every day,"¹ he spoke of his departure a few days later, and said, "If I should be going by Uganda to Heaven, I hope that none of my friends will say I ought not to have gone," for he felt—

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

¹ St. Matt. xxviii. 20 (Maori Version).

APPENDIX

RECOLLECTIONS OF MARTIN J. HALL

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE LATE DR. A.
CHORLEY HALL

OMDURMAN, *July 11, 1901.*

“IN his friendship, and most of all as a brother, to me his affection was warm and unrestrained and whole-hearted ; always ready to overlook faults in those he loved, and utterly uncritical, and on the other hand ever ready to attribute to them the highest motives and characteristics even when undeserved, and to rejoice in their successes even when at the cost of his own.”

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE REV. W. S. STANDEN.

“There was a peculiar fascination in dear Martin’s life, and a great breadth.

He loved home life and he loved adventure. He loved the strong and vigorous, and he loved tenderly the weak and suffering. He loved animals and he loved nature. He loved little children with the sunniness of his nature, and he loved the aged saints with a holy veneration. He loved the soul in trouble seeking salvation, and he loved to help the trembling saint. He had great thoughts and purposes over which he pondered and prayed, and he was ever to the front in carrying them out himself.

I valued very highly the precious intimacy with him, and do not expect to see the like of it again.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME WORK

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN CHAPMAN, OF WINDERMERE

CROMER, *August 15, 1901.*

“DEAR MISS HALL,

I am not unmindful that this is the anniversary of your beloved brother Martin’s summons into the presence of the King whom he loved and served so well.

It is also the day of the annual sale for the C.M.S. in Cromer, and I was glad to see among other publications for sale copies

of *Through My Spectacles*, which is one of the most charming children's books by your brother of a missionary's life in Uganda that I know.

My first introduction to Martin was in the year 1887, when I went to Cambridge to hold some meetings amongst the 'Varsity men. Your brother and my son, both Ridley Hall men, were great allies. After the first meeting among the men my son introduced me to his friend, who at once invited us both to his rooms for 'coffee.' How well I recall the primitive cuisine at which Martin delighted to preside, and which he manipulated to perfection; even in those early days showing his aptitude in accommodating himself to circumstances, and out of very limited resources producing a sumptuous repast.

From the first moment I saw him I was greatly attracted by him, and I rejoiced that he and my son, truly kindred spirits, should have formed so close a friendship.

His keen, bright, sparkling eyes peering straight at you through his gold spectacles and twinkling with fun and merriment, told of truth and purity and love—and that to him, at all events, religion did not present itself under the garb of asceticism.

I never knew any earnest Christian man less afraid to enjoy a hearty laugh, and though to this day the echo of his innocent merriment still abides with me, never can I call to mind an instance of his indulging in that 'laughing and jesting which are not convenient.'

Surely if any man commended the doctrine of his profession he did. It was impossible to be in his company without being impressed by the fact that he was one who feared God, and acknowledged only one standard of truth—God's Holy Word—by which he desired to rule his life. And the second marked characteristic which betrayed itself was that his faith in God made him supremely happy, and he wanted all the world to participate in the happiness which he enjoyed. It was the reality of his joy in the Lord which attracted the children to him as well as grown-up people. He loved them with all his heart, and he longed to win them to Christ. If there was one text in the Bible he thoroughly understood and believed in more than another, it was 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' I cannot now recall upon how many occasions we were associated with him in his conduct of Children's Missions, but it became a sort of unwritten law that, if it were possible for us to do so, we should arrange our summer outing so as to unite with him in this happy work.

With a sly twinkle in his eye, he used to say, 'I am so glad

to have a *pater* and *mater familias* to whom I can refer the young ladies when they want 'help.'

It was not surprising that one so attractive should be sought after by all, and I can quite understand many a girl and many a young fellow wishing to speak to him about their difficulties, who would not have found it easy to go to just any one on the same errand.

Martin was one of the most tactful of men. He always steered a very straight course, and while 'he let himself go' with the babies he knew exactly where to draw the line, and he drew it.

It was the prettiest sight to see him on his bicycle with a little baby girl in front of him, or a boy clinging round his neck, or with a whole cluster of small children hanging on to him as he led them to the sports.

I remember at Bournemouth one very tiny mite who was devoted to him, and who was as good as gold during the services. He used to dump her down upon the apex of the sand pulpit on the shore, and from time to time, while he was talking to the children, a small face would be lifted towards his, a little rosebud of a mouth would be opened, into which, without breaking the thread of his discourse, he would drop a grape and go on as before.

He was a splendid athlete. He ran like an antelope, was a daring climber and a first-rate cricketer.

I remember his saying to me, 'I always ask God that I may do well at cricket, or whatever the game may be, that the fellows may see that a Christian need not be a duffer.'

Upon the occasion of one of the children's picnics to Corfe Castle, he and his brother Alick scrambled like a pair of wild goats over the old dilapidated ruins, and by leaps and bounds managed to get into places hitherto deemed inaccessible. Neither of them seemed to have an idea of danger, but in this instance a sprained ankle which crippled one of the young fellows, though not either of the brothers, proved an object lesson to the group of boys and girls who, with bated breath, watched the leader of the Mission services and his brother leaping from point to point of the giddy height.

Hitherto I have endeavoured to sketch rather those points in Martin's character which lay on the surface and could not fail to be noticed by every one who came across him, but those who knew Martin Hall as I knew him were well aware that he was something more than a bright leader of children's sea-side services and sports.

These were but the outward and visible indications of the humble, earnest, true and faithful servant of God, whose one object was to get and keep always so near the Master

that he might be 'ready, aye ready' to do his Master's bidding.

It was our privilege to receive Martin on two occasions in our home among the lakes, and I can testify to his being a man of earnest prayer and a diligent student of God's Word. A life built upon a foundation of close communion with God in prayer and in the study of His Word could neither be barren nor unfruitful.

Eternity will declare how greatly he was used of God. Martin's will not be a starless crown. He was not one who attempted to register cases of conversion in which he had been made an instrument of blessing, but he was not without much definite encouragement in his work.

It seemed to me that the Lord was doing much, very much, through his instrumentality among the children, and when he consulted me about work in Africa I ventured to suggest the matter should be held in abeyance and well weighed, and that much prayer should precede any action he might take.

I know that this was his attitude for years, the attitude of waiting upon God in expectancy; but his mind never faltered, and when he deemed the fulness of time to have come he broke away from his moorings and set sail for Uganda, and I do not believe that he ever regretted the step he had taken. There is a verse in Isaiah xxx. which runs thus: 'Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it,' which we are very apt to read thus: 'I shall hear a word behind *me*, saying, This is the way my brother should walk in,' and if he does not walk in the way which *I* deem right, I pronounce him to be in the wrong path; God's ways are not as man's ways. The soldier receives his marching orders from his own commandant, and his right hand man and his left hand man have nothing to do with the matter. There may have been Christians in the days of St. Paul who were perfectly persuaded that 'a Hebrew of the Hebrews,' 'a Pharisee of the Pharisees,' or one 'brought up at the feet of Gamaliel,' ought certainly to have been set apart for work among his co-religionists; but Paul had heard a word behind him saying, 'Behold, I send thee far hence among the Gentiles.' Immediately he 'conferred not with flesh and blood,' nor was he disobedient to the divine call—and who will say that he was not blest? Robert Murray McCheyne's work was done at twenty-nine years of age. George Macgregor, so like him in personal appearance and character, was called home at the age of thirty-six years. When we thought that dear Martin's work was just begun, the tidings of his 'Home call' was as unexpected as it was sudden.

The truth is that 'man is immortal till his work be done.'

There let us leave what to us is simply inexplicable, in the sweet assurance that what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

We mourn for him as for a very dear young brother—but we know that soon, very soon, a blessed re-union awaits us, and we shall know each other better than we have known each other in the past, ‘when the mists have rolled away.’

I would that my sketch were not so very fragmentary and imperfect, and I regret now that I did not make an exception to my rule of destroying letters when read and answered. Had I kept Martin’s letters (not that they were very many—his life was a very busy one, and so was mine) I should have had more valuable material to send you than mere recollections.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

W. D. CHAPMAN.”

“We do not forget to ask that you may be guided aright in the compilation of the loving work in which you are engaged, and I trust that many who read the story of dear Martin’s consecrated life may be led to follow in his steps as he followed Christ.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. MARTIN J. HALL’S LIFE IN BIRMINGHAM

BY ONE OF HIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON BIBLE CLASS

“Looking back upon those years when God gave us the blessing of knowing Mr. Hall, I do feel, and so does many another, that his friendship was a rich gift from God. His influence will echo through our lives.

God had gifted him with a wonderful power of obtaining the love of children and young people, and that power was crowned and consecrated by his intense love for and living faith in God. His was no hidden light: we quickly knew that our friend was walking with another Friend, unseen but *intensely real*, and that his chief desire was that we too should know the Saviour, Who was to himself unspeakably dear, and the thought of whose Presence guided and enriched his own life.

In March, 1889, he first came to Birmingham, and through the Rev. F. S. Webster was introduced to some of those who afterwards knew him most intimately. This was only a passing visit, and he left us to return a few weeks later, after his ordination.

On June 23, 1889, he preached his first sermon, the text

of which, Ephesians iii. 8, 'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ,' might be looked upon as the motto of his life. Now began for the children of St. Thomas' congregation, their friends and others, nearly three years of constant and happy intercourse. We had gained a teacher and a friend. On July 28 of that year he started his Children's Sunday Afternoon Bible Class, a class which still meets Sunday by Sunday, and where steadily and quietly an earnest work for God amongst other children is being carried on.

How we loved gathering in that class, and what happy, holy hours we spent there learning of the love of Jesus and the riches of God's goodness! Intensely earnest was Mr. Hall as he taught us, seeking to lead us to Jesus, warning of sin and its fruits. This was a seed-sowing time, the fruits of which are still being reaped. Though the original members of that class are now scattered far and wide, many probably feel one bond of union in remembering that they were fellow-members of that Bible class. Out of those who were members in Mr. Hall's time, one girl hopes ere long to be in the Mission Field; another has been trained as a nurse, also with a view of one day becoming a missionary; one boy is now a clergyman, and others too, less prominently, are learning the blessings of living for God.

The first gathering of the class was held in our dining-room. I do not remember the number of children present; naturally it was a small beginning. Mr. Percy Nott played Mr. Hall's baby harmonium to lead the hymns.

Shortly after this the class was held regularly in Mr. Hall's own room at 42, Islington Row. The number of members and the interest were steadily growing. Mr. Hall was always delighted if we introduced a new member, and we cherished his praise.

Later still we outgrew these quarters, and the class was moved across to the Quaker's Meeting Room, Bath Row.

Here, amongst other lessons, Mr. Hall took Psalm xxiii. with us, spending some fifteen or sixteen Sundays on this one Psalm.

In preparing these lessons he found in each single clause the keynote to a wealth of thought and teaching. His methods of teaching, even considered apart from his intense and winning earnestness, were bright and attractive in the extreme, and admirably suited to a child's mind. He had a God-given knack of preparing a lesson full of pointed plan. For instance, to increase and help our interest in the course on Psalm xxiii. he gave us each a printed card with a long list of subjects we

should take in turn, Sunday by Sunday, and each subject commenced with the letter P.

- Lesson 1. The Preface.
 „ 2. The Possession.
 „ 3. The Provision.
 „ 4. The Position.
 „ 5. The Pastorage.
 „ 6. The Paths.
 „ 7. The Progress.
 „ 8. The Place.
 „ 9. The Presence.
 „ 10. The Protection.
 „ 11. The Power.
 „ 12. The Plenty.
 „ 13. The Peace.
 „ 14. The Prospect.
 „ 15. The Pastor Himself.

Each lesson itself would have a certain number of clear headings, these too marked with a connectedness which stimulated our interest and helped our memories.

When giving us a lesson Mr. Hall kept us busy turning to and reading aloud references in our Bibles—for these were essentially *Bible* talks ; whoever found the reference first had the pleasure—if also the courage—of reading it out to the rest of the class, which would be followed by a quiet ‘ Thank you ’ from Mr. Hall.

Stories and anecdotes that he had read (often in the *Our Own Magazine* of the Children’s Special Service Mission) and little incidents that he had come across and noted were all turned into delightful illustrations of the lesson and copiously introduced. Perhaps at home we far more frequently repeated the stories than their applications, but these were not forgotten by reason of the way they had been brought before us.

Some of those stories have been passed on to other children since some of us have become teachers, perhaps by God’s blessing to help them as they helped us.

Often, too, Mr. Hall would introduce what we called a Spelling Lesson, to fix the thoughts in our memories. The title of one of the lessons on Psalm xxiii. was, ‘ The Peace.’ To show us something of the beauty of the Peace of God, the following was part of that afternoon’s talk:—

The Peace God gives is a Peace

Passing all understanding, Phil. iv. 7.

Effectual, Isa. xxvi. 3.

Assured, St. John xiv. 27 ; Jer. xiv. 13.

Celestial, Col. i. 12.

Everlasting, Isa. ix. 7.

I well remember *how* he seemed that afternoon to know that himself, for he repeated, in a way and with a look that awed one—

‘Peace, perfect peace ? our future all unknown !
Jesus, we know : and He is on the throne.’

Two subjects he constantly kept before us as being things of great importance in which we were personally concerned—

1. The Scripture Union daily Bible reading.

2. The needs of the heathen world.

He sought to teach us to look upon our Scripture Union portions as the daily food for our souls, which should not be put off till the evening, and which, feasted upon in Jesus’ own Presence in the morning, would strengthen us for the whole day with its duties and temptations. I remember how once, when he had given us a full lesson on the day’s portion, he explained that so inexhaustible are the treasures of even one day’s allotted verses that he felt he had only ‘scratched the surface’ of those for that day. Many of the Bible Class members became also members of his own ‘Bee’ Branch of the Scripture Union.

His own devotion to missionary work caused him to speak about it often. We know he longed for some of us to grow up to be missionaries ourselves, and that he felt that even now we could do much by our prayers and little offerings.

Again, I remember the sorrow in his voice when in reading Ephesians ii. 12 he came to the words, ‘without God in the world.’ His own loving, longing pity for such showed itself in his tones.

At one time Mr. Hall took to giving us what might be called Bible Accuracy Practice, thinking that in times of need we should better be able to use our ‘Sword’ if we knew it well, so, repeating verses himself, we had to say where they were to be found, or he giving us the reference when we had to repeat the verse, St. John iii. 16, ‘the Gospel in a nutshell,’ as he termed it, being one that we thoroughly knew.

To tell the story of this Bible Class without speaking of the many and constant prayers Mr. Hall offered for us would be to leave out one of the greatest secrets of its blessings.

Once having borrowed the class register, I found written on the front page the prayer—

‘May all those names written here
In the Lamb’s Book of Life appear.’

Mr. Hall prayed for us all, each by name, especially on our birthdays ; he had a birthday book in which he invited us

to write our names. He did not look upon us merely as a *class*, but as separate individuals, with an individual responsibility and power of choice ; and this habit of praying for us by name he continued when in Uganda. Once, writing here, he spoke of the Bible Class, adding, 'for whose members I pray constantly by name' (1896). Another time (1897) he wrote, 'I am anxious to know some recent news of the Sunday Afternoon Bible Class. Who is the new teacher ? Where do they meet ? Could you get me a list of the present members, as mine is much out of date ?'

He helped us to pray for one another, starting amongst the elder girls a little prayer meeting, at which very occasionally he was present. This little meeting was held on a weekday afternoon. We always read the Scripture Union portion for the day, each one taking a few words out of the day's verses, and giving the others a few thoughts and references in connexion with those words, which she had prayerfully noted at home beforehand. On one of the few occasions when Mr. Hall was with us, he happened to have chosen the same few words as one of the children. He was preaching that evening at the weekday service in church on the same subject, so asked for her notes and used some of the thoughts in them in his sermon.

Each member of the meeting had a small 'Request Book' in which she wrote the little requests for prayer. One of the first of these was, 'That the way may be opened for Mr. Hall to go to Africa.'

We brought each of these petitions before our Father, and with gladness marked an 'A' against any which were answered, praising God for hearing our prayers. Once when Mr. Hall was going to hold a mission in another part of England, he told his Bible Class something about it beforehand, and enlisted our interest and prayers, giving those who promised to pray a card as a reminder. Of course, we were eager to hear about the blessing given when he came back.

But Mr. Hall was not only our teacher, he was a friend who entered spiritedly into our every-day life. To have him to tea was always a great treat, much looked forward to, and to go to his own tea-party was a coveted pleasure. Many were the hours spent happily in games and fun together. One winter, during which we had a long sharp spell of frost, saw him and Rev. H. T. G. Kingdon often on the ice, thoroughly entering into our enjoyment and adding very much to it by skating with us, organizing 'trains' of children—themselves the engines to push and pull. Mr. Hall took great pains to convince one child that she had not, as she supposed, a weak ankle, pulling her along for a long time on the one doubtful

foot ; his kindness cost him many a fall, but was thoroughly appreciated.

In summer he joined heartily in our tennis and croquet ; while the boys would enjoy a visit to the swimming baths or a cycle ride with him and Mr. Kingdon.

One superintendent of St. Thomas' Schools tells how once Mr. Hall came in asking if there was not a class he could have, and when on hearing that there was just the lowest in the room teacherless, he exclaimed, 'That's just the one for me !' and took his place amongst the children, and that immediately he was in his element and they all interest and attention. 'His whole being,' she said, 'seemed to change when he looked at a child.'"

SUNDAY TRAVELLING

"Martin Hall always felt strongly on this subject, and never accepted an engagement to preach on Sunday unless his destination could be reached on foot, or he could arrange to travel on the Saturday before and leave on the Monday following. He was a member and warm supporter of the Anti-Sunday Travelling League, and he adhered to these principles as consistently as possible in Africa.

F. E. R. H."

RECOLLECTIONS OF WORK AT HOME AND IN INDIA

FISHERTON RECTORY,
SALISBURY,

August 29, 1901.

"MY DEAR MISS HALL,

I am very glad that you are writing an account of Martin. . . . I have loved dear Martin ever since I knew him, now many years ago. He did not always get on so well at first, but those who knew him best loved him best. I have met him at his sea-side services, and I am bound to say I never met his equal for Children's Services ; his stories were perfect (not like the many told simply to catch attention), but with greatest care he prepared, so that every part of his story had some good lesson, and he used his stories only to impress upon the mind the precious truths of God's words. All that I find in my Parish Magazine of the Children's Mission, July 1 to 9, 1888, is, 'The Children's Mission, held by Mr. Martin Hall, has been a season of much blessing ; notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather large numbers of young persons assembled daily, and we believe that He who said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" gave His own Presence and Blessing.'

I had the great privilege of dear Martin as my companion in

my trip to India in 1893. He was so fond of the sea that he started from London a week before I started, and when I caught him up and met him on board the *Ballarat* at Brindisi, I found that he had made friends with all the children on board during the ship's voyage through the Bay of Biscay . . . We made it our rule to go on deck daily with our Bibles, that we might show our colours. We met the Rev. and Mrs. Chapman with their baby returning to Japan after their holiday; also the Rev. and Mrs. Brandrum and their two children; with these companions dear Martin had hours of sweet intercourse. Martin used to read me the Scripture Union Portion daily, and then we talked about it. To enlist my prayers he told me much of his own experiences and of his family life; he very much valued the loving gift of his dear mother when he started, as he knew it was an effort for her to let him leave England.

In India, Martin *chiefly* took the children's meetings and his work was much blessed. At one place we found a Boys' School in rebellion against the teachers. The head European Missionary was gone, and the big boys would not obey the native teachers, and we were told that when the Missionary returned some would be expelled. During Martin's Mission in this School several boys professed to be converted to God, and amongst them was the leader of the rebellion, and he came forward and begged pardon for his naughty conduct. He wished to be baptized, so we sent for his uncle (guardian) and the boy told his uncle, but the uncle quietly but firmly refused to give leave for his nephew to give up the religion of his fathers and become a Christian.

Martin's addresses to the great school at Agra were very good and useful.

We often talked and prayed about his going to Africa, and doubtless his going to India and returning without any accident and really stronger in health made his way plainer for going to Africa. * * * *

Yours very sincerely,
EDGAR N. THWAITES."

RECOLLECTIONS OF WORK IN CEYLON

LETTER FROM A SINGHALESE PASTOR TO MISS DOWBIGGIN

"Thank you for your kind letter. I am glad you give me an opportunity to say something about the glorious Mission held in Cotta, in the early part of 1894, by the saintly Martin Hall.

I first heard him preach at St. Luke's Church, Maradana, March 26 (Monday night), on the searching question, 'Where art thou?' the Rev. S. Coles interpreting for him. On the following day, at 4 p.m., I was present in Christ Church, Galle

Face, at a Children's Service conducted by him. The Church was crowded with children, and also some adults who had come in to be fed with the children's bread. I remember one comment he made on the word 'so' in John iii. 16, in 'God so loved the world,' etc. He said that it was the strongest word in the Bible.

The Mission at Cotta began on Friday, the 6th April, and continued for six days. Three services were held daily—that is to say, 6.30 a.m., when the children of the two boarding schools with their teachers chiefly composed the congregation. The second meeting was held at noon, and was attended by the children of the English school as well as the girls and boys of the two vernacular schools. Then the evening meeting was held at 6.30 o'clock, when there was a general congregation. His addresses were remarkable for their clearness and powerfulness. The smallest child in the audience could understand him, so simple was his message. He perhaps excelled more as a missionary to children.

I remember his first address to the children was on "Looking Glasses" or 'Mirrors.'

Again he spoke of the 'Watch' and its mainspring. He showed the children the importance of the mainspring to set the watch going. I remember one Buddhist boy was led to Jesus through this message, for he wrote a note to me immediately after the Mission and said that the blessing he received was a 'new mainspring.' He was since baptized and has married a Christian wife.

On the following Saturday he gave two very helpful addresses—one to the Workers and the other to the members of the Cotta Native Church Missionary Society—on Stewardship and Missionary work respectively. The latter was a Bible Reading.

1. Uplifted eye. *Lamentations* ii. 19.

To see with Jesus—the unsaved.

2. Uplifted hands. *Hebrews* xii. 12.

Service.

3. Uplifted voice—to testify and preach.

We were blessed by the Mission and very much helped, and we really loved dear Mr. Martin Hall.

The Rev. S. Coles became warmly attached to him, and I know he received several letters from him . . . Mr. Coles kindly showed me a letter dear Martin Hall had written to him from Uganda.

Before leaving Cotta I went to him with my Keswick Birthday Book for his name and a text. And now I find his beautiful signature written with his 'Swan' fountain pen and Gal. vi. 14. You can assure Mr. Martin Hall's dear sister of my deep

sympathy with her in this loss, and that we heartily thank God for sending him to Cotta, and that we expect to meet him in Heaven.

With our kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

G. S. AMARASEKARA."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. MARTIN HALL'S VISIT TO CEYLON

WRITTEN BY THE REV. S. COLES, C.M.S.

"There are still very vivid and pleasant recollections amongst many in this island of the visit paid to Ceylon by Messrs. Thwaites and Martin Hall in the year 1894.

I was stationed at Cotta at that time, and was greatly impressed by the addresses given by Mr. Martin Hall to the children in the Girls' Boarding School, and to the boys of the High School assembled in the Church at that station.

Mr. Martin Hall was specially acceptable to the members of his juvenile audiences; he delivered several addresses to them, but the most impressive and fruitful of them all was that taken from Matt. xxvi. 6 to 13, in which we are told that Mary of Bethany brought an alabaster box of ointment of great value, that she broke it, and poured the contents on His head, and anointed His feet with the ointment . . . He specially drew the attention of the children to the words of Jesus in the 12th verse, 'For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial,' showing that the primary motive of the action had reference to his death and burial, which of course included the fact of the shedding of His Blood for the remission of our sins.

He also drew the attention of the young people to the fact that the precious ointment that she poured out was from a *broken* vessel, and then deduced the important lesson that each one of us must make his best offering of his entire self, body, soul and spirit, from a broken vessel, i.e. from a broken and contrite heart. Both by anecdote of similar acts done by many within the range of his own experience, and also from several passages from different parts of the Scriptures, he most impressively brought it home to all assembled that each one present should pour out himself from the broken heart. As he expounded and endeavoured to press home to each one the necessity of imitating Mary in this respect, the breathless attention paid to the words spoken, and the earnest manner in which everyone looked towards the preacher, and the sighs which broke forth from many a breast, showed, even while the address was in delivery, that many a heart was broken, and many assembled there poured out their tears and earnest desires towards the Saviour, whom Mary believed in and loved

with her whole heart . . . At the conclusion of the address and prayer, all were requested to remain behind who wished to give their best sacrifice from the Broken Heart. Many willingly did so, and then we went amongst them, and by prayer and definite exhortation to make a full surrender to the Lord, several of us had a solemn and profitable work to do to bring these new disciples to offer themselves wholly to their Saviour. I have never seen an after-meeting so solemn, nor tears so freely shed by Singhalese people, as I did on that occasion, and I know that to many the results were permanent.

Mr. Martin Hall preached in other places as well, but I specially dwell upon that given above, because the Unction of the Holy One was so manifestly poured out on the preacher and his audience.

I may mention that he told us he was going to Palestine to preach to the children there, and I asked him kindly to send some specimens of the *Nabk* thorn, which grows abundantly within and without the walls of Jerusalem, so that the Christians here may see from what material the Crown of Thorns was made. He kindly did so, and I was able to show them the awful thorns as specimens of what they used to crown the Saviour in His Passion and Death. He wrote to me from Palestine and gave very cheering accounts of the way in which God had used him as His messenger to the children there; also from Uganda, to which he speedily hasted, and where he received numerous tokens that he was God's messenger there. He wrote to me after an interval of two or three years, and freely expressed his fears lest the Christians there should fall from their first love, and the need that there was for special efforts to inculcate the necessity of their growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, thus showing that the experience he had gained led him to see that, though we are justified by faith, we must also add virtue to virtue, growing up into Christ at all times.

I was greatly grieved a short while ago to learn that he had been suddenly called away from that great field of labour where God had so greatly blessed him; but His ways are past finding out, and our prayer must be that other labourers like him, and better, may be thrust into the Harvest Field.

S. COLES."

RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE AND WORK IN UGANDA

LETTER FROM DR. ALBERT R. COOK TO MRS. J. FIELDER HALL
MENO, *September 29, 1900.*

"DEAR MRS. HALL,

It is with the deepest sympathy I write to you to express our heartfelt sorrow at the loss of your dear son. Pre-emi-

nently fitted to occupy a foremost position in Christian work at home, he left it all cheerfully and willingly to go at God's call to Africa. I had the privilege of knowing him somewhat intimately here, and he often stayed at my house. His prayers and conversation were a great help, his unselfish character and self-sacrificing labour a blessed incentive. His bright, cheery spirit will long remain a happy memory. When he started on that voyage to Nassa he came into my bedroom, where I was lying dangerously ill, and gave me a last hand-grip. How little one thought the next would be in heaven!

I think the loving Master saw His servant was tired and needed rest, and so took him home. Many waters cannot quench love, and now dear Martin is experiencing what he often so joyfully talked about—the presence of the King in His beauty. I have taken the liberty of writing a short notice of his time out here for the *C.M. Intelligencer*.

With the deepest sympathy,

Believe me to remain,

Sincerely yours,

ALBERT R. COOK."

TRANSLATION FROM A LETTER WRITTEN IN LUGANDA BY THE
REV. HENRY MUKASA TO THE REV. E. C. GORDON.

July 24, 1901.

"Martin Hall was very energetic and persevering in visiting the village churches and the islands where no churches existed at that date.

He traversed his whole large parish, extending from the island near Budu and Kiziba at one end, to the island near Busoga at the other end. He was away half a month and sometimes a whole month at a time, visiting and encouraging the readers and Christians on the distant islands. He spent most of his time in questioning candidates for baptism or Confirmation; many of these he baptized and admitted to the Lord's Table. He was very fond of this work. He protected several women who were ill-treated for reading and got them their liberty.

Then when we were together at Bukasa he read the Book of Revelation with me, and he was very diligent in teaching us the Epistles, and also Genesis and Exodus. Yes, Martin Hall was a real friend to my wife Damari and myself. We worked together most happily without any friction up to the time of his going away from us to Busoga, and we were truly very fond of him, and we called him our friend and our beloved brother."

TRANSLATION OF DAMARI MUKASA'S LETTER TO MARTIN
HALL'S SISTER

BUKASA, *July 26, 1901.*

"How do you do, my friend F. E. R. Hall? Thank you for my letter. It gave me great pleasure indeed to see it. You are my true friend, and although we have never seen each other's faces in this world, we shall see each other in that bright and beautiful world wherein dwelleth righteousness. God gave your brother Martin Hall love for us, and out of love he came to us that he might teach us the story of the Holy Gospels. He remained with us for a long time at Bukasa. We were associated together for some time on the islands, and all the time he was our truest and best friend, and was very fond indeed of us. We too were very fond of him, and we were very happy in the work which we as his children did with him, for he did a lot of work in this place. Then after a time, when Gordon came back, they took him away from us and sent him to Busoga, to Bukaleba, and from Bukaleba they sent him to Budu, and from there they brought him to Namirembe. He came to pay us a visit on this island when he started on the journey from which he never came back. And we missed him very much, but in the expectation of seeing him again we are glad. And now are sorry at losing Gordon and Elene Gordon. They are going to Ngogwe in Kyagwe. Good-bye. May God be with you always.

Give my respects to your Mother.

I am,

D. H. MUKASA."

LETTER FROM THE REV. E. CYRIL GORDON
NGOGWE, *August 27, 1901.*

"MY DEAR MISS HALL,

My wife wrote you some two months ago and told you of our strong sympathy with you in your work. I am now sending you two short letters from Rev. Henry Mukasa and his wife. They were very great friends of your brother, and they are true and faithful friends, and what they say they mean.

Henry was away in Buganda for a long time, so we did not meet till just lately, when I visited Bukasa. I have often heard your brother say how he valued Henry's friendship. He regarded Henry Mukasa and Danieri Kaganda as his brothers, and they have said the same of him. Another very faithful friend who truly loved your brother was a club-footed islander called Nuwa. This young man was a very earnest teacher on Bugala, and was, we believe, able to lead many to a true knowledge of God. He died at his work only a few

short months before your brother, and maybe now they are rejoicing together.

There are many who mourn him on the islands, though they would find it hard to express their feelings in words or by letter . . .

During the short time that we lived together on Bukasa—in all about three months—we often had talks on a subject which was a favourite with him—‘The Second Coming of our Lord.’ His bright expectations are now realized in the sight of his Lord. I hope and pray that your task may bring a blessing to many.

For myself, I can only say that it was a real treat to find a man so sincere, so strong in his attachments and so brave to stand up for and defend what he believed to be right.

I have not had a truer or stauncher friend in Africa, and one felt the better and stronger for his friendship, for it meant so much; and what he was to me he was to many Buganda and Basese whom he had honoured with his friendship.

My wife joins me in kindest regards to you both.

I am,

Yours most sincerely,

E. C. GORDON.”

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM THE REV. H. W. WEATHER-
HEAD TO MARTIN HALL’S MOTHER.

C.M.S., MENG0, UGANDA,

September 29, 1900.

“ . . . As I was one who had the privilege and pleasure and profit of living with your son Martin for several months on two or three occasions, I write to assure you that all the Missionaries up here sympathize very deeply with you in what is especially your loss, but at the same time is a great blow to our work here, and many of us mourn in him a personal friend. I greatly enjoyed the months we spent together. He was so essentially a good man, and one who held intercourse with God—unselfish, and generous almost to a fault. His great gift was preaching, and his sermons and addresses out here as at home have been a means of blessing to all who heard him. But I don’t quite know why I say all this to you, who knew him far better than any of us do, except to show you how he was appreciated up here. I feel I personally have lost a real friend.”

From a later letter.

“The Sesse Islanders will long remember his love and energetic work for them, and there is no one left behind so fitted for the peculiarities of the work on the Lake.

Coming to more personal matters, it appears to me the great characteristics of Martin and the best lesson of his life to us was the 'realness' to him of the Saviour—"the better land" and 'the things of God.'

He had set the Lord ever before him, and perhaps this was one, though not the only, reason for the fluency with which he spoke, and the simple direct earnestness of his prayers. He never visited the capital without being asked to preach at an English service, and his sermons were always helpful. His love for the children was just as keen in Africa as in England, and on Bukasa he often might be seen with several black (or rather chocolate) "little people" accompanying him."

"THE MISSIONARIES' CRY."

(MARGIN OF M. J. H.'S BIBLE).

"The work is great and large; and we are separated on the wall, one far from another."—Neh. iv. 19.

From a letter.

"I long to live in more conscious and close touch with my unseen but well-known Master, but outward things are certainly not less strong than at home to draw away one's thoughts and heart from the Centre of power and joy.

In my lonely post on the Islands I shall need to live at the Fountain Head every hour. The perils of an isolated Missionary are very real. Exercise a real 'ministry of intercession' for me. Suffering saints—"prisoners of Jesus Christ"—. . . can take a most real and effectual part in such a ministry. Urge them to it, lest I fall short of the fulfilment of my ministry here (cf. Col. iv. 17). The time is so short: and the Master coming back so soon, that His will is the only thing worth living for.

MARTIN J. HALL."

October, 1895.

"Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

—1 Cor. xv. 57, 58.

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